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MAXIM, HUDSON. Reminiscences and comments as reported by Clifton Johnson. 350p il $5 Doubleday

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The preface explains that there are three famous Maxim inventors about whom the public is somewhat confused: Hudson Maxim, inventor of smokeless cannon powder and high explosives; his brother, Hiram Stevens Maxim, inventor of the Maxim automatic gun; and the latter's son, Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer. This book is a biography of the first of these, and the material for it has been gathered in a long series of autobiographic talks which Mr Johnson has reported from notes made at the time. The talks provide a natural and informal account of the man and his work, his opinions and ideals.

Reviewed by Edmund Noble
Boston Transcript p4 N 22 '24 2000w

"Mr. Johnson prefaces each chapter with a foreword in which he tells with exactness and with dramatic and colorful picturing the story of some day or evening, or breakfast or drive in which Mr. Maxim dominated the scene, and unconsciously gave effective expression to his salient and individual characteristics. The result is a singularly lifelike, vivid portrayal of a unique personality."

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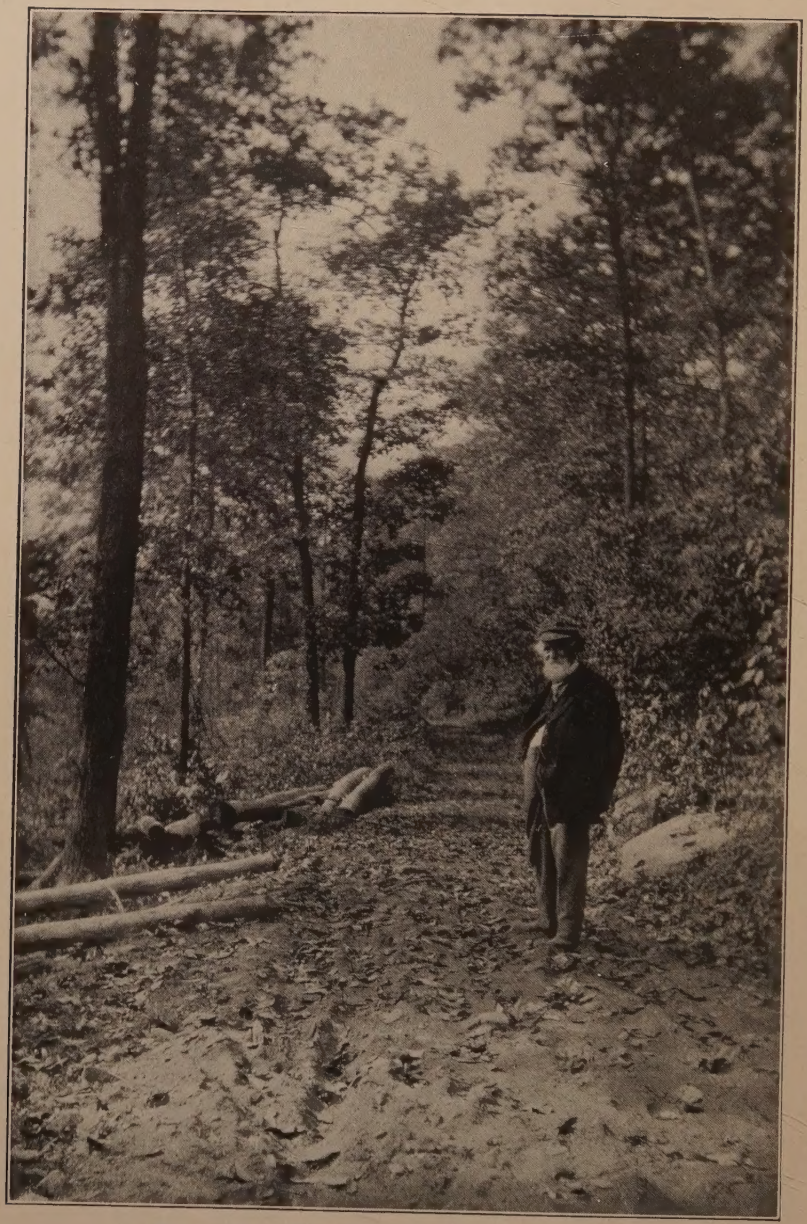
HUDSON MAXIM

REMINISCENCES AND COMMENTS



A woodland road near the Maxim home.

HUDSON MAXIM

Reminiscences and Comments

AS REPORTED BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

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DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1924

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PREFACE

THERE are three famous Maxim inventors—Hudson Maxim, inventor of smokeless cannon powder and high explosives; his brother, Hiram Stevens Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Automatic Gun; and the latter's son, Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer. The public is much confused regarding the three, because their names are similar, and because all their best known inventions are important in warfare. Each often is credited with the inventions of the other two.

This book is the life of Hudson Maxim, a life begun in almost incredible poverty, and that continued hampered by hardship and adversity until he arrived in middle age at great achievement in reputation and wealth. Also here is a record of his opinions on a wide diversity of topics—scientific, political, philosophic, literary, and ethical. So varied are his interests and accomplishments that his friend, Thomas A. Edison, has called him "the most versatile man in America."

I have gathered the material for the book in a long series of visits at Mr. Maxim's home and in some automobile trips with him. Most of what I report is based on my own notes made while he talked, or caught in shorthand by his stenographer, or by Mrs. Maxim, whose expert and sympathetic aid in preparing the manuscript has been invaluable. My effort has been to convey to those who read my text the impression that they are listening to the live man. He likes emphatic, explosive words, and those that have to do with the occult and the mysterious and the awesome. Such reverence as he has is not at all conventional, and no reader could really know him if I failed to indicate how his conversation is spiced and peppered. It is full of fire and energy, delicacy and wildness, picturesque individuality, and poetic imagination, and, perhaps most

essential of all, an irresistable humour. Of course, I do not include every detail, and I have combined most of the material topically and in its natural sequence.

In dealing with his inventions, I do not linger over their technicalities but dwell on their human interest. The most easily appreciated testimony to their importance is the fact that he received for them from the Du Pont Powder Company a lump sum of two hundred and five thousand dollars, besides lesser payments, and a salary as consulting engineer that still continues.

Mr. Maxim has done noteworthy writing on scientific topics, but I touch on this only incidentally. Some of it, I think, resembles certain of Einstein's theories—which cannot be fully understood except by the chosen few.

I know of no better estimate of Mr. Maxim's personality than one by a psychologist, who says:

> I never before met a man who combines so perfectly the essentials of a scientific intelligence, and those elemental qualities of strength, candour, and directness of character that are almost as primitive as the forces of nature. He is a veritable "cave man," who has stepped forth from an age when the world was young and unconventionalized. He is as elemental as the "cave man" in his emotional make-up, and yet, here he is in the full panoply of a scientific leader, in the midst of a civilization resourceful and inventive beyond any previous age. I should like to believe that such men as he are what is known in biological circles as "new variations" in the intellectual species, destined, perhaps, to be the progenitors, at least through social inheritance, of a better human stock.

Mr. Maxim has been very frank, and he has allowed me to report his words and to comment on him with great freedom. As to the way in which I have handled my material, he says in a letter written to me while reading my manuscript:

> Biographical matter is customarily either written by a man about himself or by someone else about him; but you have put a new quirk into the get-up of a biography by adopting Priscilla's plan, "Speak for yourself, John." You talk to your subject in a natural way about his life and work and he talks back in the same way. Thus you get in his talks an unguarded and untinkered account of him."

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

HADLEY, MASS.

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The part of Maine in which Hudson Maxim spent his early life

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HUDSON MAXIM

REMINISCENCES AND COMMENTS

HUDSON MAXIM
REMINISCENCES AND COMMENTS

I

FOREWORD[1]

WHEN the face of summer begins to smile with the dawn over the horizon, we would like to have you come and pay us a visit."

Thus Hudson Maxim wrote to me in February, 1923, from his home beside Lake Hopatcong in northern New Jersey, about fifty miles west of New York. The words are not just what you would expect from the inventor of things that kill, a man whose name is associated with war and its horrors. They are evidence that he has his tender and poetic side, and that his reputation defines him too narrowly.

In accord with his invitation, I went to Lake Hopatcong one afternoon in June. When I left the train, I found myself at the southern tip of the lake and learned that I could go to the Maxim home, three miles distant, by a passenger motor boat. I stepped on board, and in a short time the boat approached a little cove that lay just back from a rocky promontory; and there, well up a steep slope dotted with great trees, stood Mr. Maxim's house. It was big, substantial, castle-like in architecture and setting, evidently built in instalments, and rather interestingly incongruous.

An enlargement was still in process, and left me doubtful where to effect an entrance. I selected the most imposing-

[1]Each chapter is preceded by a foreword giving some glimpses of Mr. Maxim and his environment which could not well go into his autobiographic talk. The forewords also indicate in a general way the circumstances under which the material for the chapters was gathered.

looking portal and blundered into the kitchen; and it seemed to be a castle kitchen, for the room was lofty, the cooking apparatus was of generous proportions and much of it unusual in form, and there was a man cook and a boy helper.

I went on through to the dining room, and that was a castle dining room with a gloomy oak-timbered ceiling and an enormous fireplace, the like of which I never had seen. Yes, and there was a great dining table around which sat a group of persons of various ages, the central figure among whom was a man of burly form with a shock of curly white hair. Surely he was a mediæval baron and these others were his family and retainers. One of them was the beautiful lady of the castle, Mrs. Maxim, and the baron was Hudson Maxim.

He talked with vigour, often breaking into explosive exclamations or laughter, and sprinkling his remarks with expletives that were sometimes startling but always effective. I soon found that he was a man of decisive opinions and no respecter of persons or reputations, and that he voiced his likes and dislikes with great freedom and emphasis.

When I rose from the table, after eating with the family, my attention was attracted by a medley of objects on the fireplace mantel. One of these was a lump of coal as big as my two fists. He was unable to tell why he was treasuring it, and Mrs. Maxim suggested putting it into the fire, but he said: "Save it. I may think what it is for."

Stranger than any other of the mantelpiece adornments was a slender, distorted piece of metal about eight inches long to which was fastened a tag inscribed: "Remarkable lactite taken from the stomach of a man who drank three quarts of goat's milk per day for seven years. Note flecks of tin."

"You know goats eat all sorts of stuff and thrive on them," Mr. Maxim explained. "The milk that man drank so freely and persistently was impregnated with metal from tin cans and other articles the goats had eaten, and the metal gradually formed this lactite in his stomach."

Unsophisticated visitors regard the lactite with a good deal of awe and amazement, mingled with pity for the man whose

stomach was encumbered with such a thing. They are much relieved to learn that it is only a piece of copper ore.

We soon went out on the piazza which overlooks the water, and Mr. Maxim said with a wave of his hand: "There you have the queen of all the one hundred and eleven lakes in New Jersey. It is a thousand feet above the sea level and is so meandering and irregular that, although its area is less than four square miles, it has a shore line of nearly forty miles."

We sat and talked a long time in the lingering twilight while the breeze fluttered lightly in the leafage of the trees and the waves made music on the rock-bordered shore. It was agreed that in informal conversations I should learn what I could of his experiences and opinions and make some record of them. "Ask me anything you please," he said, "and I'll answer if I can. I'm not perfect, and I've made mistakes, but I've nothing to conceal."

I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY MEMORIES

I MADE the attempt once to trace back my ancestry, for I wanted to see of what sort of folks I was composed, and as I went on delving, I was perfectly amazed at the immense number of my progenitors. You don't have to go back many centuries to discover that you are a blood relation of the majority of the people in your ancestral country. Some of them are noble characters and some are villains. Indeed, all of us are a mixture of nobility and villainy, and whether the nobility that is in a man gets on top and keeps down the villainy may depend on his having an environment that leaves room in it for him to be decent.

I don't know that any of my ancestors were hung, but some of them were pretty hard customers with their fists. There was one of them who was a great wrestler. Oh! I suppose he must have been as far back as my grandfather's grandfather, and he lived in Massachusetts. Once he went to a fair and threw everybody he wrestled with. His success so elated him that he boasted he could throw the devil himself.

On the way home in the dusk of evening he met a little black man, who said, "I understand that you've been saying you could throw the devil."

"Yes, sir," the champion said.

Then the little black man seized him and threw him as quick as a wink, and my ancestor always insisted afterward that the fellow must have been the devil.

Both of my parents were of English descent. There was, however, a strain of French blood which came down on my father's side, as the name Maxim indicates. Some of the Massachusetts Maxims drifted up into Maine, with a strong inclination to settle where the conquest of the virgin forest

was still going on. They were my progenitors. Back as far as I have been able to obtain authentic particulars the Maxims were remarkably powerful physically and unusually long-lived. For instance, my aunt Eliza Maxim was six feet and two inches tall. When eighteen years old she began working in a woollen mill and walked five miles to her work and five miles home every day. She lived to be ninety-eight. My grandfather Maxim's mother lived so long she almost never stopped living. When she was a hundred and three years old she ran and jumped over the front-yard fence and went to a neighbour's to make a call.

My father married Harriet Stevens in 1838, and they were said to be the best-looking couple that had ever stood up to be married in the town of Blanchard, Maine, where the ceremony took place. She was the eldest of fourteen children. Her father moved often, and it was her fate to continue shifting her home after her marriage. In all she moved thirty-three times, though probably none of the places in which she lived, or which she visited, was more than seventy-five miles from any of the others. Father used to peddle some of his own productions, but he seldom travelled more than fifty miles from home. Bangor is about the biggest place he ever went to, and that wasn't much more than a country village then.

I was born February 3, 1853, at Orneville, a little town on the border of the wilderness, about equally distant from Bangor to the south and Moosehead Lake to the northwest. In terms of human progress, I was born halfway back to the Stone Age, for during the past seventy years at least one half of all the inventions and developments in the arts and sciences have taken place. No Crœsus and no king, even fifty years ago, was able to travel in a vehicle of such magnificence as the automobile which is now within the means of every moderately well-to-do citizen; and no Crœsus and no king could then possess himself of the comforts and luxuries necessary to mental and physical well-being that are to be found to-day in the common home.

I remember very well that my mother used to make her own candles, and that she often made a rude lamp by filling a small

dish with grease, into which she put a wick. An awful lot of bad-smelling smoke came from the lamp, but it served to light the house. That was exactly the light the cave men used.

The region where I spent my boyhood was mostly forest, dotted with a few stray houses along rocky or sometimes sandy trails called roads. Log houses were still used for dwellings, and I lived in one house, the timbers of which were hewn, not sawed. Shingles were split out of billets of pine with a frow and maul, and after the splitting, the thin slices of wood were held in a sort of vise operated by the feet while being smoothed and sharpened with a draw-shave. You know, at that time, Maine was a great lumber country. The people cut wood and sold lumber and worked in sawmills. Incidentally, they raised a little bit of agricultural produce, such as corn and potatoes and apples.

My father was a wood-turner, mill-wright, and miller. He would work in one mill for a while, and then he would move and try his fortune in some other mill. He had a big family of children—very hungry children—and the problem was to get something to eat. If he saw no opportunity of thriving where he was, he went hopefully to another place. When I was ten years old we had moved eleven times, but all our homes, until I was nineteen, were in the vicinity of the Piscataquis River, scattered along a distance of about thirty miles. I don't think Father bettered himself much by his changes. He was just about "as poor as Job's turkey" all the time.

We moved from Orneville when I was very young, and the only definite memory I have of the house which was my birthplace is seeing it after I got to be fifteen or sixteen years of age; and what a mean little measly dwelling it was—a one-story, two-room shack, with no upstairs! In that little house my parents lived with their six children—Hiram, Lucy, Henry, Leander, Eliza, and myself. Samuel and Frank came later.

It doubtless is true that in the cradle are rocked the destinies of mankind. My parents, however, were too poor to own a cradle in which to rock their infants' destinies. All of us chil-

dren were rocked in a big wooden bowl. My father was an expert wood-turner, and a big wooden bowl was always available. Mother had him make the bottom nicely rounded so it would rock easy.

Eliza, who was four years older than I, had much to do with taking care of me in my childhood, and the first thing I remember is of being slid down a cellar door, and of hearing my mother caution Eliza that she might hurt the baby. About the same time, I recall walking out into the shed and seeing an old stove red with rust, and wondering why it looked so different from the stove in the kitchen.

The next event which blazed itself into my memory was a ride on a load of household effects with Eliza and my brother Sam. I must have been nearly five years old, a youngster with blond hair that grew darker as the years passed, until finally it was a dark brown.

The family had moved, on an average, more than once a year since I opened my eyes on the world at Orneville, and now we were coming from some place in the upper Piscataquis valley down to East Dover, where my father had secured a position in a gristmill and rented a house. Brad True was our driver and the owner of the team. He was a neighbour, a big, raw-boned, weird old hellion, whom Father had hired to take us. I suppose that Father and Mother rode with some other neighbour who had a horse and wagon, and that the three older children went afoot.

Eliza and Sam and I had no idea of the relations between parental prosperity and earthly possessions, and we expected that our new home would be one of the best. When Brad True told us that we were entering East Dover, we began looking for the house that we thought would be ours. One after another, we pointed with ecstatic anticipation to all the best and prettiest of them. There was a fine white house that we were sure was the one, but, alas! we went on past it down the hill into a hollow near the river, and, to our amazement and mortification, Brad True drew up in front of a little old runt of a one-story house, weather-beaten, unpainted, and ramshackle,

standing on a slight elevation with swaley ground at front and rear.

"This is the place," Brad said; and with sad hearts we got off the load and entered the house.

My mother at once began the renovation and repair of the old building, and she wasn't long in discovering that the rooms were infested with bedbugs. So she heated water, and scalded the house from garret to cellar, breaching the walls and pouring the hot water down between them. She never ceased until all the vermin were destroyed, and she had accomplished everything that cleanliness could do to make up for the limitations of architecture and the ravages of age.

Soon after getting into the new home, we had an unusually heavy and prolonged autumn rain, with the result that the river overflowed the banks and surrounded our house, rushing by on either side in a wild, torrential flood. I remember the curious train of things that floated past. There were thousands on thousands of yellow pumpkins. The river was fairly freckled with them. There was an occasional shed or outhouse, and sometimes a building of larger dimensions, and there was every sort of floatable household goods and farm utensil, mingled with logs and débris, all surging and swirling along.

Higher and higher the water rose, until it came in over the threshold of the little old house and submerged the floor to a depth of several inches. We took refuge on chairs, and were fearful that the river would continue to rise until the house was swept away. There was great worriment, too, about the mill. It was undermined, and it staggered some, but it survived. The water was in our house only a few hours, and it gradually receded to its channel. We didn't lose anything. We hadn't anything to lose.

One warm day my mother decided to take me to the river to bathe. Such bathing was new in my experience. I was a little bit of a fellow, and so ignorant of my limitations that the moment we got to the water's edge I splashed out toward the middle of the stream. My mother caught hold of me just before I got beyond reach, and saved my life.

I used to go fishing with some of my playmates. Our hooks were pin-hooks and our fish-lines were strings. We didn't have any money to buy hooks and lines. For poles we used sticks that we cut from bushes. The fish we caught were mostly little things we called mud chubs.

After four years at East Dover we moved up the valley to Lower Abbot, where my father secured work running a gristmill and a sawmill. Hiram did most of the gristmill work. Henry and Leander helped some at both mills and did odd jobs outside. We lived in a rented house until, by virtue of the joint earnings of Father and his three older sons, enough money was laid up so that we bought an acre of land. Then Father and the boys pitched in to build a house, and as soon as it was ready, we moved in.

About this time Grandfather Stevens gave my mother a little bit of a pig called a runt. We made a pet of him and let him sleep in a box in the shed, and he and the cat played together. He was a cute little devil, and really I don't know of anything cuter than a little pig. He was clean, as pigs always are when they have a chance. A pig is only dirty by necessity or accident. Yes, he was clean, and he was very intelligent and quite one of the family. He'd catch hold of my trousers' leg with his teeth and switch it so I'd take him up and hold him in my lap. Sometimes I'd rub him on his back —oh, he did like that! Better still, he liked to be scratched behind his ears, and while I did the scratching he'd grunt and make other appreciative sounds.

We had a cat hole in the wall between the sitting room and kitchen, and another between the kitchen and outdoors. They were close to the floor and each had a wooden flapper which was fastened at the top so it swung easily for the passage of the cat, and yet closed the hole the rest of the time. The pig and the cat used to run about in the rooms together, and they would dash through the cat holes lickety-split and race round the house. As the pig grew, he found more and more difficulty in going through those cat holes. Finally there came a day when he stuck hard and fast, and how he did squeal!

He'd follow us everywhere outdoors, like Mary's little lamb; for everywhere we went that pig was sure to go. We got him early in the year, and when spring came and we planted the garden, he was big enough to do a good deal of damage rooting and we put him in a pen.

But one day in the summer Leander let the pig out, after having discovered an enormous white-faced hornets' nest beside the road not far from the house. He filled a pail with swill, invited us smaller children and the pig to follow him, and led the way to the hornets' nest. There he set down the pail underneath the nest, and the pig began to eat his dinner. Then Leander threw stones at the nest, with the result that the pig immediately was covered with hundreds of stinging hornets. The pig lifted his head again and again, shook it fiercely from side to side, and squealed and shrieked bloody murder, but he wouldn't leave the swill. He divided his attention about equally between his food and the hornets until the last morsel was gone, while we children looked on with much enjoyment.

When I was a boy I liked to fight hornets. Nests were plentiful. By Jove! there were lots of them. We boys would go searching around, and when we found a big one we'd throw stones to destroy it; and we'd rush in and out among the buzzing, angry creatures to see who'd be bravest.

From Lower Abbot my father moved to Upper Abbot, where he ran the gristmill; and he set up his turning-lathe in the mill and made wooden bowls, bed-posts, and other things.

The home of my grandfather and my grandmother Stevens was about two miles from Upper Abbot, and for a time we lived in a part of their house. Father used to walk to and from his work.

Levi Stevens was a Calvinist Baptist and a predestinationist. He was a thorough believer in hell fire and brimstone and in a personal devil with horns, cloven hoofs, and an arrow-headed tail. His was the genuine old puritanical fanaticism that believed in burning witches and crucifying the flesh, believed that gladness was a sin, that a smile was iniquitous, and that sympathy was ungodlike.

One day I borrowed Grandfather's sharp ax to chop some wood. I succeeded in cutting my foot pretty badly. When I went back to Grandfather with the ax and told him how I had cut my foot, his only remark was, "Did you dull that ax?"

Yes, Grandfather was a stern old customer. He was a hard driver of a horse, and Grandmother would give him a hot reception when he drove into the dooryard with the old mare all in a sweat and lather.

My grandmother had a rather severe illness some twenty years after she was married. Although she recovered her bodily vigour, her mind was greatly impaired. She was sane on certain subjects, while on others she was as mad as a March hare.

It was her pet delusion that she was the first cousin of the Prince of Wales, who recently had visited America. She fancied that he had come over to see her, bringing a lot of gold-rimmed dishes, and that some bogeymen, whom she called knaves, had waylaid him and drowned him in a bog a short distance from the house, and had stolen the gold-rimmed dishes. She would go to the door and shout at the top of her voice all manner of maledictions on the knaves who had been guilty of these crimes, and call on us to catch them and "Crush 'em dead!"

Curiously enough, there wasn't much else in which she appeared insane, except her having a sort of hunch that Grandfather was a hypocrite in his religion. The old man was very long at his daily prayers. He had his own ideas of how the universe should be managed, and he didn't hesitate to tell God Almighty what those ideas were. Grandmother had no patience with his prayers, and while he knelt and addressed his petitions to the Deity, she would stand behind him and shake her fists at him and deliver a string of oaths.

Even before the old lady was crazy she used to make life very interesting for him. Her name was Hannah, and Grandfather composed this verse about her:

The children of Israel asked for bread,
And Jehovah sent them manna.
Levi Stevens asked for a wife.
And the devil sent him Hannah.

The old man always was patient, never quarrelled with her, and never even answered her back, except in a sort of stern remonstrance. He was perfectly honest, and he was absolutely fair-dealing with all his neighbours.

My grandmother Stevens had a brother who was quite a notorious character. His name was Gideon Hatch, and when any of us children misbehaved, our elders were prone to remark, "You've got the old Gid in you." Once he got mixed up in some affair that resulted in his being put into a jail built of white oak logs; and he cut through the white oak logs with a jackknife and got away.

Some of old Gid's stories used to be told and retold about the fireside, as the tale of "Horatius at the Bridge" was told in ancient Rome. One of the stories ran in this wise:

"I was out in the woods hunting, and I came to the edge of a stream on which I saw a large flock of ducks. Beyond the stream was an antlered deer calmly grazing in the sunlight, and just over his head were so many pigeons in a tree that they bent the limbs down with their weight. I had a single-barrelled gun with one charge of shot in it, and I hastily rammed in another charge. Then I aimed at the pigeons and pulled the trigger, but the instant that first charge of shot started in their direction I brought the muzzle of the gun down so that the other charge struck the flock of ducks. I made a very good haul with both charges. At once I waded into the stream to get the ducks I had shot, and so many trout swam into my trousers that the weight of them, when I came out, pulled off a gallus button, which was hurled across the stream and struck the deer right in the eye, killing him stone dead."

Another of his stories was about a ram—an awfully cross old butter that never would acknowledge he was beaten. "I thought I'd teach him a lesson," old Gid said, "and I got a big gnurl off an oak tree I'd cut down. It was a kind of a wart that I couldn't split, and I hung that from a limb out in the field where that cross ram was feeding. As soon as he saw it he ran to butt it. He gave it a great knock that sent it flying, and he thought it was done for, but back it came, and he butted

it again. After watching the operation for a while, I left him butting, as angry and determined as ever. Two or three days later I went up there and found he'd worn himself all away except his tail, and that was still whaling away at the gnurl."

My grandfather and grandmother Maxim died before my time. He died first, and she lived with Father and Mother in her last years. Hiram and Lucy were small children then, and she used to say to Father, "Now, Isaac Maxim, let me tell you what—you mustn't let your children eat so much!"

I guess she was a kind of a cranky, stingy old creature. Mother used to give Hiram and Lucy a feed out of the window rather than have a row with her. Mother always laughed when she told about that.

It was a habit in Maine to be very economical with food. The old folks didn't approve of a hearty eater. You might hear a man or a woman say to some of the younger members of the family such things as these:

"Ain't you afraid of overeatin'? Too much food ain't good for the digestion. You'll undermine your health."

"If you should lose your appetite, I hope no poor man'll find it."

"Well, young lady, when you're married, your husband'll have to be a good provider. You certainly are a very hearty eater."

Some people would have mottoes hung in their homes that dealt with this topic. For instance:

"Eat to live and not live to eat."

"Heaven hates a glutton."

"Be not among riotous eaters of flesh."

At such times as there were plenty of good things in the house to eat, we children ate like Eskimos—ate until we ached. Doubtless our keen appetites greatened our attachment for home and Mother, just as a hungry cat gets attached to the house where it is fed. But rations were more likely to be short than plentiful.

I have a vivid recollection of being very hungry one morning, and of Mother telling me we had nothing to eat. I had had no breakfast and would have no dinner, but Father would

bring home something to eat at night if he had good luck. I hunted up a second-hand chew of spruce gum, and had begun chewing on it when my Mother told me I mustn't do that, because it would only make me hungrier. I remember philosophizing on the problem of poverty that day, as, in my lank sadness, I sat on a fence and watched the farm-crew of one of our neighbours go in to dinner. I took a walk out through an adjacent pasture and found some ripe thorn plums. I ate a lot of them, meanwhile wondering why God chose to put such big seeds in such a small plum, just as I have since wondered where the wisdom was in making the shad such a mixture of fine fish and fine bones.

Mark Twain said that Maine seemed to be the place where the elements experimented on all kinds of weather, and that he had seen more kinds there in a day than he would ordinarily see anywhere else in a month. He said that once in a while they would have a real fine day, and then everybody would be complaining and grumbling about its being a weather-breeder.

While I lived there we had good weather in summer, but in winter we had the most God-awful weather in the world—horrible! I've seen winters in Maine when there'd come a snowstorm that would last all day, and then it would clear off and blow for a couple of days; and on the third day it would cloud up again and snow; and then the process would be repeated day after day, week in and week out—one snowstorm after another, and one blow after another, with sometimes a fair day between the end of a blow and the clouding up for another storm.

The state of Maine develops a type of character whereby the man who can grub thrift from its stingy soil needs only to remove to the kinder atmosphere and conditions of other states and countries to find success easy.

One winter day somebody came across a fellow in Ohio who was working in his shirt sleeves. It was bitter cold, and he asked the fellow why he didn't put his coat on.

"Oh!" the fellow said, "I was born and raised in the state of Maine. I don't feel cold here."

The winter roads around where I lived drifted ten feet deep, and men would go out and shovel where the drifts were worst, and they'd go over the roads with a breaker—that is, a sled with a log under it to press down the snow and make a hard track. They'd keep going over the snow that way as it drifted in. When the weather began to get warmer, as spring drew near, the less dense snow at the sides of the track melted first. That left a high, icy ridge in many places, and you had to be careful as you travelled along it or you'd fall off.

Not long after we began living at Upper Abbot the gristmill burned down, and my father lost not only his job, but his turning-lathe. This was a great calamity. All visible means of support were gone; but Father was a genius, and he soon devised ways and means for producing something that he could barter for a living. He contrived an apparatus for making wooden measures of various sizes, from a quart up to a half bushel. This he set up in the main room of our house—a room that was kitchen, dining room, sitting room, parlour, and the principal bedroom. The thin strips of wood had to be steamed before they could be bent up to form the measures, and he built a box to put them into for the steaming. A pipe served to convey the steam to the box from the wash-boiler on the stove.

During the time that it took him to complete this apparatus and make a load of measures for sale, we had eaten up nearly everything we had in the house and spent almost the last cent of our money. Winter had come on with all the rigours of the Maine climate; but Father was brave and strong, and he hitched the old horse to a large sleigh, which we called the "pung," and went away to sell the measures. He used to sell some at stores and some at private houses, and he would trade them for anything that the family could eat or wear.

Father expected that the trip would last a week, but after he had been gone several days there came a very deep snow, and then a driving northwest wind that blew a gale for three days. The snow was piled in drifts, and the thermometer went down and down, far below zero. Then came another snow, and an-

other blow, and more drifting. The result was that Father was gone three weeks. He was snowed out and we were snowed in.

Our food supply, which was none too plentiful when he went away, soon was so scanty that we children were placed on rations. Those of us at home then were Leander, a boy of fifteen; Eliza, fourteen; myself, ten; Sam, eight; and Frank, five. Mother pinched tighter and closer on the food, until the allowance was reduced to a little corn meal and salt three times a day. We mixed the corn meal with water, salted it to suit the taste, and each one cooked his or her own "stodge," as we called it, in a tin pan on the stove. It was a very tough and tiresome food for constant diet, but when one is hungry enough he will eat an old shoe; and we were armed with exactly that kind of hunger.

Mother had a few hens. They didn't lay much because they were half-starved. However, they were too choice as reserves to be slaughtered for our food. At last the corn meal was all gone, and nothing was left except a little bran that Mother had sifted from the corn meal to feed the hens. We children and the hens were meagrely allowanced on it, and oh! how hungry—how everlastingly hungry I was!

Grandfather and Grandmother lived in the other part of the house, but my mother was of a rather Spartan disposition, and my grandparents were of a similar mental construction; so there wasn't much borrowing or lending between the two families, and the grandparents didn't know what straits we were in. They themselves were very poor, and weren't in a condition to supply food for such a lot of big-eating, growing children. Well, my mother was too proud to ask them for help from their slender means. She looked forward with expectation and lively hope from day to day for Father's return. I remember the craving hunger that haunted me when I went to bed on the last day of that period of famine. I dreamed of eating and eating without getting any satisfaction, and then the food became elusive, and vanished just as I was about to clutch it.

About two o'clock in the morning Mother came upstairs,

and I was suddenly awakened by hearing her call: "Children, get up! Your father has been at home since midnight, and now I have something ready for you to eat."

There was a whoop from every mouth of us, and a bound for the stairs. We hardly touched them going down. We fairly flew. And what a sight we saw on the table!—a lot of boiled potatoes, mealy and heavenly; some hot, fluffy biscuits; butter and maple syrup to eat with the biscuits; and fried tom cods to go with the potatoes. It was a glorious feast. We ate and ate until we could eat no more; and then we went away and warmed ourselves by the stove and looked at the table; and as soon as the food in our stomachs had settled down so that we could wad in some more, we did it.

My father continued the business of making and selling wooden measures during the rest of that winter. Early in April he had the measles and Mother told us children that we were certain to have the disease, and she stewed a lot of dried apples and gave each of us a quart of the juice to wet our mouths with while we were ill. Eliza and my younger brothers drank their apple juice, and made fun of me for keeping mine. They said they weren't going to be sick, and that when I came down with the measles they would beat drums over my head and make all kinds of racket to tease me. But I was unmoved by their jeers and kept my apple juice. We all came down with the measles at the same time; and Leander, Eliza, Sam, and Frank were very ill indeed. I broke out freely with the disease, but didn't go to bed or lose a meal on account of it. And the unexpected happened—my mother took my apple juice to wet the parched mouths of the other children, and I had none. I wished I'd drank it when they did theirs.

II

FOREWORD

WHEN I came downstairs, after spending my first night in Mr. Maxim's home, his secretary met me in the hall and said in a low voice: "Talk softly or you'll disturb Mr. Maxim. If he's disturbed he'll come to the head of the stairs and shout to you to keep quiet."

It was chiefly in the dining room that the need of keeping quiet was imperative. The ceiling there, because of some fault in its construction, let sounds go right through to Mr. Maxim's chamber above. Those of us who were up ate breakfast without waiting for him, and we whispered and tiptoed about and opened and shut doors gently as if we were in the abode of some ogre. But the moment we heard the master of the house stirring upstairs we relaxed and returned to normalcy.

"He gets up when he feels like it," I was told. "Sometimes he's up at five o'clock and sometimes not until ten."

When he appeared I mentioned that I hoped he had slept well.

"No," he said, "I slept rather badly, because in my dreams I worked all night with a truck filling the Morris Canal. That canal has been on my mind a good deal lately. It isn't used, and it ought not to cumber the earth any longer. I'm trying to get action taken by the authorities."

I could see that he must be a very energetic crusader when a cause roused his ardour. A neighbour who was commenting one day on this phase of his character said to me: "He's right in the front seat of every scrap in the country that he takes any interest in."

While he ate breakfast I stayed and visited. His left hand is gone. He lost it experimenting on his high-explosive in-

ventions. An artificial hand fastened on at the wrist gives some service, but in the main he depends on his other hand.

When he finished eating, he lounged down into a great easy chair by the cavernous fireplace. He could more than half recline in it if he chose, and he frequently did choose. He picked up a newspaper and glanced over the front page. "What things there are happening!" he said—"lying, swindling, robbing, killing, and everything else. There's some awful damn rapscallions in this world. I often wonder why God made so many. If He'd taken counsel of me, He'd have done a better job."

After a short pause he added: "You mustn't take too literally some of the things I say. I exaggerate and I'm emphatic, but that is necessary in order to carry the impression I want to make."

Just then his secretary came in and reported that his Airedale dog, Brutus, had killed a woodchuck. She was rather partial to the dog and was proud of his prowess, but Mr. Maxim was wroth. He didn't want an inoffensive creature like a woodchuck destroyed.

"But you can't stop a dog from doing that," his secretary affirmed in defense of her friend, Brutus. "It's his nature."

"Punish him! Shoot him!" Mr. Maxim said.

"Well, a dog is bound to kill woodchucks anyhow," his secretary declared.

"Not if he's shot," Mr. Maxim retorted. "I never knew a dead dog to hurt a woodchuck yet."

II

MY FATHER

MY FATHER was of a dark complexion, with very fine straight hair, deep-set eyes, and an aquiline nose. His disposition was cheerful, and he was philosophical about everything, yet he had spells of deep melancholy, probably induced by the severity of the struggle for a bare existence, which oppressed him heavily. He was reared with an ax in his hand, and got such education as he had in the chimney corner by the light of a tallow candle. He wasn't much of an executive, but he was generous, courteous, and strictly honest. He had a wonderful mind and showed a good deal of aptitude as an inventor. Yes, the old man was quite a genius—there are no two ways about it! But except for the application of a few of his inventions to the needs of his own business he made no use of them, for he lacked money with which to patent, develop, and exploit them. His memory was retentive, and he occupied his spare time—largely night-time—in thought and study.

"Pa," and "Ma'am," as we called our parents, were both pretty illiterate, and although they could read and write they did it awkwardly. They couldn't spell very well, and when my father read aloud he would mispronounce many words. We all spoke the rustic dialect of the region; and even now, when I'm talking about events which happened in my boyhood, I'm very apt to drop into the Maine vernacular in certain respects.

Father was a keen reasoner, talked fluently and entertainingly, and was never profane nor vulgar. He was fond of books, but had only a handful. For one thing, he had patent office reports which he got free by writing for them, and he read them religiously. There were a few old schoolbooks that he picked

up when he was peddling his wooden ware. Among them were several readers and a Parker's Philosophy and a physiology. Another book was "The Wonders of Nature and Providence." He had the Bible, and he had Rollins's "Ancient History" in several volumes, leather-bound. There were no stories. I learned all the verses in the old reading books. In fact, I got to know pretty well the substance of every book in the house. Father was fond of verse, and my sisters used to read poetry aloud. So I learned many poems, just by listening, before I could read them with any kind of success.

We hardly ever had any newspapers, and even when I got to be a young man, it didn't matter to me whether a thing happened to-day, yesterday, or a thousand years ago. The significance was about the same, so far as time was concerned. Most current events didn't make any appeal to me. Historical events did, and so did local news, yes, and the Civil War while it was being fought, though I was only twelve years old when it ended.

Father knew Rollins's "Ancient History" and the Bible practically by heart, and he was a great instructor to us children. In the evening, or any time that we sat down and asked him to tell us some things about history, he would give us long and interesting talks on the history of the world. He was very familiar with the life of Napoleon, and used to tell us a lot about him.

But he didn't by any means confine his attention to serious topics. He was a great hand to tell stories. I don't know where he got them, but they were wonderful stories. His conversation was spiced with wit and humour and irony. He laughed easily, and his laugh was big and hearty.

His attitude toward us children in the matter of moral guidance was not at all dogmatic. He always told us that we must think things out for ourselves, especially when we questioned him on religion. As to planning our lives he said: "You are privileged to do as you please and take the consequences. Build well, and you'll do well. Build badly, and you'll suffer."

My father was a brave man in a corner. He was a philos-

opher and wouldn't embroil himself in a serious physical contest unless he was absolutely compelled to do so, and then he would make the fur fly. One time he was out in an express wagon selling his various wares, and a couple of men asked him to give them a ride. One of them climbed up to the seat beside him and the other got in behind. They began to ask impertinent questions about the money he had with him, and he got suspicious that their designs were evil. He drove along until the road entered a lonely stretch of woodland, and suddenly struck the man beside him with his fist, knocking him out of the wagon. The next instant he had whirled round, caught hold of the other fellow, and thrown him out. Then he whipped up his horse and rode on. He had the ancestral spirit, all right!

Father started out as a Congregationalist, for that was the religion of his parents, but he got the notion that the old original faith wasn't quite straight. In order to solve the problem, he studied the Bible, and he read Voltaire and Tom Paine.

Well, he gave up the religion of his parents, but he needed one for a substitute, and Maine never has been a place where a person had to go long without a religion suited to his taste. Millerism was making a noise, and Father was impressed that it might be a good thing. Miller was an Adventist, and when Father read the Adventist literature, it seemed to him perfectly plain that the second coming of Christ was not only near at hand, but also that the year, the day, and even the hour of his coming had all been elucidated out of the Scripture by the said Miller.

My father and mother were living then in Sangerville, where they settled after they married. The Millerites were dead sure of their reckoning, and they figured out from the Bible that Christ was to come to Sangerville, Maine, in 1843, at exactly midnight of the tenth day of the seventh month. It was a curious circumstance that this should be so, but it didn't look curious to the believers. After Father became a Second Adventist he studied the Bible more than ever to justify his Millerism.

The Adventists, in their certainty that Christ wouldn't

disappoint them, made their ascension bathrobes, so as to be ready to bathe in the glory of His presence. On the day previous to the eventuation there was a general confessing of sins, and washing from head to foot, and putting on of white raiment. They wanted to appear before the Lord with clean souls and bodies, and in the pure white of the celestial court. There was some grinding and gnashing of teeth and under-the-breath cursing when the good men and women of the town confessed up to date, but Christ would be on hand in a few hours and they could afford to wait until after the thing was over to get their revenge.

My father stood out in the front yard on that memorable watch-night and looked toward heaven. He stood there alone, for Mother didn't believe a word of the new creed. She jeered at him, and said, "When you see Christ a-comin' call me, and I'll come out and ketch hold of your coat-tails and go up with you."

The town clock struck twelve, and the minutes went slowly by as Father watched and waited. At last, despondent, crestfallen, sorely chagrined, he shed his ascension clothes and his new religion and went to bed.

Nearly all the people in Sangerville had joined the order, and when the night of the second advent came, many of them gathered near the church in the centre of the village. One of the party was Mrs. Lucinda Johnson, a staunch believer, who couldn't quite suppress her ill-will toward another holy woman by the name of Rebecca Adams. Rebecca and Lucinda had been rivals for years, and Rebecca generally got ahead of Lucinda. She was rather better-looking, too, and had been more favoured by the pastor. However, Lucinda wasn't going to let Becky get ahead of her with Jesus. Just across the road from the church was a store that chanced to have a ladder leaning against the roof, and Lucinda, a little before midnight, dressed in pure white raiment made out of a pair of sheets, climbed up the ladder and crept along the ridgepole to the gable end.

The sexton was in the church, ready with his hands on the bell-cord. He had been directed to keep an eye out and not

to ring on the appearance of the mere out-riders heralding the Lord. He was to wait until he saw the chariot of the Master Himself, and then to ring fast and loud. But such was the sexton's confidence that Christ would keep His appointment that the moment the clock began to strike twelve he tugged at the bell-cord.

Lucinda was waiting for the bell to apprise her that the Saviour was at hand, and at its first note she stretched her arms skyward, and leaped, calling, "Take me, Jesus, take me ahead of that old Beck Adams!"

But some mistake had been made by the committee of arrangements, for Christ didn't appear. As a result, Lucinda came down on the frozen, unsympathetic ground, breaking two ribs and an arm, and discountenancing her face some.

The next day an interesting procession passed through the Sangerville streets. It was led by the first selectman at the head of twenty-seven leading citizens. Four sturdy members of the group were carrying a pole on their shoulders, and two more, one on each side, were supporting a strange-looking figure sitting astride of that pole. The figure on the pole was the Adventist parson. All the members of his flock had believed that they would by that time have feathered out as angels; but he, poor chap, was the only one who got the feathers, and they were stuck on to him with tar.

Father wasn't allowed to forget his miscalculation about the second advent. Mother used to rub that into him quite a lot afterward. He got along pretty well without any religion for a dozen years or more. During this hiatus in his religious beliefs he was called an "Unbeliever." One of his neighbours was a poor and very pious old widow who looked on him as a veritable emissary of the devil. She lived by taking in washing.

Once, when she had been ailing in health for some time, my father heard a cry for help as he was passing her little old shanty on a cold November evening. He stepped quickly to the window, looked in, and saw the poor woman with her little four-year-old daughter kneeling before the dying embers of the last of her fuel, and she was appealing to God for aid.

My father, who was by nature one of the most sympathetic and kind-hearted of men, was deeply moved. He went home, filled a sack with flour, took a big piece of pork from the barrel, got some potatoes, salt, sugar, a pint of milk, a pound of butter and a quart of molasses, put all these things into a clothes basket, and carried them to the widow's house. She was still praying. He raised the window and set the things in on the floor. The widow turned and gazed at him for a few moments in speechless amazement. Then she said: "Thank God! Blessed be the name of the Lord! I knew He would come to my aid."

"The Lord!" my father exclaimed. "It wasn't the Lord at all. I heard you praying, and I went home and brought these things for you."

"Oh! but it was God who sent them just the same, even though the devil brought them," she declared.

Spiritualism began to be something of a fad in Maine when I was a little fellow. My father, whose religious life and experience had been of a rather disappointing sort, took kindly to the new doctrine, and Mother caught the disease about the the same time.

Mr. Hall, a blacksmith neighbour, introduced this faith into our family. He told my father that a certain crippled young woman, Miss Cunningham, up at Foxcroft, did the most unaccountable things. She would go into a trance and talk in fourteen languages at the same time, and they were such difficult languages you couldn't understand any of them. She could tip tables and bring spirit rappings. One of her controls was Red Jacket, the old Indian chief, and another was a little Indian girl by the name of Suney. Sometimes these Indians spoke in English through her, and sometimes they spoke in Indian. Most marvellous of all, Miss Cunningham was able to tell where lost property could be found.

Such an impression did all this make that Mr. Hall went to Foxcroft with his express wagon and brought her down to our house, bag and baggage. There she stayed for several months while my father was investigating. Evening after evening,

she and a number of others would sit round a big table, holding hands in the dim candlelight, waiting for manifestations. One knock meant "No," and three knocks meant "Yes." Sometimes the table would tip when Miss Cunningham could get the right sort of grip on it without risking too much. But the best manifestations they ever had were due to my brother Leander, who crept under the table, curled up, and waited for the sitters. Yes, the manifestations at that seance were perfectly marvellous until there came from under the table a loud laugh which didn't sound like a spirit laugh.

One day Mr. Hall asked Miss Cunningham if she could tell him where to find Captain Kidd's treasure, which tradition reported to be buried at some spot on the Maine coast, or up one of the rivers. Yes, indeed, she was sure she could. So Mr. and Mrs. Hall and my father and mother and Miss Cunningham went off one morning with picks and spades in Mr. Hall's express wagon, following spirit guidance. It was to be a two-days' journey, but what was that with untold wealth as the prize?

We children were a glad lot while we waited for the coming of the fortune. Not a particle of doubt entered our minds as to the outcome of the expedition. Did we see fine clothes in our imagination? Yes, but they didn't delight us so much as the fine food and lots of it that we anticipated. Mother wouldn't allowance us any more with the molasses. Think of it!—we could have all the molasses we wanted. We could even boil it and make molasses candy.

Along in the dusk of the second evening a tired old horse drew up in front of our house, with a bedraggled, dejected, downcast human cargo in the wagon. We were out in an instant, dancing with joy, and calling: "Where's the gold? Where's the gold?"

"Go away," was the response, spoken with impatience at first, and then snapped out angrily, as we sought for information. It was a long time before the truth reached our inner consciousness, that they didn't have the gold. What a disappointment! It was something awful, and we all wailed and howled in concert.

Then and there I began to lose my faith in the power and reliability of spirits. You'd have thought Pa and Ma'am would have been ready to give Spiritualism the go-by, but they had to have *some* religion, and they made the best of that. Yes, my people believed in spookology—believed in it very devotedly.

I didn't wholly abandon it myself until I'd had further experience. One hot day a severe headache plagued me. I had been taught that God was all-powerful, and that we could get pretty much anything we wanted from Him by inducing the spirits to intercede for us. Therefore, I told Miss Cunningham that I wanted her to get the spirits to have God send a thunder shower, or do something to cool the weather and help my headache.

She said that although the spirits were in constant touch with God and able to get God to do the right thing when necessary, the necessity had to be much bigger than that in my case to get God to go into action to the extent of bringing on a thunder shower. Her excuse didn't look sound to me, and from that moment I never believed any more in Spiritualism. When anything happened that I couldn't understand, I always concluded that my lack of understanding didn't constitute valid proof that something else still farther beyond my understanding, and still more contrary to my perception of the laws of nature, was true.

My mother imagined that she was influenced by spirits more or less, and that she was given impressions which were directions from the spirit world. But she wouldn't trust spirits much when it came to doctoring the old man. No, sir! Then she depended on Harriet. However, if it was a matter of distant things happening or going to happen in the Civil War, the spirits would give her pointers and act as news-bearers.

She had an idea that she could find mislaid or hidden articles by following spirit guidance—that is to say, by following her hand. I remember one time that our blacksmith neighbour, Mr. Hall, hid a five-dollar gold piece in our house-lot, and she found it. Another time, he went out in the woods and stuck a butcher knife in the back side of a tree, and she finally found

that, but how much help he gave her I don't know, for I take no stock in spirit guidance.

In such cases all the parties may be perfectly sincere and honest. Mr. Hall, in his intense desire that Mother should succeed, probably would drop a hint or two unconsciously while she, with equal unconsciousness, would profit by those hints and believe that she was guided by her hand. If a person will remain quiet and believe that he is being influenced, either through the hand or any other member of the body, he is going to imagine that he is being led by that influence. It only is necessary for a person to sit still enough and long enough in an easy chair to be uneasy. Auto-suggestion is the answer to the mystery of spirit guidance.

Father had the reputation of being an infidel, and he'd rub it into the orthodox people at their religious meetings. I remember once he got up and said: "You folks, while you're advisin' God in your prayers to do so many things, why don't you put this flea in His ear?—tell Him to kill off the devil. If He's all-powerful he easily can dispense with the devil and just clean him out. If God is all-powerful and lets the devil live, then the devil is simply His agent. If the devil is acting in accordance with God's will, then God is responsible, and the devil's acts are God's acts; and if God isn't responsible, then where are we going to land? We don't know whom we had better make friends with, or who will come out on top in the end."

Once my father received a circular from some of the New York "Green Goods Men." They were so called because they handled greenbacks. Their method was to mail to their prospective customers an article that seemed to have been clipped from a newspaper—generally the New York *Sun*. Of course, the article never had appeared in any paper at all. But it was set up to look as if it had, and other reading matter was printed on the back to complete the deception. The article purported to be a news item relating how some thieves had stolen from the United States Treasury the original plates for printing several denominations of greenbacks—five-, ten-,

twenty-, and hundred-dollar bills—and saying there was great fear that these plates would be used in printing money which nobody could detect from the bills printed by the Government.

The Green Goods Men informed Father that if he'd come to New York he'd have an opportunity to buy a lot of this money, which could be passed anywhere, and that they'd sell him fifty thousand dollars' worth for five thousand dollars. My father wrote back to them that they might deduct the five thousand dollars and send him the balance!

Father was a hard worker until, at about the age of fifty, he had the measles. After that he was a little better for a while. Then he had a bilious fever which nearly killed him, and he never fully recovered from it, though he worked a little for many years.

What he did most of the time, before his health became too broken for vigorous work, was to run a gristmill. He ground Indian corn and any other grain that the farmers brought to the mill, and took part of the grist for payment. Some of this "toll," as it was called, was used in our home; and some he sold. He had the siftings of the grain to feed his farm animals. These siftings were a kind of bran which we always spoke of as "chaff."

Father peddled things that he made, especially things that he turned on his lathe; and he peddled pictures that he bought, and took orders for frames that he would make and deliver later; and he used to sell sewing machines. He'd go round driving a wagon in summer and a sleigh in winter.

In 1872, Father went to live in his native town of Wayne, down near Augusta, and he continued to peddle in that vicinity. Both he and Mother could run a sewing machine. They had a couple of them in the house, and their chief income after moving to Wayne was earned in making coats. A manufacturer of clothing let out the work to the country people. The coats came in great bundles all cut. The padding and lining were laid in place, and the pieces hitched together. A woman could finish four coats in a day. She had to seam them, put on a braid binding and buttons, and make buttonholes.

Always, after Father had the measles, he was careful not to over-exert himself, because he was much afraid of straining his heart. He had indigestion from lack of exercise, and it caused an internal pressure and disturbance that made him think his heart was affected. He wouldn't have had any indigestion if he'd gone outdoors and hustled. Yes, if he'd forgotten his heart and worked, he probably would have been a very tough and well old man. When he died, the doctor said his heart was the only sound organ in his body.

My father meant a great deal to me. He was the source of an abounding inspiration, and as his genial, witty, philosophical, and sympathetic face rises in my mind, I am stirred with kindly and affectionate memories.

III

FOREWORD

IN MAKING my visits I usually went to and from the station in one of Mr. Maxim's automobiles. Sometimes he did the chauffeuring, but oftener it was his secretary, a young woman who was as expert in handling a car as she was in her more formal secretarial duties. The road was mostly through woodland, somewhat back from the lake, and at enough of an elevation to give wide-reaching views of the water in the occasional spots where the trees did not hide it. The country is stony, with an unproductive soil, and it is likely to continue forested, except as the multiplying summer homes make little openings where they nestle in the greenwood. There are a few larger clearings occupied by hotels, which in their season hum with life—or perhaps "jazz with life" expresses it better. There are churches and small stores and gasoline stations, and eating and dancing places.

The big house of the Maxims is one of the few all-round-the-year homes, and Mrs. Maxim's part in making the home a success is very essential. I might liken Mr. Maxim to a human engine of tremendous power and Mrs. Maxim to the equilibrator. When the engine gets to evoluting too zealously, she, with surprising tact and ease, applies a quietus. They thoroughly appreciate each other, and Mrs. Maxim says, "I would rather be Hudson Maxim's slipper-bearer than queen of the world."

He writes as part of a poem in an autograph album he presented to her:

> And when—if ever—I awake
> In a celestial sphere,
> I ask no greater happiness
> Than that she gives me here.

Their mutual affection and comradeship were good to behold. The stenographer expressed her sentiments to me one day as she observed them, by saying, "One doesn't need to go to the movies to see romance."

Once Mrs. Maxim came with an open book in her hand to where Mr. Maxim and I were talking, and said: "Here is something of Carlyle's concerning what he calls 'this mysterious mankind.'"

She paused and Mr. Maxim remarked: "Go on, Sweet Beautiful."

She glanced toward me and remarked: "I think it describes Mr. Maxim. Carlyle's words are: 'Like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane, haste stormfully across the astonished Earth, then plunge again into the Inane!' Isn't that Mr. Maxim exactly?"

"Well, I swear, what do you think of that, hey?" was Mr. Maxim's comment.

III

MY MOTHER

THE great formative essentials of a man's character and success are four: first, inheritance from mother; second, inheritance from father; third, environment; and the other chief essential is the right sort of a wife.

Most self-made men are immensely proud of their maker, but as a general thing they are willing to divide honours with their mother. Mother usually is given credit for having been a real angel, all but the wings, and for having been dominated by transcendent kindliness and sympathetic solicitude for the youth who is her offspring, and who is known to her from the first to harbour in his impetuous, recalcitrant self an embryonic embodiment of future greatness.

Had Kipling said that the female of the species is more efficient than the male, his dictum would have applied exactly to my mother. She was a whirlwind of efficiency, and I can't remember a time when I didn't believe that she could do anything in the world possible of accomplishment by human hands. Her example was most convincing and impelling, and gave to her boys a pattern of courage and ambition to attempt anything that ought to be done. Yes, yes, Harriet had a strong character. She was full of temperament and fire. She had what you might call hammer-and-tongs qualities. She was a thunderbolt, by George!

There is an old Sandwich Islands saying: "If strong be the frame of the mother, the sons shall make laws for the people." My mother was only four feet nine inches in height, and she could walk under my arm, but she was very thickset and weighed nearly one hundred and fifty pounds. Her strength was enormous. I have seen her go out to the well with

a big tin clothes boiler, fill it with water, bring it in, and reach over and set it on the stove, entirely unaided.

As to her appearance, she was a blonde, with big blue eyes and abundant, bushy, curly hair, that in coarseness resembled my father's beard. She had a ruddy complexion, and a genial, cheerful look, but her mouth was extraordinarily firm. After she got old, her face became much wrinkled and looked as though it had been cut out of granite. She always was a hard worker, and the care of her eight children when they were young, combined with her other tasks, at length resulted in making her very round-shouldered.

She was a great adept at expedients for overcoming difficulties. She was absolutely fearless, and possessed an energy and endurance which I never have seen equalled in any other human being. She was brave and she was indomitable, and these qualities sustained her through every hardship, so that she never was fazed at the size or difficulty of any obstacle.

From our father we boys inherited a large proportion of our inventive abilities and our philosophic understanding of nature's laws. From both Father and Mother we inherited great physical strength and powers of endurance, but to our mother we mainly owe the unswervable will and courage to attack with ardent optimism any problem, and face any circumstance or condition.

Although my mother didn't spare the rod when she thought its use salutary, her habit was to appeal to our understanding, and show by logic that good behaviour was good business for us. When reason makes gestures with a birch withe, conviction is carried direct to the mind of the listening urchin. My father's way of punishing was to give us one almighty swipe, but she would light on him like a hawk on a June bug if she caught him laying his hands on the children. I want you to know that in our home she was boss, and he didn't dare touch us if she was around.

I remember one time we all got a licking for trampling on the hay. Ma'am couldn't afford to have the hay mussed. The cow needed it to eat. We had our fun on the hay while

she was off somewhere, but when she came back she gave us a thrashing that we never forgot. Oh! we respected her and the rod.

She was a real Spartan in nearly everything but was dominated by the most self-sacrificing altruism of any woman I ever have known. There was no limit to what she'd do for us. There was no limit to what she'd do for anybody. She was doing something for somebody all the time. If a tramp came along hungry she'd feed him, even though it took the last mouthful of food in the house.

She was quite different from the customary historic mother, for she possessed none of those retiring, responsibility-dodging, tender-hearted little gentlenesses that are exploited with so much effect by the usual feminine. She wasted no time on sentiment and little delicate attentions to us children. Indeed, a show of parental affection would have embarrassed us dreadfully. Yet she'd have gone through hell fire to save us if we were in danger.

So far as I can recall, my mother never kissed me but twice in all the years of my childhood and youth. Once was when I was a little bit of a boy. She had had a dispute with my older brothers, and while she was putting me to bed that night she kissed me, and said: "When you get to be a big boy, you won't make trouble for your poor old mother—you'll be good to your mother!"

The second time, Sam and I had a quarrel. We were good-sized boys. Probably I was fifteen years old. We had bought some powder and caps for our guns, and we had melted up lead and cast some buckshot in a mould. After loading our guns, we were in the yard ready to go hunting when we got to quarrelling over something or other—I forget what—and Sam threatened to shoot me. Then I went and grabbed the gun away from him and broke the breech of it on a log that lay handy there on the edge of a woodpile. Naturally, he was wild with anger, and he caught up the wreck of his gun, stepped round to the other side of the woodpile, and fired at me. Part of the shot went into the woodpile and part of it went into me.

One shot struck me in the shoulder, one in the groin, and one entered my abdomen and lodged somewhere in my back.

I walked into the house, and my mother undressed me and put me to bed. There was considerable of a rumpus, and Father and Mother and everybody thought that I was mortally wounded. They sent for a doctor who had been an army surgeon in the Civil War. He came and looked me over, pulled a rusty wire out of his pocket—a crooked, bent-up old wire—wiped it on his dirty sleeve, and, with no thought of disinfection or even cleanliness, tried to find the buckshot in my abdomen. He probed in several directions, but didn't succeed in getting in more than half an inch, which saved my life. He gave it up and said I probably would die between twelve and two o'clock that night; but if I wasn't dead by two o'clock, I would get well.

The world looked rather blue to me, and I watched the clock with a good deal of interest. My mother came in and held on to me and kissed me. Father came and asked me if I was afraid to die.

I said: "No, but I want to live like the devil!"

I was pretty sick for a few days. However, the wound healed, and in about a week I was out skating and broke through the ice and swam ashore. The buckshot is still in me.

My mother didn't have the interest in history that Father had. She was so busy with the affairs of the house that she let history go hang. She was on the go every minute—cooking, cleaning up, looking after the garden and the horse and the cow and the chickens, and doing the weaving and spinning, and making rugs and our clothes. She had no time for fancy stuff, and we children didn't have much more looking after than little pigs. We just ran wild.

Pa and Ma'am weren't social mixers. You must remember that we were a very poor family just tottering along on the margin line of survival. We were in the same condition of existence as a man is when he gets old and has no strength to spare. He utilizes all his strength simply to live. We were trying to keep soul and body together, trying to keep from

starving, trying to keep from freezing to death in winter. When you have to go out in the snow and chop a log into stove-wood and bring in the sticks and put them on the fire in order to warm your feet, you don't go making social calls on the neighbours. Certainly the old lady with a large family of children had no time nor inclination for that sort of thing.

Occasionally, late in the afternoon, while pursuing her work and carrying the burden of household cares on her mind, she would exclaim:

> "O dear me, suzzy day hum,
> Another day gone and nothing done!"

Her desire to accomplish outpaced her ability to accomplish.

Yet, in spite of her many cares, she always had some potted plants in the windows. There were balsams, geraniums, and bleeding heart; and she'd have a bed of plants and flowers outside of the house every summer. As for the house itself, she kept it clean and tidy and habitable; and the food she prepared never failed to be palatable. But she wasn't as careful as another woman in our vicinity. That woman was so particular about cleanliness that when she was going to fry an egg she would wash it before breaking the shell—and then she would spit in the spider to see if the fat was hot.

If a neighbour was sick, my mother was sent for. She always went and when she came back she would find twice as much work to do as when she went away. She was up at daylight and worked until dark, and after dark she worked by candlelight. She was the first one up and the last one to go to bed. She was the mainstay of the family, the one who bought everything and attended to all the business.

My mother's disposition was far from being austere, and she never governed us with puritanical blue laws. We boys were as free as the air, and she, like Old King Cole, "was a jolly old soul." She had a hearty laugh, and her response to the humorous aspect of things was remarkably quick. She would get fun out of her ways of managing household affairs, and enjoyed the drollery of her own experiences. Why, for

instance, one day she was sent for to doctor a bed-ridden girl in the neighbourhood. When she had sized up the situation, she said: "Good Lord! you dirty thing, you need a bath."

She at once began preparations for the bath, and the mother of the girl said: "You don't mean to put water on her skin, do you? She ain't used to it. She's very tender and poorly, you know."

"Well," Ma'am said, "I'm goin' to use water and soap." And she did, and she humorously reported afterward that she found seven shirts on the girl that had been lost for years. Her patient began to get better right away. A bath was all the medicine the girl needed. Mother often joked about that afterward.

She knew the name and nature of all the medicinal herbs of the fields and of the roots and bark of trees. When any of us were ill she used these remedies very effectively. She was a natural physician. We didn't think that anything could upset Mother's nerves, and, as she expected almost anything to happen at any time, she was constantly nerved up to meet all eventualities.

When I was about five years old a mad dog, foaming at the mouth, rushed into the house, snapping at everything. "Bless me!" my mother exclaimed, "that dog will be biting the children," and, quick as a flash, she caught the dog by the nape of the neck and threw him out of the window into the yard, where she and some neighbours killed him with clubs and stones.

Once, when my brother Hiram and sister Lucy were small children, a man came round selling skeins of cotton sewing thread at two cents a skein. He was lame and half crazy. People called him "Limping Fudget." After Mother had bought a couple of skeins from him, he said: "Do you know of any family that's been burned out of house and home lately? I'd like to give 'em a skein of my thread free of charge."

But Mother didn't know of any such family, and he asked if she could let him have some matches.

"What do you want the matches for?" she said.

"Oh! I want to burn some house down, so I can give the folks who live in it a skein of thread," he told her.

Then my mother ordered him to leave; but instead of leaving, he pulled a big butcher knife out of his coat, and began to whet it on the stove pipe, shouting, "Now, I'm goin' to have my revenge!"

Mother kept a hardwood broom handle with which she maintained order in the family. She reached for it, remarking that she would have her revenge then and there, and she brought it down on the head of the crazy man with all her might. He slunk away.

One autumn, while going the rounds of my traps that I had set along a trout stream near our house, I found in a fox trap an enormous black tomcat caught by a hind leg. It was of the domestic breed, yet doubtless never had a home in human habitation, and was literally wild. There he stood, the most fiercely savage thing I ever saw; and he spat and struck and snarled in such a wicked way that I called Ma'am. She came, and made a pass at that cat with her left hand, quick as a flash of lightning, catching him back of the neck. Then she straightened him up, caught his two hind legs and tail with her right hand, and told me to let him out of the trap. That done, she let go of the cat's neck, but instantly swung the creature round her head with her right-hand hold so swiftly and forcefully that he couldn't double up on her. Down came his head on a stone, and that was the end of him. I saw nothing extraordinary in this episode at the time. It seemed to me perfectly natural that she should do exactly what she did.

The cat's hide went into a catskin robe that Ma'am and the girls were working on. There was a direct ratio between the progress of completing that robe and the diminution of cats in the neighbourhood. We used the robe when out driving in cold weather, but for the most part it was on a bed.

One winter morning, while sliding down a snow bank in front of the house, the idea occurred to me to use a shovel as a brake by jabbing it down in the snow in front of the sled. I made the experiment, with the result that the handle of the

shovel struck me, knocking my under-jaw out of joint. I couldn't close my mouth, and I ran into the house, making inarticulate sounds but not able to utter a word. Mother had seen the accident. She seized me and caught hold of my jaw and wrenched it into place like an experienced bonesetter.

We children often ate with an indiscretion that broke all diet rules. Generally we felt no ill effects, but sometimes we went a little beyond the limit of what we could digest with comfort. Once I started in by visiting the garden and eating freely of raw potatoes, raw turnips, and raw cabbage, and I ate a good-sized cucumber, skin and all. Then I resorted to the orchard, and filled up whatever food spaces were left in my internal mechanism with green apples. After that, I went to the house and fed on crackers and skim-milk cheese. I don't know what it was, but something that I ate must have disagreed with me, for I was taken with terrific pains and cramps. I never had experienced anything like it before, and I was told that I had cholera morbus.

Of course, I expected that Ma'am would be able to cure my affliction. It never occurred to me that she could fail, but I could see by her looks and actions that she was scared. Then I, too, began to get a little panicky and to fear that I was going to shuffle off this mortal coil. I writhed and groaned and howled as the cramps doubled me up, but Mother quickly came to the rescue with some of her herb medicine, and though I nearly lost consciousness, and relapsed and collapsed into a condition of limp lassitude, my cramps were gone, not to return.

Yes, Mother always did the right thing—— Hold! There was one exception when she might better have done differently. She was darning some stockings, and had just threaded her big needle and laid the ball of yarn down for a moment with the needle stuck into it, when Sam brought his hand flat down on it, driving the darning needle through his hand so far that it stuck out about an equal distance on both sides. Mother caught Sam by the wrist to pull the needle out, but her habit was to draw the needle point foremost, and she didn't think to pull it back out of the wound. No, she took hold of the point end

and drew it through his hand, pulling a whole yard of blue yarn after it!

When I was a boy, it was the custom for the mother of a New England family to be accomplished in the production of about everything under the sun required by the household. After my father became an invalid, and Hiram, Lucy, Henry, and Leander had left home, Mother, with such help as four small children could render, did all the housework, cultivated the garden, raised chickens and turkeys, cared for several sheep, a pig, and a cow, and made butter and cheese. She used to shear the sheep, and spin and weave the wool into cloth, of which to make clothes for us. She dyed and fulled the cloth, then cut it and sewed it up into trousers and jackets. Also she raised flax, rotted it, hatcheled it, and spun it into thread on the little spinning wheel, and wove it on the hand loom, and cut and made the linen into garments. She didn't have a sewing machine until I was about nineteen. After we'd had our clothes for a while only an outline of the original cloth was left. The rest was patches. Mother sat up late many a night mending.

In her spare time she used to cut our worn-out clothes into little strips and make rugs of them. I still have one of those rugs, containing some cloth from an old boyhood suit of mine, made from wool my mother raised and spun and wove. That rug isn't on the floor now. It is kept in a frame, and is hanging on the wall of my library.

Father sometimes went into the woods with a hand-sled and hauled firewood back to the house, but usually he either had an old horse or got one from a neighbour to do the hauling. He'd cut wood for the neighbour to pay for the use of the horse. Once, Father made firewood out of a big pine two feet through that had blown down in the woods not far from our house. He sawed it into lengths, split those up, and lugged the pieces home on his shoulders.

After his health failed, we boys did most of the chopping. Getting the wood for winter was a good deal of a job. We'd cut down trees and work them up into lengths that we could

handle, and if we didn't have a horse we'd haul the sticks home on a hand-sled and pile them up in the yard. Then we'd have to saw the wood into stove lengths, and split it, and put it in the woodshed. That was what we were supposed to do, but the burden of seeing that we did it was on my mother. We preferred play to chopping wood, and chopped only when we were compelled to. We weren't at all altruistic about keeping up the supply of firewood, and thought to-morrow would take care of itself. Sometimes Mother would chop up wood for her immediate needs. She used to work on the lines of least resistance, and she did the chopping herself if that was handier than making us do it. She never chopped any of the heavier stuff—the green wood. We boys had to chop those logs ourselves. Sometimes we put green or wet wood in the oven to dry. In the summer and autumn, Mother often went out in the fields with a basket and picked up hemlock and pine knots that had remained sound after the rest of the wood had rotted away. She'd lug them into the house and burn them.

Mother wasn't broken down by her work. One who worries and frets over possible or prospective troubles and difficulties that he may encounter takes the Old Man of the Sea on his back. But my mother bore all her cares with a light heart; and a light heart is always stronger than a heavy heart. She met the world with a firm face, yet it was a joyous face.

She and Father had a mutual respect and affection for each other; but they used to have eruptions just the same, though they never came to blows in their disputes. For the last four years of his life Father was confined to his bed. Sometimes he went into hysterics, and she'd bend over him and double up her fist and shake it at him, exclaiming: "Isaac, lay down and keep quiet! Stop your hypoing! Stop, or I'll smite you in the face!" But she didn't ever hit him. She was scared to death if anything was wrong with him, and that performance was only for his own good.

To give you an idea of her devotion, let me tell you that during those last four years he couldn't bear to have her away from him for a minute, and she waited on him hand and foot

in every possible way. She always was in his room or near by, where she could respond to any call, and she used to sleep with her clothes on, sitting in a chair beside the bed. Sleeping like that told on her, of course, but she stayed right by him until the end. He died in 1883, when he was sixty-nine.

My mother lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six, and was still light on her feet, quick-witted, and full of the joy of living. She caught cold and died of pneumonia. Except for some such chance disease she unquestionably would have lived much longer. The same could be said of my father, to whom an attack of measles in middle life proved disastrous. Authorities agree that such diseases which carry off old people may be looked on as accidents and are no reflection on the natural longevity of the victims.

IV

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM had an Italian chauffeur, and he didn't fancy his Italian name, so he called him Jimmy. His stenographer he called Miss Goldbug, and that wasn't her name, though something like it. He had a kitchen helper whose name was Will, but when he called "Will" he often got his wife; and when he called "Lil" he often got his kitchen helper. So he called him George. His coloured cook was Victoria, but on one of my visits I found that he had begun to call her Omega, and I asked why. He replied, with a considerable degree of sarcasm in his words: "Because Omega is easy to remember, and because she looks like the last word in servants—the acme and climax and pinnacle in servants."

He bestowed various names on Mrs. Maxim as they chanced to pop into his lively imagination. Sometimes he called her "Bird of Paradise," and sometimes "June Bug."

One Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Maxim and I made a trip up the lake in his big motor boat with Jimmy to chauffeur it. The day was hot and quiet, but the swift boat made one fancy that a cooling breeze was blowing. Everything combined to make the voyage delightful—the speed with which we moved, the flying spray, the other boats flitting about, the blue of water and sky, and the green woodland on the rocky shore with the many summer homes peeping out from the abounding foliage.

When Mr. Maxim saw persons he knew in the boats we met, or persons who indicated that they recognized him, he waved his cap to them, and they waved with eager pleasure to him. The stimulus of the environment made him recite poetry—the romantic and resounding sort that used to stir him in youth—

and he did the reciting with an eloquent effectiveness which harmonized with our voyaging.

Besides the boat we were in Mr. Maxim has a handsome flat-bottomed mahogany rowboat fitted at the stern with a light removable motor and intended specially for fishing.

"I went out fishing with him once in his motor boat," Mrs. Maxim said. "I don't want to do it again. He wouldn't stop but three minutes in a place. Then he'd shout to the boy who ran the motor, 'Go on, Jimmy—no fish here!'"

A neighbour to whom I spoke of his fishing said: "Holy smoke! he's the last man on earth to succeed as a fisherman. Fish are too slow for him. He'd never be suited unless they jumped right at him."

This neighbour further enlightened me by saying:

"Mr. Maxim used to run his motor boats as fast as he could and take chances. One day he was out in an eighteen-foot boat and ran it on a rock that was a little under water. Anybody else would have taken an oar and pushed it off, but he jumped right into the water and shoved the boat free with his shoulder. Once he couldn't find the key to his powder works. He was bound to go in, and he wasn't going to wait, either. So he took an ax and smashed the door open. Nothing can stop him. He's a regular whirlwind, and he ain't afraid of anything on earth. He don't know what fear is. I think he bears a charmed life."

IV

LIFE ON A LONELY FARM

WHILE we were living at Grandfather Stevens's house Father was looking about for a farm. As he had only fifty dollars to pay down, he didn't have a very large choice of farms that he could buy on his terms. One of our neighbours was Deacon Bartlett, a fine old gentleman of the sterling sort that does honour to the human race, and he owned an unoccupied farm only a half mile from my grandfather's. He offered it to my father for two hundred and fifty dollars—house, barn, and some thirty acres of land. The farm wasn't much of a farm, nor the house much of a house, nor the barn much of a barn, but the deal was made, and the farm became our home.

A man named Dutton lived there before we did, and we called it Duttonville, though it was only an outlying farm in a little bit of a clearing in the woods. The house was in the middle of the clearing far back from the highway, and no other house was in sight. This home, where I lived between the ages of ten and thirteen, and one at North Guilford where we moved next, are the two most closely associated with my boyhood life. I was in them a comparatively long time, at the most impressionable period of my youth.

About half of the Duttonville clearing was a pasture. No brush or trees to amount to anything grew in the pasture, and it furnished enough grazing for a cow and a horse and a few sheep. It was fenced with split cedar rails laid up zigzag, except on one side, where there was a stone wall. We had grassland to provide hay for our stock, and we had a garden patch.

Beyond our place a new road went on through the woods—I don't know where. We had no neighbours in that direction,

and you wouldn't see anybody go along that road once in a dog's age. Our nearest neighbour was my grandfather Stevens, and somewhat farther on lived old Deacon Bartlett. Next came the schoolhouse at a crossroads, two miles from Duttonville, and a half mile more brought you to the village of Upper Abbot, where there were a church, a blacksmith's shop, a gristmill, and a combined store and post office.

Our house was a clapboarded, unpainted little building a story and a half high. In front of the old shack of a barn was a small barnyard surrounded by a post and rail fence. There was a set of bars at the entrance to this barnyard, and when we wanted to go in or out we either let down a middle bar and crawled through, or let down the two upper bars and stepped over. We drove the cow home from the pasture each night in summer, and Mother milked her in the barnyard in warm, pleasant weather. The barnyard served in winter as a place where the cow could sun herself and run around. Mother always wanted to milk her cow rather than have any one else do the milking. She thought a milker had to be in sympathy with the cow or the cow would dry up.

There wasn't a fruit tree of any kind on the place, and there were no shade trees near the buildings. The vicinity of the house was absolutely bald-headed so far as trees were concerned.

On the ground floor of the house was the kitchen in a small ell. Next to the kitchen was a sitting room, and beyond that were two bedrooms. Upstairs was one big room, with the chimney running up through the middle of it. Sam and I had our bed at one end, and a curtain partitioned off another bedroom, which Sister Eliza sometimes occupied.

The roof leaked more or less, but wasn't as bad as the sides of the house, in which were great cracks right through to the outer elements. These let the winter storms beat in, and we'd wake up in the morning and find our heads covered with snow. When a window pane was broken and we had no glass to replace it, Father put in a piece of board or stuffed in a cloth.

There was plaster on the walls of some of the rooms, but others were just rough boards. Mother stuck on newspapers

and brown wrapping paper when the cracks between the rooms were too conspicuous.

The kitchen floor was bare, but some of the rooms had rag carpets or rag rugs which Mother made. Our old clothes furnished the material. After we wore them out, she would cut them up into narrow strips and braid the strips to use for rugs, or weave the strips into carpets.

The chairs were primitive wooden ones that Father probably picked up in his peddling, and no two were alike. Mother had a rocking-chair, which she sat in when she was sewing or knitting. She did her spinning and weaving in the sitting room, and there she kept her flax wheel, which she called "the little wheel," and one for spinning wool, which she called "the big wheel," and her loom. We didn't have much space left for seating purposes, and we used to sit round wherever we could find a place.

My father peddled pictures that he bought from a New York publisher; and he made and sold frames for the pictures. Some of those pictures were hung in our rooms. On a kitchen shelf was a large clock with wooden gearing.

We used to have corded beds. Sometimes, when you had nothing but a feather bed under you, the feathers would work one way and the other, until you almost lay on the cord. You had the pattern of the bed-cord on your back the next morning and could play checkers on it if you wanted to.

Mother wove blankets for the beds, and she bought calico and cotton batting and made comforters. During the Civil War cotton got to be so expensive that people took the cotton out of their comforters and sold it. Now and then Mother would make a patchwork quilt—a crazy quilt, we called it. She'd swap pieces of calico with the neighbours to get variety in colour and figure.

I don't recall having sheets on the beds in my early youth. Anyhow, we didn't have them during the war. Sheets were worth nigh their weight in gold then, and we slept between the coarse woollen blankets of home manufacture. We had pillows, and the pillow cases were of blue drilling. The pillows were

stuffed with feathers—oh, my! all kinds of feathers—of geese, ducks, and hens. Those pillows were fine. We had mattresses —sometimes of corn husks, sometimes of straw. I've helped to fill them. A feather bed would be put on top of the mattress. You'd sink down into it, and it would come up around you and keep you warm.

Of course, there couldn't but one of us boys sleep comfortably in a bed. Any more than that, and we'd kick each other. But beds were scarce, and we had to double up.

During fly-time—the latter part of August and the first part of September—the flies often were just like a swarm of bees in the house. When we gathered round the table to eat, the flies gathered there, too, but we could eat faster'n they could. If you went out in the woods fishing, the black flies would get after you in a regular cloud, and every one of them would bite. The blood would run right off you.

And the mosquitoes—why! they'd simply eat you up. If they got too bad, when they were flying round the house and into it on summer evenings, we protected ourselves by building a smudge in the dooryard, using chip-dirt from the woodpile mainly. Then came the question which could stand the most of the smoke—we or the mosquitoes. We placed the fire so that the smoke would drift across where we were sitting outdoors or in the house. Sometimes we had several smudges going, and the smoke was pretty bad, but, Lord bless your heart! not so bad as the mosquitoes would have been without it. Mother had a big cooking utensil, eighteen inches across and four or five deep, which she called the "iron basin." Often we made our smudge in that. Then we could shift it from one spot to another if we wanted to.

I've always had the habit of eating rapidly—far too rapidly. I suppose that the way we children ate when we were at home there in the back country of Maine had a good deal to do with my getting the habit. Whatever food happened to be the most substantial portion of a meal was put in a big dish and placed in the centre of the table. Near this was a platter of bread cut into slices, or, more likely, johnnycake cut into hunks. When

we had baked beans, which was every Saturday night, Mother made a loaf of brown bread. About once a week she stewed a beef shank, and after thickening the stew she put in big crusts of bread. It was wonderfully delicious the way she used to make it.

As soon as the table was set, Mother gave the signal for us to come. She often called us as she called the pigs to their repast —"Chug, chug, chug!" And then we all went for the food. Mother usually dished out the stew, or whatever it might be, for us, but unless she was on hand we would dip into the dish for ourselves. There was no delay worth mentioning at any time. You see, it frequently happened that the food was insufficient for our many appetites, and each of us lost no time in getting his or her part of it. Short rations was one of the hardest things we children had to bear. If only there was a plenty we had no complaint to make. How coarse the fare might be didn't matter.

Our table was just a bench which Father had made of smooth pine boards. Mother had a white tablecloth somewhat disfigured by stains, and she would darn it when holes appeared. She used it only on special occasions. I don't remember having any napkins.

We didn't use much flour. Corn meal served instead. When some neighbour killed a pig or a cow, we generally got a piece of it at a very low price. Mother made hulled corn, and after she'd boiled it we ate it with milk. We filled up on it, and, in a little while, we'd be hungry again and would eat some more. It tasted amazingly good. We seldom had bleached sugar, but my father used to go to a grocery store and buy a molasses hogshead from which the groceryman had sold the molasses. In that there always was a lot of wet, soggy brown sugar. We called it "hogshead sweetening." It was very palatable. We ate it on bread and on flapjacks.

Our staple diet was mainly corn bread and mush and molasses. We had fried fat pork and boiled potatoes frequently; and when we kept a cow, we had milk with our corn-meal dishes—a combination that is hard to beat. Whatever Mother

cooked tasted good, and her stewed fruits were delicious. Sometimes she let us have skim milk to drink if the pigs didn't need it more than we did. She used the cream for butter, and we children did the churning in an up-and-down wooden churn.

She made two kinds of cheese—a full milk cheese that was wonderful, and a skim-milk cheese that wasn't bad to taste, but was the toughest blamed thing you ever saw. You could break a brick on it, or make a sole for your shoe out of it. However, cheese of any kind was a rarity and a luxury in our house. One old cow wouldn't supply us with much, and we were a hungry family. Mother allowanced us on butter. Mostly we had molasses instead of butter on our bread, and we used fried pork fat on both bread and potatoes.

We always had quite a garden in which we raised potatoes, beets, carrots, sweet corn, and other vegetables. But we didn't do real farming to amount to anything, and never grew a surplus to sell.

Mother was a great one for making apple and pumpkin pies. She made custard pies, too, but not often, because they took eggs, and eggs could be sold. She used to dry apples and pumpkins. After the apples had been peeled, cored, and sliced she'd run a cotton string through the pieces and hang them up to dry. The pumpkins had to be pared and sliced and strung, too, and the scallops of drying apples and pumpkins were hung one below another in the kitchen all round the room. Of course, the flies would light on them, but that didn't matter. They were washed before they were made into sauce and pies.

Tea was a necessity to my mother, but she made it go as far as possible. She'd steep it two or three times, then take the tea leaves and dry them, and afterward boil them to get out the last bit of flavour. Father also drank tea. It wasn't supposed to be good for young folks, and we children never drank it unless we had a headache. Wherever we moved, there was always a cider mill in the neighbourhood, and when sweet cider was available we'd fill up on that.

Blackberries were wonderfully plentiful, and there were lots of red raspberries and wild strawberries. The place that

excelled all others for blackberries centred round a ledge on a pasture hill and covered a tract about two hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile long. It was a neighbourhood resort, and the berries were particularly big and soft and luscious. Both blackberries and raspberries seemed to thrive among the rocks and along the waysides and fences. Strawberries grew everywhere. There were two kinds, one was round in shape and grew only in the open. The other was long or pear-shaped and preferred the seclusion of the tall grass.

We used to tap the sugar-maple trees in the early spring when the thawing weather came. A forehanded farmer would carry a kettle to the woods and boil down the sap there. We were not forehanded. We just tapped a few trees, and brought the sap home and boiled it on the stove.

I didn't have a pair of shoes until I was thirteen years old. In winter I sometimes tied old bags round my feet when I was going out to help in the barn. If the weather was very cold I had to stay in the house. But because my feet never had had any covering they got so accustomed to the cold that they could endure a good deal of frost without great inconvenience.

Lack of shoes didn't prevent my going to school, except in the very severest weather; and my two younger brothers went with me, no better shod. We could go on the hard snow and ice much better than we could through a light snow, because the light snow would get up inside our trousers on our bare legs, which couldn't stand it so well as our feet. The way we managed was to run with all our might as long as our feet could endure the cold, and then climb up on a fence, or sit down on a boulder or a stump, and rub our feet and ankles with our hands; and then we'd rush on again.

One winter we had a big thaw that was followed by a sudden freeze; and the snow, which still lay deep over the fields, was covered with a sheet of glare ice firm enough to bear a person up. While things were in this condition, my brother Sam and I, after we had gone to bed on a bright moonlight evening, looked out of the window, and were greatly tempted by that

slippery crust. So we crawled out and ran around in our shirt-tails for a while, sliding on our bare feet. But we soon got our fill of joy and had started to return to the house, when, lo and behold, there was Ma'am standing at the window with a switch in her hand. We hesitated between staying out and shivering, or going in to be warmed up by that switch. We decided that we preferred a thrashing, and we got it.

The only hat I ever had until I was quite a big boy was a little fancy straw one with a ribbon on it that my brother Hiram gave me when I was about seven years old. I was tickled to death and treasured it as a choice possession.

Mother made cloth caps for us—made them out of any old thing she might have—and she put flaps on the caps to come down over our ears. The flaps had wool or fur on the under side, and they had strings on them that we tied under our chins. Occasionally she made us a cap of muskrat skins lined with cloth. She used to knit woollen mufflers for us, but we didn't have them often.

I wore a heavy flannel shirt in winter. Mother spun the wool, wove the cloth, and made the shirt. It usually was dyed a gray colour with a dye she made from copperas and white maple bark stewed in a big kettle. In summer I wore a cotton shirt of blue drilling, and the rest of my summer clothing was trousers with sometimes a jacket.

Now and then my mother or my sisters knit us boys a pair of mittens. But for the most part we had cloth mittens, the material for which Mother cut from an old pair of trousers or other worn-out garment. She often lined them with woolly sheepskin.

We used to get pretty dirty and grimy with grubbing into the ground in our play; and, in spite of an occasional wash-up with soap and water, we quickly were grimy again, and we stayed grimy most of the time. But in my mother's dictionary there were two kinds of dirt—clean dirt and dirty dirt. The kind we used to get on us from delving in the ground she considered clean and healthful dirt. Mother was a great chaser of the dirty dirt in her housekeeping. Few persons are aware of

the kindliness of dirt. Soap and water, applied too often, may do a lot of harm to a growing child. Soap neutralizes the acid secretions of the skin and is weakening, but, of course, it's a good thing once in a while.

There was quite a variety of animals on our farm. We usually had a horse. Once my father got one for five dollars, and he bought it mainly because it fitted a collar he had. He hitched the horse to a box-body express wagon when he wanted to go peddling. I don't think we ever owned a buggy.

Our well-to-do neighbours had both horses and oxen. We were too poor for that, but I used to drive oxen, though there was no pleasure in it for me. I didn't like to use oxen talk—"Whoa, hysh! Gee up, there!" and all that. It got my goat. Worse still, you had to carry a goad stick. The stick was white ash, and was about four feet long, and it tapered down to a half-inch diameter. A brad was inserted in the small end so that it stuck out just a little, and you'd lam the oxen with the old goad, and punch holes through their skin with the brad to make 'em hike up. That seemed to me a blamed brutal thing to do.

We kept a cow, and sometimes fully a dozen sheep; and we had a ram—an awful ugly old critter. I used to play with him. He'd butt anything that moved. I'd run up in front of him and challenge him. Then he'd rush at me full chisel as hard as he could drive, and I'd jump into the air with my legs apart and let him pass under me. That would make him as mad as a hornet, and he would shake his head and come at me again. One day, when I got tired of teasing him, I started for home, and, by Jove! he came up behind me and knocked me flat. Then I was the one that was as mad as a hornet.

Mother used to raise turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks, and she sold these and their eggs at the grocery store. We often got trusted by the storekeeper for the necessaries of life to tide us over a time when we couldn't pay, until there should come a time when we could pay.

Sometimes we had as many as a hundred turkeys. One day some sheep-killing dogs killed about three fourths of them.

Hudson Maxim's boyhood home as it appeared in 1910.

We heard the dogs barking but didn't think anything of it. They were having great fun chasing those turkeys, and later we found the mangled bodies strewn through the fields and pasture. There was no way to salvage them except to eat what we could. It was a great disaster.

We kept quite a flock of geese in the pasture, but they sometimes broke through into the garden and committed serious depredations. So my mother put yokes on the gander and the old geese who led the flock, to prevent them from crawling through the fence. One evening, however, somebody inadvertently left a pasture bar down. By and by we heard the geese coming up the road from the pasture very slyly and noiselessly, whispering to one another, and as they passed by the house their voices were very hushed indeed. But when they arrived at the garden they were so elated over their success that they shouted for glee. They were all driven back to the pasture very much dejected.

In winter the hens and turkeys and geese were kept in a pen in the barn, but generally were allowed the freedom of the barnyard, especially in pleasant weather. At that time of year we had to carry water from the well to our cow and horse.

Sometimes we had a dog, but not often. I guess one reason for its being not often was that dogs ate too much. We couldn't afford to keep one, but we always had a cat.

Soon after we moved to Duttonville my grandmother died. That left Grandfather alone, and it became my task to go up and spend the night in the house, to be with him in case anything should happen to him. One morning he brought me an auger, a short, round pine stick of the same diameter as the auger, a hammer and a saw, and a little packet of something done up snugly in a paper. He told me to go into the woods and bore a hole in a white maple tree, put the packet in the hole, drive the pine stick in hard, and saw it off. Then I was to bring back the tools to him, and never under any circumstances tell where the tree was located.

My curiosity was aroused. What that commission meant was more than I could compass. On recounting the affair to

the home folks they said: "Oh! Grandpa's got the toothache"; and I learned there was an old superstition that if a person who has a toothache pares his fingernails and toenails, and wraps the parings in a piece of paper and gets someone to bore a hole in a white maple tree and plug them in, the toothache will be cured.

Superstitions never die. Lots of folks still believe that if they want their beans to grow they must plant them at the right time of the moon. We had a horseshoe nailed up over the door of our house. It was supposed to bring luck, or keep away the witches, or something of that sort. We didn't believe in such superstitions. Still, we felt there might be wisdom we'd missed in our philosophy, and that the safer course was to have a horseshoe in place.

Picking up stones was one of my boyhood tasks, and I recall one time in particular when my brother Sam and I were at that job in a field on my grandfather's farm. We worked very reluctantly gathering up the stones and throwing them into heaps. The world about us grew more and more enticing, and as we bent to the task in the hot sun, we felt the call of the wild. Finally Sam stretched his arms toward heaven, exclaiming:

"Oh, it seems as though I should fly
To see so much blue sky!"

We thereupon adjourned and went fishing.

Many of the stones picked up on the farms were used in making stone walls around the fields. I often have worked picking up stones and building stone walls until my fingers were worn to the quick and my back seemed ready to break.

The principal attraction I remember in connection with Duttonville was a large trout brook that ran through our pasture. It broke the monotony of our surroundings and was a source of keen interest and pleasure to us children. A strip of alder bushes and trees of various kinds grew along it and some of the trees were quite large. Boulders strewed much of its course, and there was one picturesque fall. When the brook was in flood it raised the devil going through there. A deep pot-hole in the rock below the fall used to have a mysteri-

ous interest for me. At last I puzzled out the secret of its origin. I found inside of it a lot of stones, which had been smoothed and rounded by the churning action of the water; and the stones, in turn, had ground the hole in the rock.

Sam and I and some of the other boys used to fish in the stream almost every day. Our uncle Amos, who was a devout Methodist, told us it was wrong to fish on Sunday, and that if we persisted in doing so some awful calamity might befall us, just as likely as not. However, we weren't much impressed by his warning.

One Sunday, when we were out fishing some distance from home and had been quite successful in catching a good string of fish, the sky became overcast. It had been a bright, sunny day with no weather clouds in sight and no thunderheads in the west; and the stranger, ominous gloom brought to mind the admonitions of Uncle Amos. Perhaps he was right after all, and our Sunday fishing was about to bring some dire catastrophe on us.

The darkness increased, and the sun became a great red ball of a constantly deepening hue until it was obscured altogether. We hurried home with all speed, and while on the way we noticed ashes falling from the sky and examined some of them. They were charred leaves, and we were more terrified than ever. We thought the world was burning up and that we'd done it!

After we reached home, the darkness got so dense that the chickens went to roost in mid-afternoon. Father said the darkness was caused by a cloud of smoke from some great forest fire to the north of us. Later we learned that thousands of acres had been burned over in Canada. We felt relieved that we hadn't done it, and concluded we could still safely fish on Sunday.

We didn't pay much attention to the Sabbath at our house. Father read the Bible and history, but we children worked or played as suited our own needs and inclinations. Deacon Bartlett prayed all day, I think.

One time, two boy neighbours of ours went fishing with Sam

and me. They had beautiful fish-hooks—regular "boughten" ones, and the hooks weren't ordinary "boughten" ones either, but were bent sideways so as to give a fish a better chance to bite them. Sam and I had nothing but pin-hooks, and the contrast disturbed me. Somehow, I mustered up ten cents and went to Upper Abbot on a shopping tour with that ten cents.

I bought several little articles that I much needed, and then blew in what remained of my money on sticks of candy—red-striped sticks of candy. But I forgot the fish-hook, which was what I had especially come for, and only thought of it after I had been sucking the last stick of candy until the red stripes on it had become pale. Back I went to the store to trade that stick of candy for the fish-hook. The storekeeper looked at the candy, and accused me of having sucked it. I protested that I had not. He gave a side look at me, handed me a fish-hook, and took the stick of candy and threw it under the counter. I always have felt guilty and mean when I recalled that transaction.

Once, several of us boys were making an excursion along the trout brook, and somebody suggested that we see who could swallow the largest number of small pebbles that were scattered along the waterside. I succeeded in swallowing more than any of the rest, but my sense of triumph was dulled by the uncomfortable weight of those pebbles in my stomach.

There was a little hill on our farm where wintergreens grew plentifully, and one day while Lucy and Hiram and I were picking wintergreen berries there I caught three black crickets. Hiram said he would give me five cents apiece if I would swallow them. So I swallowed the three crickets, but I never got the fifteen cents. I found those crickets very scratchy fellows for a little while after I'd gulped them. I wonder how much it would take now to get me to swallow three of those crickets. Money was a great inducement then. But I wouldn't repeat that performance for gold enough to sink a ship.

We boys sometimes did the swallowing stunt with little newly hatched trout. We'd drink them down in water, just out of

bravado, and we could feel them swimming about in our stomachs.

We chewed spruce gum a good deal. It has a sweet, peculiar, aromatic taste, and is far better than any other. We'd go to the woods and climb up the spruce trees and gouge it out with a knife where it had exuded and dried and oxidized; and we'd bring a lot home—yes-siree-Bob! We always had it in the house. I always had it here, too, until I lost my teeth. I can eat all right with my false teeth, but I can't chew spruce gum.

After we had been at Duttonville about a couple of years my father began looking for another farm which he might like better. Once he took me with him, and we went with his horse and wagon on what seemed to me a long journey. During the journey we passed over a railroad, the first I ever had seen, and it greatly interested me. I had pictured in my imagination what a railway train would look like, but I very much wanted to see the real thing. All at once, as we were driving over a hill, we heard the whistle of a locomotive off in the woods. My father pointed to the track, which was in plain sight below us, and said: "Look! A train is going to come by."

Sure enough, a moment later a locomotive and a train of cars came out into the open country, and I can see them now as plainly as I saw them then, with the smoke from the locomotive trailing to the rear. The train seemed to travel with great speed, and it was a thrilling and magnificent sight to me.

I never wanted anything on earth so much as I wanted a gun when I was from ten to thirteen years of age. One day my sister Lucy got a letter from Hiram, who was working in Uncle Levi Stevens's machine shop in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. He said he would send me a gun as soon as I could read the Second Reader through and pronounce and spell correctly every word in it.

I immediately set myself to that task in dead earnest, and I worried all the members of the family with the book to get them to pronounce the hard words and hear me read and spell. In a couple of months I had mastered the book, but Hiram didn't send me the gun. He told me afterward that Uncle

Levi said it would be very foolish to put a gun in the hands of so young a boy. I guess Uncle Levi was right.

However, about a year later, my father traded some of his wares for a little old fowling-piece, and he gave it to me. I cleaned and polished the gun until it looked like burnished silver; and in all my love affairs that gun never has been outrivalled in its appeal to my affections, except by Mrs. Maxim, sometimes, when she is at her best. I worshipped that gun. It was, however, only a small muzzle-loading shotgun, and its mainspring was so weak that the hammer often failed to explode the percussion cap, and I would miss getting the rabbit or partridge I aimed at. I decided that something must be done to remedy the defect, and I resorted to the expedient of putting the head of a match in the percussion cap. This always could be fired by the fall of the hammer, notwithstanding the weakness of the mainspring.

One day I was sitting in the kitchen with the gun, which I had loaded with an extra charge of gunpowder and a double charge of what we called cut shot—shot we made by cutting a flat piece of lead into small squares. I was going out to get a woodchuck, and I wanted to be sure not to lose him. I had just put a match head in position, and was letting the hammer down gently on the cap, when to my amazement and horror that match head took a notion to act prematurely. Off went the old gun with such a bang in the confined space of the room that it seemed to me the most infernal noise I'd ever heard. A hole as big as my arm was blown through the ceiling.

My mother was near me spinning. In fact, the room was so small that no one could get far from anybody else in it. She threw up both hands, thinking that the world itself had exploded. I had the greatest difficulty in accounting to her for the misbehaviour of my gun, and I didn't use the head of a match any more. It was too risky.

One day, while running along beside my father's wagon, I caught the barrel of my fowling-piece in a wagon-wheel, and it was badly bent. I was in great trouble, and I hastened to the blacksmith to see if he could straighten it, but I couldn't

get him to take my trouble seriously. He looked at the injured gun and asked if it was loaded. I told him that it was, and with a bullet.

"Well," he said, "take it home and fire it, and as the bullet moves down the barrel it will straighten out your gun."

I went home and consulted my father. "The blacksmith is mistaken," he said. "Firing the gun won't straighten it. Besides, you don't want the gun straightened. Leave it as it is, and you can shoot round stumps with it."

But he wouldn't let me fire the gun in the usual way. He rigged it up on a box so I could stand behind the house and fire it with a string and be perfectly safe if the gun should explode—and it did explode! When I took the fragments to the blacksmith to show him that his advice had been bad, he laughed and told me to go and buy a new lock, stock, and barrel for the gun, and it would be all right.

My brothers and I all cooked in our early youth—every kid for himself. We used to cook at any time and eat at any time. Each of us had a little garden of our own, and these gardens provided us with many a tasty morsel in addition to what we ate at the common table. Sometimes Ma'am would help us in our cooking. In fact, she generally lent a hand.

The trout brook was a great source of supply for our irregular cooking, and our bow-guns would bring down an occasional bird. After I got my small fowling-piece, we secured more birds. We used to set deadfalls and box traps for rabbits and squirrels, and caught a good many in that way. Now and then we'd get a woodchuck and eat him.

There was one time when diphtheria was epidemic all about us, and people died like flies. Mother got a little anxious. The water in our well didn't smell quite right, and she and Father decided that the well must be cleaned out. It had an old-fashioned box curb, and we drew the water with a well-sweep and oaken bucket. Round the base of the curb were holes where the rains had worn the earth so that surface water ran into the well, and through which indiscreet animals might enter and fall down. My father got Charles Jackson, a farmer

neighbour, to come and bucket out the water and clean out the well. We children watched him at his task, and when he got down near the bottom of the well the water had a horrible odour, and he baled up innumerable remains of rats and mice, and toads and frogs, and snakes and rabbits, and about every other animal known. After the water was all out he let fresh water run in and repeated the operation several times until the well was clean. It was a wonder that we children didn't get diphtheria, but we didn't.

Jackson, who cleaned out our well, lived two or three miles from our farm. He was an illiterate fellow, and once he wrote a note and sent it by a boy to get some coffee at the Upper Abbot grocery store, and he managed to spell "coffee" without having one letter of the word in it. How did he do it? This is the way his note read: "Pleas let me hav one pound of botten kauphy."

Often the people made coffee out of roasted bread crusts and called it "crust coffee." Actual coffee bought at stores was called "boughten coffee."

One time Pa and Ma'am primped up and drove over to spend the day visiting Charles Jackson's folks. I had made a four-wheeled go-cart, and for months I had been looking longingly at our idle calf. My eagerness to hitch that calf to my cart was a perfect passion. Now the opportunity had come! Sister Eliza and my brothers Sam and Frank all harboured the same desire and shared the same enthusiasm.

That moon-faced calf looked so genial, mild, and gentle that we had no thought of any hazard in the enterprise. But as soon as we hitched him up and he found himself a part of the rigging, he kicked and jumped and bellowed to beat creation.

We all piled on the cart for the ride, but the calf left the main travelled road and struck out across the field toward his mooing ma, who answered his calls from the pasture. One hind wheel broke, and Eliza and Frank fell off. Then the other hind wheel went and Sam with it. I alone remained, holding on to the reins and the cart for dear life. Then the two

front wheels went, the cart became a drag, and I, too, fell by the wayside, while the calf, with the remnants of the vehicle, went hurtling along to the pasture. He didn't seem to see the fence; straight at it he went with such violence that it was levelled, and there was a family reunion between the cow and the calf.

We spent the rest of the day in mending the fence and in trying to convince the calf that we didn't mean anything after all, in order to get near enough to detach the tell-tale equipment which was still adhering to him. But that calf was wilder than any deer, and our blandishments didn't succeed. We held a conference to devise some explanation to offer Mother; but none of us could suggest anything that looked reasonable. We gave it up, with the unanimous concurrence of opinion that the situation was bad.

When Ma'am came home and went to milk the cow she was astonished to see the attachment to the calf, and she asked lots of embarrassing questions. We made the best we could of a bad situation, but it was bad!

Once we got a young crow out of a nest and raised him. By George! he was a wonderfully intelligent creature. One day while my grandfather was hoeing potatoes in a field his son, my uncle Amos, came along and saw a crow fly down out of the sky and light on Grandfather's shoulder and begin to "talk" to him. When the crow had anything to say to you he'd put his beak right up close to your ear. Grandfather talked back, and meanwhile kept on working, with the crow riding along on his shoulder. It was a miracle to Uncle Amos, who didn't know about our having a pet crow.

The crow would eat anything on earth. He'd fly down where the chickens were feeding, and he'd get his part—you needn't worry about that! If the chickens attacked him, he'd throw himself on his back and clutch at them with his claws. Oh! he was wicked with his claws.

I was fishing in the pasture brook one day, and caught an unusually large trout. After putting it on a crotched stick I continued my fishing, but pretty soon I heard a little rustle

behind me, and there was that damned crow. He'd got my trout, and he flew away with it to the roof of the house and began eating it. I threw stones and sticks at him and scared him away, and then I climbed up and got the trout.

The worst fault of the crow was stealing. He'd sneak everything from the house that he could carry, just out of deviltry. He liked bright things best, and he'd throw them down the well. By accident we saw him doing it. He'd stand on the curb of the well, drop something in, and cock his head on one side to see it strike the water. When Jackson cleaned out the well he found down there in the bottom nails, spoons, knives, and forks that the crow had thrown in, and a watch chain we'd missed, and a brooch that belonged to one of my sisters.

We had an old house cat that we trained to bring us mice to bait our traps. We used to tie a mouse on the trencher. There's no better bait in the world for mink. Old pussy was very fond of praise, and she'd run her legs off to supply us with mice in order to win our commendation. She'd bring in a mouse and throw it down at our feet, and stick her tail up in the air and purr. We'd pet her and perhaps give her some milk, and she'd go off after another mouse. Mink fur commanded a high price, but mink were rare, and Sam and I were unable to catch any.

One day in midwinter, when the weather was so cold that even the sunlight shed frosty beams, Sister Eliza took Father's fox trap and said she was going to set it down at the brook and catch a mink. Old puss brought a mouse and Eliza baited and set the trap. So sure was she of getting her mink that she lay awake nearly all night planning how she would spend the money that she would get for the pelt. What a number of the very things she always had wanted it would pay for! She was up bright and early to visit the trap and get her mink. Of course the rest of us were doubting Thomases of the most doubting sort.

Imagine our amazement when Eliza came running back from the brook with the trap, in which a large and beautiful

mink had been caught by the head. She was so excited when she reached the house that she tumbled through the door shouting at the top of her voice: "I've got it! I've got it!" Father skinned the mink for her and she sold the pelt for eight dollars.

One morning I found a strange-looking webbed foot in a trap that I had set for mink. The rest of the animal was gone. I concluded that I had caught some creature in the trap, and that some other creature had eaten it all except the foot. A little later I found another foot in the same trap. Apparently there wasn't much use trying to trap in that quarter, because some wild varmint would eat up my game. I consulted Father, and he said: "What you caught was the foot of a muskrat. When a muskrat finds that his foot is caught he will turn to and gnaw his leg off to free himself. The right way to catch a muskrat is to have the trap hitched with a long chain so that the animal will drag the trap into the water and drown before he has time to gnaw off his leg." I followed that method thereafter and lost no more muskrats.

One spot in our region was called "Skunk's Misery," so many skunks were caught there; but I never caught any. Neither did I catch any foxes, though I used to see them, and I'd hear them bark at night, and sometimes they'd get one of our chickens.

Once I had a tame flying squirrel. A flying squirrel doesn't actually fly. It jumps off a limb and spreads out a sort of web on each side of its body between the front and hind legs and sails along. It's an airplane squirrel. I caught mine when it was young, and it became very tame. The squirrel used to have great fun running round inside the rim of Mother's big spinning-wheel while the wheel revolved. We didn't teach it to do that. I suppose it chanced to jump on to the rim, and found that the wheel would turn and make a good race track. The rim was fully three inches broad, and the squirrel, as it ran, dodged the spokes of the wheel very nimbly. But one day the cat caught the flying squirrel and killed it. I saw the tragedy, and I grabbed that cat by the tail, swung her over my head, and brought her down on the floor about three

times. It was quite a while before she was able to get round with any kind of alacrity.

There was one thing that the boys in our family never would do—they never would torture any animal, not even a snake. We used to kill snakes, but we didn't torture them, and we wouldn't let the neighbours' boys torture toads or frogs or other animals in our presence. If they attempted it, they had us to fight.

V

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM often invites persons whom he meets to call on him at his home. In fact, he does such inviting with surprising cordiality and promiscuity. There is one drawback to this. "They come in and expect me to remember them," he says. "But I can't. There are too many."

He keeps open house, and entertains chance and invited guests freely. Whether of high or low degree, they are welcomed to his castle to enjoy his hospitality.

There is a hotel on a bluff near by, and people often ramble into the Maxim house thinking it is the hotel. I recall one family group who came in, glanced critically about, and said one to another that the place looked pretty good and they would engage rooms if the price was right.

On another occasion, a visitor who had been there several times remarked: "The first time I called here, my wife was with me, and Mr. Maxim hollered, 'Come in!' so loud from somewhere out of sight that she thought he was a giant."

He has a voice like a fog-horn when he really lets it out, and he is not much inclined to hold it in when he wants something or someone. What he wants done, he wants done in a hurry, and when he shouts a summons or an order there is likely to be some scampering.

The household is a very active one, and the way the members of it scurry about and appear and disappear is a constant source of astonishment to most guests. There is a multitude of errands, upstairs and down, and about the grounds, and off here and there with the auto vehicles, which include a large touring car, a large sedan, two Fords, and two trucks.

On my first visit I saw that the remodelling of the house was

still in process, and I suggested deferring further visits until the work was completed, but the secretary said that the improving of the house and grounds was a continuous performance and I might just as well come regardless of that; for no one could foresee whether things would be better or worse at any particular time.

Mr. Maxim's personal affairs require much of his attention, but he shoulders public responsibilities besides. There is constant turmoil in the borough in connection with its increasing population, growing expenses, road-making, law-enforcement, and officials whom a minority or possibly a majority want to oust. These conditions, and Mr. Maxim's own large holdings, mean for him much investigating, consulting, and adjusting, hunting for and directing workmen, getting tools and supplies, and filling out legal documents.

One Saturday evening he decided that he wanted some recreation and suggested going to the movies. So by and by he and Mrs. Maxim and their little granddaughter, Doris, and I got into the automobile and drove to the public hall where the moving pictures were exhibited. When we arrived, he walked right in with Doris, paying no attention to the ticket-seller or the ticket-taker, and they paid no attention to him. Evidently they were used to his ways.

I waited for Mrs. Maxim, who stopped to buy the tickets. Then we went in and found Mr. Maxim much agitated because he was in a seat right under an open window, and the cool outside air was blowing down on his head. So he stormed out of that seat to another, settled down, and gave his attention to the picture that was being shown on the screen. It was flashing along pretty lively, and his first remark was, "Damn it all! what is this, anyway?"

A girl sat down at the piano and began playing. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, "is that girl going to play all the evening?"

Between the girl's playing and the rapid-fire picture display, he didn't have a minute's peace. "Heavens, what a mess!" he said. "Isn't that stupid, Lil? Did you ever see anything so stupid in your life?"

After a few minutes the piano stopped, and he ejaculated fervently: "Thank the Lord! I hope the thing is smashed!"

Unfortunately, it started up again. "Confound it all, Lil, I can't stand this!" he declared.

Mrs. Maxim responded very sweetly: "Well, you don't have to, Huddy, dear. You can go if you want to."

"I'll go with him if he goes," I said.

He kept on fulminating, and soon Mrs. Maxim told him he had better go.

"Do you and Doris want to stay and see this damn-fool thing?" he asked, with an air which indicated that such a course was incomprehensible.

"Yes, I think it'll straighten out pretty soon," Mrs. Maxim replied.

He got up and rammed out, radiating indignation in every line of his face and in the hump of his shoulders and every motion of his body. I followed, and as I was leaving the hall Mrs. Maxim overtook me. "I think I'll see that he gets started safely," she said, and she cautioned him about driving slowly and being careful, and told him to send the secretary with the automobile to get her and Doris.

When we reached home, he sat down in his chair in the dining room with an air of relief, gave his cap a throw backward where it was out of sight and out of mind, and said: "There was too much fluff-duff in that movie. It was too much mixed up. There was a surplusage of incidents."

We visited very comfortably the rest of the evening. A neighbour wandered in, but he scarcely interrupted us. He seemed to have no particular business, and simply greeted us gently, sat down at the table, and looked leisurely through a magazine that lay there. Then he wandered out.

V

DISTRICT SCHOOLDAYS

THE last summer that we lived in East Dover I began going to school. I was half-past eight years old. Most children went to school when they were four or five, but not in our family. Perhaps we didn't have suitable clothes. You see, we were so poor that we went round almost naked.

I was anxious to learn my letters, and was glad when school opened that summer and I could go. Eliza and Sam went with me, and it was a memorable day for all three. In the first place, our hands and faces were washed before we were allowed to start from home. This was a strange and curious proceeding that we thought entirely unnecessary. A splendid dinner was put up for us. It consisted of crackers and cheese, and real crackers were a luxury then. My sister had charge of the dinner pail; but Sam and I were suspicious, and we watched her vigilantly from our distant seats to see that she didn't get at that dinner before we had a chance to share it. The girls had their recess before the boys did, and when they went out, Eliza took the precious dinner pail with her. She didn't dare to leave it behind lest Sam and I should get possession of it. He and I didn't know the ways of the school. We thought that dinner time had come when we saw Eliza making off with the pail of cheese and crackers, and we couldn't understand why we weren't liberated, too. We wouldn't take any chances; so up we got and ran and caught hold of her.

The teacher interceded. She said Eliza was only going out to recess, and would soon return, and that then we and the other boys could have our recess. But we wouldn't trust Eliza alone with that precious dinner pail; and at the teacher's suggestion she returned to her seat and lost her recess.

When our turn came, we were told that we could go out and play, but we wouldn't leave "them crackers," and we held the fort until noon.

I went to school bookless, but after a few days the teacher took pity on me and gave me a primer. My mother had told me to be careful not to get a black mark, and I certainly behaved the best I knew how. When, however, I had advanced so that the teacher gave me a reading lesson in words of two letters, she marked the place in the primer with a pencil. I was struck with consternation—she had given me a black mark—and as soon as I was back in my seat I wet my finger and rubbed the mark out, nearly making a hole in the paper, and leaving a nasty daub in the new book. Later I went out to read, and the teacher took me to task for injuring the pretty book. I explained that I didn't want any black marks set down against me, and she was much amused.

The schoolhouse was on a hill at a crossroads a half mile or more from the village. It was a little old one-room building that stood on a corner close to the highway. At some remote period it had been painted red, and splotches of the colour still clung to the weatherworn clapboards. Inside, the walls were plastered, but the laths showed in places where the plaster had been knocked off. The room was warmed by a round, cast-iron stove. The pupils' desks and seats were made of unpainted pine boards, and we used to cut our initials and all kinds of figures in the soft wood, which, as time went on, became more and more grimy and ink-stained. Two always sat in a seat. The teacher's desk was the same shape as those of the children, but bigger, and it was on a platform like a throne. She had a chair instead of a bench for a seat.

All outdoors was the yard to that schoolhouse. The only house within a quarter of a mile was just across the road. Old Ben Dow lived in it. He had inherited a little money, and he started to build a house. But after he got his cellar wall finished and the first story up, his money gave out, and he boarded over the top and covered the boards with tarred paper. Ben had a son whom he named George Washington Thomas

Jefferson Benjamin Franklin Hannibal Hamlin Abraham Lincoln Dow. The names Hannibal Hamlin and Abraham Lincoln weren't imposed on the boy until Lincoln was elected to the presidency and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine to the vice-presidency. By that time he was a good-sized lad. He never attained any fame except what resulted from the redundancy of his amazing name.

The large boys had to take turns making the schoolhouse fire. The fire would go out during the night; and Lord! how cold that schoolroom would be when the fire-maker arrived on a winter morning! Another job of his was to shovel paths when there had been a snowstorm, or the snow had been drifted by the wind—oh, bless you, yes! you couldn't get anywhere if paths weren't shovelled.

For drinking water we'd fill a wooden pail at a spring or stream, or at a neighbour's well. Then we'd lug it into the schoolroom, and somebody would pass the water round in a long-handled dipper that would hold about a pint. Occasionally some of the boys would see who could drink the most. I remember I drank a quart once. We did that sort of thing out of pure cussedness. If we could drink the water up so there wasn't enough to go round, a couple of us would have the chance to go out and get the air while we went after another pailful.

When a boy misbehaved or didn't get his lessons, he might be made to stand in a corner facing the wall to do his studying; or he might be sent to sit with the girls. That was pretty severe on a modest, bashful boy.

But the principal punishment was what was called feruling, although the implement the teacher used was a long, round pointer that generally served the purpose of pointing at things on the blackboard. You'd stand on the floor and hold out your hand, and she'd lick you across your palm and fingers with that pointer. Sometimes we'd have to go out and cut a switch for her to use instead of the pointer. The lickings were just the normal, old-fashioned way of disciplining the youngsters at school, which now, sadly, has gone out of date. There's so much sentimentality on the subject of punishment

that no way is left to enforce law and order effectively in the schoolroom.

I dearly loved to go to school, and when I heard about boys playing truant I never could understand it. Precious hours they were that I spent at school. I always made the maximum use of my time, and considered the teacher a friend. Well, I did throw spit-balls—no boy could forbear doing that; but even in the matter of spit-balls I was better behaved than most of the boys. My object in going to school was to learn what I could, and I didn't want anything to interfere with that object.

The first book I bought was a geography. I was about twelve years old. My father had been entertaining us with soul-stirring tales of Napoleon, and my school-teacher had said that I was getting to be a big boy and ought to know something about geography. The thought that a geography would tell me something about France, the country of Napoleon, stimulated my desire to get one. Then my opportunity came—my father offered me five cents a day to work at haying for Deacon Bartlett. I helped spread the grass to dry, helped rake up the hay, helped load the wagon, and, finally, helped stow the hay away in the barn. I was barefoot, and there were lots of thistles in that hay, and though my feet were tough the work was painful. But I thought of the geography and braved the thistles.

At the week's end I received my pay—thirty cents—and I hurried to Upper Abbot as hard as I could run. There I bought a beautiful geography. It was a wonder, and it cost just thirty cents. Then back I started for home, again running for all I was worth, but as soon as I got out of the village I turned aside into a pasture, climbed on to a big rock, and sat down to hunt in my precious book for France where Napoleon lived.

Napoleon was my first and foremost hero. He still attracts me. I consider him the highest point at which Nature has arrived in producing a potential, executive, intellectual complex. He is the greatest human dynamo in the history of mankind. No other man ever did so much with the same means.

It was a great puzzle to me, as the years went on, to decide

what kind of knowledge would be of most value to me, because I was uncertain what calling to take up for my life work. There was a while when I thought I'd like to be a lawyer. But my father told me that lawyers had to be awfully good at arithmetic. That was my hard study. Besides, I heard my home folks talk about "Dismal Fractions." I hadn't got to decimals then, and I took their words literally. It seemed evident that the law wasn't the calling for me.

I studied Greenleaf's Arithmetic. We rubbed up together a good deal—that old arithmetic and I. I have it now, and it shows plainly that there was a good deal of attrition between us. Really, I didn't have much aptitude for arithmetic, just the same as I didn't have much aptitude for spelling, although by hard study I got to be proficient in both. Everything else came easy, and I was particularly strong in English and sentence construction. Lord! I walked away with grammar. No special effort was required even to commit the rules to memory. I can repeat them now. I didn't need to exert myself any to learn geography. Neither did I to learn history. Oh, I loved history! I could take a history, and when I had read it through I knew it all.

We used to practise writing on slates. We couldn't afford to buy paper and lead pencils. The teacher set the copy for us. Erasing was done by simply spitting on the slates and rubbing out the marks with one's sleeve. But I think some used a rag.

When I got old enough to work out and earn a little money I bought a big, single-bladed jackknife, which was commonly called a "toad-stab." I took great pride in my ownership, and I used it for everything. One of its uses was to sharpen my slate pencil. By doing the sharpening near the hilt of the blade I didn't dull the working part of it, and the edge wasn't much affected anyway, because the pencils were soft. They were a sort of solidified clay. But occasionally a pencil would have bits of grit in it. I hated to get one of those pencils. They scratched my slate.

Our playtime at school wasn't an unmixed pleasure. Sam

and I early learned the horror of the big boy. There was one at East Dover by the name of Jake Blanford whom we soon came to fear and hate with all the soul that was in us. I remember how terrified Sam and I were one time when he chased us with a big bull thistle, and how my sister Eliza fought him off.

The recreations we boys had were very primitive. Of course, we played ball and ran races. In summer we sometimes went in swimming before or after school, and in winter we snowballed and had fun sliding with our sleds. Perhaps the thing that interested me most was what we called "rough-and-tumble wrestling." One of our games was known as "Truck," a name derived from the wooden disc used in playing it. Two opposing factions were drawn up in battle array across the road, a certain distance apart, and each player was armed with a club. One of the players would roll the truck with all his might toward the opposing line, and the boys in that line would try to stop it by batting at it with their clubs. The truck usually was two discs screwed together crossing the grain of the wood to give it strength, but we soon smashed it with the blows we dealt. When it was driven through an enemy line, the enemy had to retreat to where the truck stopped. One party would advance as the other retreated, and there were bounds agreed on in each direction, beyond which retreat meant defeat.

The year that I was thirteen my uncle Amos came to our house one day and told us there was to be a private school in the Upper Abbot district schoolhouse. It was to run for three months, and was to be kept by a young woman who had an excellent reputation as a teacher. He said it was a pity that so bright a boy as I seemed to be shouldn't have a better chance to get an education; and he offered to pay for my tuition and books. He was quite a chap, Uncle Amos was.

His offer was accepted, and this was the only help I ever received toward getting an education, except the primer that was given to me by my first teacher.

It was a serious problem to find clothes that would cover my body sufficiently to clear the law. The only garments the family could muster were a cast-off suit of my brother

Hiram's. On me these clothes were suggestive of the names of the two towns in France—Toulouse and Toulon. But, anyway, I wore them.

The families in the district had to contribute to the schoolhouse supply of wood in proportion to the number of children attending the school from each home. We boys went into the woods near the schoolhouse and chopped down maples, oaks, and other hardwood trees. Firewood was so plentiful that no one seemed to cherish it. The owner of the woodland thought no more of our helping ourselves to his wood than if we'd been picking wild flowers there. Uncle Amos took his horse and wagon, and hauled what I cut to the schoolhouse woodshed. Besides the hardwood, a certain amount of dry, split soft woods, such as pine and cedar, was prepared and stored in the woodshed to help start the fire. The hardwood was burned green. It lasted longer and made better coals than if it had been dry.

Although I was thirteen years old I was only in the Second Reader. But I improved so rapidly that in a few weeks I was placed in the Third Reader. The teacher lent me a book to use.

It was customary for the classes to read various poems in concert, and by listening to the classes above me I learned all the verses which were read in concert in all the books in the school. Many of those poems I remember to this day. The teacher soon noticed that I joined the more advanced classes in reading the poems—that is to say, I would repeat the verses from memory while the others read them. After that, she had me go out on the floor with the Fourth and Fifth Reader classes when they read in concert.

Because the school was a private one, the teacher tried hard to make it a success. She advised me to study, and said she thought I had the making of something in me. Other children in the school who dressed better than I held their heads higher and looked down on me, but the teacher's recognition of my ability spurred me on to do my best. Encouragement is a good thing for a boy when he deserves it. But I include among the helpful formative influences of youth both words of praise and words of criticism, if we take them in the right spirit—

the one to encourage and the other to stimulate. How we remember, as we look back, someone's saying such a stinging, beastly thing to us that it rankled in our souls! But a person with an undiscourageable temper is roused by harsh words to go on with increased energy. It would be another thing, though, if the criticisms or gibes made one lose heart; and I always have remembered with profound gratitude the way that teacher awakened my interest and stirred my ambition. She helped me to find myself—directed me to discover my natural abilities.

At the first term of the North Guilford school that Sam and I attended, the teacher was a hard-faced, harsh-voiced old maid. There was no sympathy in her soul. The result was that we pupils disliked her intensely, and apparently the dislike was reciprocated on her part.

Once when she was out of the room a boy threw her pointer up through the ventilator hole in the ceiling. By and by she missed it, and wanted to know where it had gone to. We wouldn't tell. She was one of the lick-'em-all-to-find-out sort, and she started in with my brother Sam, with the intention of whipping all the boys in the school if need be. She made a most unfortunate choice. Although Sam was only about eleven years old, when he was angry and excited he was a regular mad dog, hornets' nest, and buzz-saw combined, and, as I remember the event, he pitched into her like a revolving windmill. It was only a matter of seconds when her false hair was off and the rest of her hair hung down over her eyes, and much of her clothing was in shreds. She finally got loose from the mix-up and retired in very bad grace. The whipping episode ended right there.

I made excellent progress whenever I had an opportunity to attend school, but the amount of schooling I was able to get was very limited. There were two terms a year in the district schools—perhaps six weeks in summer, and rarely more than two months in winter. I didn't go to summer school after I was thirteen, but I kept on at the winter school until I was seventeen.

VI

FOREWORD

WE WERE just finishing dinner in the early evening when there came a rap at the outside door. Mr. Maxim, who had left the table, answered the summons and ushered in a young woman with very light hair, mild voice, and an apparent shyness, all of which seemed to make quite an impression on him.

"She says she's the dressmaker Mrs. Maxim sent for," he told us. "Well, well! ha, ha! you're the most modest and gentle dressmaker I've ever seen. What light hair you have! Did it grow that way? Yes? You ain't a native of this country, I guess. Norway? Oh, I see! That explains your hair. Do you know why it's so light? You would, if you'd read history as I have. When your ancestors, 'way, 'way back, went to Norway they had dark hair, but the country was one of gloomy forests and rains and fogs. In some parts of Norway it rains an average of nine days out of ten the year through. Not where you lived? Well, it does in some parts, and the lack of sunshine in the old times took the colour out of the people's hair. I suppose that's a good thing if you like such a colour—saves the expense of having it bleached, eh? Ha, ha! You said your name was Oleson. Does that mean old son? Son of Ole, did you say? Yes, yes!"

Mrs. Maxim took the astonished dressmaker in charge, and they went upstairs. That left Mr. Maxim free to think what he wanted to do next, and when his wife returned to the dining room he said ingratiatingly, "Would you mind doing your husband a favour?"

She looked at him with a little smile of suspicion, and replied, "That depends on what it is."

"Well, Blessed," he said, "I want you to get that big book of poetic selections from the library and prompt me, if necessary, while I recite Trowbridge's 'The Vagabonds' for Mr. Johnson."

She got the book, and we went to the parlour. Mrs. Maxim started to make some suggestions.

"Dear, dear! Can't you keep quiet a minute?" he said.

But she went on with her remarks, whereat he exclaimed urgently and yet affectionately, "Damnation! Do keep still, Lillie."

He stood near a window in the evening twilight, and with magical art in voice and pose and gesture became the old tramp talking to his dog and the loafers in the tavern bar-room. It was a very appealing performance, and so was his reciting of such selections as Poe's "Raven," and Antony's Address to the dead Cæsar.

On various other occasions he read or recited poems to me, and he always had the power to increase the attraction of the mere words. Sometimes, when I afterward perused his selections on my own account, I was wholly unable to discover the charm that he imparted.

One day a visitor who was impressed with the way he combined narration and acting remarked to him, "Mr. Maxim, I think you'd have made a great success on the stage."

"Well," was his response, "I did go on the stage once from Abbot Village to Moosehead Lake—went up there fishing."

VI

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM was the oldest of the children and the only one who was given a middle name. I think my father and mother took a somewhat greater pride in him than they did in the rest of us. They thought he was the great King Bee of the world, and used to hold him up to us as a model. We never expected to be in a class with him, and yet, as fate would have it, I got a better education than Hiram, I have made more money than he ever made, and possibly I have equalled him in reputation.

Hiram was rather prone to make fun of others, and once, while he was living at the old home, he did something to one of us which displeased my mother. She was peeling potatoes, and she threw one at him. By chance it hit him fairly on the side of the nose. It didn't exactly break his nose, but it put a little bit of a kink in it that remained for life.

Hiram was thirteen years older than I, and my youthful knowledge of him consisted mainly of glimpses. He was away working somewhere or other practically all the time, actively engaged in the field of accomplishment, and we younger members of the family looked up to him with marvelling.

In his early years he helped my father in the gristmill and in turning woodenware on a lathe. Next he was apprenticed to a carriage builder, whom he taught many valuable lessons by making improvements in the machinery and speeding up manufacture; and he had artistic genius that enabled him to paint some very fine decorations for the carriage bodies.

At this period of his life he was a young man of wonderful personal appearance—hair jet-black, thick, and curly, complexion pink and white; and, with his big brown eyes, beautiful

teeth, and fine physique, he was the centre of admiring eyes whenever he came back to the old home.

His self-appreciation was rather marked, and once, as he was expatiating to my father on his ability as a speaker, he said, "Father, do you know that I often am surprised at my own eloquence?"

My father looked up at him quizzically, and asked, "Well, Hiram, did ye ever surprise anybody else?"

After his apprenticeship was completed, he worked in a wood-turning shop, and then went to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where he worked in the machine shop of Uncle Levi Stevens on a gasoline lighting machine that Uncle Levi had invented. Hiram soon invented one for himself, and he went to New York and started a company for its manufacture. That gas machine is still in use, and is the most successful of any.

Father and Mother got a lot of satisfaction on account of the way Hiram prospered and won fame. He was a famous man to us when he wrote from Fitchburg that he was getting four dollars a day.

When he married and brought his wife down to Maine to visit us, she told us of some of his peculiarities. For instance, she said that in the morning he often put his socks on wrong side out. Father and Mother were very jealous as to which one he resembled more in the matter of inherited traits, and next morning both of them not only had their socks on wrong side out, but took particular pains to lead us to notice the fact.

Hiram and his bride took a country home in New Jersey, and he commuted to and from his business in New York. There was quite a plot of ground, and he started a good big garden in order to get close to nature and raise vegetables, the same as we did down in Maine. Then some of his friends said to him: "By all means keep a pig. You can feed it on the refuse of the place, and it will lower the cost of living."

Well, he got the pig and put it in a pen, but as the pig grew, its appetite grew also, and the place didn't produce enough food for it. He had to buy and buy and buy, and every time

the pig was fed it ate the stuff all up and looked for more. At the end of the season, when the pig was fattened and killed, and the items of maintenance were reckoned up, Hiram found that the meat had cost about five dollars a pound. Pork at such a price was too expensive for home consumption alone, and most of it was divided among friends in the neighborhood as a precious gift.

Just after that a colporteur came along selling bibles, and he said to Hiram, "Have you given your heart to Jesus?"

Hiram called over his shoulder to his wife, "Jane, have you given away that pig's heart?"

The heart was gone, and he said to the colporteur, "I'm very sorry, but if you'd spoke for the heart a day or so sooner Jesus could have had it just as well as not."

My brother was one of the pioneers in electric lighting. It was his electric-lighting devices that took him to Europe, where he invented the Maxim Automatic Machine Gun, which immediately gave him world-wide fame. In recognition of his revolutionary inventions in guns, Hiram received decorations from most of the crowned heads of Europe and was knighted by Queen Victoria. He settled in England and became a British subject.

I went over there several times in connection with his and my own inventions, and was in his employ at intervals for a period of about ten years.

Hiram was exceedingly jealous of his own fame, and couldn't tolerate a rival. He wanted me to attack Edison in the newspapers in an attempt to show that Edison had cribbed some of his inventions. He seemed to have a sort of mental twist about other inventors stealing his inventions. He told me one time that if the telescope hadn't been invented he would have invented it; and I think he never felt kindly toward Galileo for having got ahead of him. My own inventions irritated him to the last degree.

I treated Hiram with almost reverential deference, and I would have worked my fingernails off for him. To be sure, I wished to make money, but my chief aim in life was to do

something worth while before I died, and I said to him, "I'm content to get a luncheon while you're getting a meal."

But I couldn't keep all my abilities submerged. So we vibrated back and forth more or less between friendship and open enmity. I was his admirer, and I did my very damnedest to get along with him, but finally the inevitable break came.

Soon afterward I returned to America, and within a few months there landed over here a young, dapper dude of a fellow in a long coat and tall hat, who had come from London, with salary and expenses paid, to do everything he could to hurt and harry me. He visited the newspaper and magazine offices, and said he represented Hiram Maxim and his friends, and that his mission in America was to destroy Hudson Maxim. He began sending to the editors a series of really venomous circulars, but he hadn't been at that long when he went under cover and disappeared.

Years later a friend of mine met him at a scientific gathering, and the fellow was one of the principal men in the whole shebang. He told my friend that he found out Hiram was all wrong, and that he went to him and tried to make peace between us, but Hiram was bound to go on. Yes, Hiram kept up his attacks to the end of his days and died a-shouting.

Hiram was a curious mixture. He had a lot of good and great qualities in spite of many opposite qualities. His mind was filled with an amazing amount of information—facts, data, everything under the sun. Oh, he was clever!

His son, Hiram Percy Maxim, who lives at Hartford, Connecticut, inherited much of his father's inventive genius and fine qualities without inheriting the objectionable qualities. Percy and I always have been fast friends, and I have been strongly attracted by his work and personality. He perhaps is known best as the inventor of the Maxim Silencer. That invention makes a great appeal to the popular imagination on account of its possible tragic uses. But a curious aspect of the matter is that the silencer is used most in ways quite foreign to the one generally supposed. Its chief value is as a muffling device for the exhaust of steam and gasoline engines. Hiram

Percy has won wide fame from his radio work, and he has rendered great service to the public in extending the range of the amateur radio operator. The versatility of his genius is remarkable. Above all, he is a thoroughly fine fellow.

My sister Lucy, who was about a year younger than Hiram, was a girl of exceptional mental endowments. She was wonderfully ingenious, and could do anything she turned her hand to, and she always was busy. Unfortunately, she was afflicted with ill health. She used to have hysterical spells. Her circulation would seem to stop, and she would be numb and rigid. Often, on these occasions, my mother would have one of us children help her rub Lucy's arms and legs to get up the circulation again.

Lucy married a sort of combination spiritualist preacher and doctor. He cured by the laying on of hands, and with Balm of Gilead oil and things like that. He was rather ingenious in certain ways. For example, there was a time when he suspected a neighbour of stealing his firewood. So he bought some gunpowder and bored holes in a goodly number of sticks of wood, charged the holes with gunpowder, and plugged them up. Then he marked the sticks to prevent his getting them himself, and distributed them on the woodpile. Late the following evening the suspected neighbour's stove blew up and there was a great rumpus. No more wood was stolen from the pile after that.

Lucy had one child which died. Immediately after its birth she fancied she wanted an apple to eat, and was given a frozen apple—about the worst thing in the world for her then. She ate that frozen apple and never recovered from the effects of it, and finally died of consumption at the age of twenty-eight.

All the boys in our family were pretty well able to take care of themselves in a rough-and-tumble scrap, but I think Henry excelled the rest in this respect. Oh! he was awful in a fight.

Once a young man by the name of Ezra Peasley, who was a

neighbour of ours, had some grudge against Henry, and sought an opportunity to thrash him. Henry realized that Peasley was much older and bigger than he, and tried to keep out of his way; but one winter morning Peasley intercepted him when he had gone to the well to get a pail of water, and escape was difficult on account of deep snow on each side of the path he had to retrace.

Peasley told me the history of the affair years afterward. He said: "I planted myself in the path and called out, 'Now, young feller, I'm a-goin' to thrash you!' But the next thing I knew, that little cuss was right on top of me. I struck at him, but couldn't hit him. He hit me, though, and in less than a minute he had both my eyes shut so I couldn't see him at all."

Henry was the first of the boys to leave home, mainly because he couldn't get along with Hiram. I remember that he was teasing Eliza one day, and my father took him to task for it and was going to punish him. But Henry got hold of Father and threw him. Then Hiram interfered, and Henry, nothing daunted, pitched into Hiram with such fury that before Hiram could get him tamed down he had to chastise him rather severely.

Immediately afterward Henry went to work for Uncle Amos at Upper Abbot. Uncle Amos was a carpenter, and Henry started in to learn the trade. He hadn't been at it long when he had an altercation with a neighbour's boy, who threw a stone at him. Henry threw back the stone and knocked out some of the boy's front teeth.

The boy's father came round after Henry with a horsewhip. He met Uncle Amos in the yard, and called out in a loud voice: "Where's that Hen Maxim? He's been a-knockin' out my boy's front teeth, and I'm here to hosswhip him."

"Look out! look out!" Uncle Amos cautioned. "He may hear you."

"I want him to hear me," the man cried in a rage. "Where is he?"

The avenger didn't have to do any hunting. Henry, who was working in the cellar, had overheard the conversation. Out he came and lit on that man's head and shoulders as a

hawk would light on a field-mouse, and began mussing up his face. As soon as the man could disengage himself he beat a hasty retreat. Henry came off without a scratch.

Uncle Amos, by the way, had no trouble with Henry. He was kind and generous, and made allowances.

When the Civil War came on Henry enlisted. We didn't think it would last more than a month or two; and Henry, like many others, imagined that he was going to have a sort of pleasure trip and see the world at the Government's expense. The Government didn't have much more idea of the seriousness of the situation than we did there in the backwoods of Maine. The first recruits enlisted for only six weeks, but from time to time the length of enlistment was increased until it was for three years or the duration of the war. Our Congressmen at first thought the war was going to be a walkover, and when the battle of Bull Run was fought many of them drove down with their lady friends from Washington to see the sport. They came home in a hurry. The battle was a walkover, but the walk was in the wrong direction.

While Henry was soldiering he had the measles, followed by chronic diarrhœa, and his superiors kept him in the army until he was nearly skin and bones. He left home strong and hardy. When he returned, his teeth showed right through his cheeks, his face was so thin and drawn. He died in less than a month. We borrowed some clothes from the neighbours to wear at the funeral, and the neighbours lent us horses and wagons to drive to the graveyard and back.

As the Civil War progressed, Leander became so eager to join the army that there was no holding him back. He was naturally belligerent, I guess. I remember one time, when he was only thirteen, he came into the house covered with blood, crying as though his heart would break.

"Leander! Leander!" my mother and Lucy cried, "how did you get hurt so?"

He said, "I ain't hurt."

"Then how did you get so bloody?" they said.

"The blood ain't mine," he answered, and in broken sobs he asked, "What is the law for a boy lickin' a man?"

He'd had a tussle with old Doran, a man who worked in Father's mill, with the result that Doran had shed quite a lot of blood over him. Leander was much perturbed. He feared that it was an awful crime for a small boy to thrash a man.

Somebody at Upper Abbot had a very cross dog—a little, grayish, snug-built mongrel. Leander was playing with the dog near the store one day, and the dog bit him. Then Leander went for that dog and kicked and chased him. The dog took refuge under the store, and Leander followed him, and got at him again; and how that dog did howl! Leander had caught hold of him by the neck and was biting his ears—giving him a dose of his own medicine. Ever afterward that dog gave Leander a wide berth.

When Leander was only fifteen he went to a recruiting office to enlist. Henry had written home and advised him not to go into the army. He said it was a dog's life. But Leander was so eager to go he wouldn't stop at anything. When he made his application, the recruiting officer looked him up and down, and said: "You ain't old enough, young feller. You ain't eighteen yet."

"Yes, I am," Leander declared.

The recruiting office was a grocery store, and there was a barrel of plaster in the room that weighed about four hundred pounds. Leander caught hold of the barrel and lifted it, greatly to the amazement of those present. Then he asked, "Can any of the rest of you lift that barrel of plaster?"

They couldn't, and Leander was accepted.

One day, after he got to the training camp, the rope came off the pulley at the top of the flagpole, and the colonel of the regiment asked for a volunteer to climb the pole and put the rope back. Leander was the only one in the regiment able to do it. He managed it, just as he had managed to climb the greased pole at a county fair and win a prize, by wetting the inner side of his breeches legs; and the colonel gave him five dollars.

Leander was killed at the battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse, one of the severest fights of that series of battles known as the

Battle of the Wilderness. An old comrade of his by the name of Monroe was standing shoulder to shoulder with him when a bullet struck Leander's cap and knocked it off. Leander picked up his damaged cap, and remarked to Monroe: "See what those damned Rebs have done! I'll make them pay for that cap!" and he blazed away.

Monroe said Leander wasn't a mite afraid of them, and that he kept on firing hot and fast. He and Leander belonged to the First Maine heavy artillery, and the men in their regiment had been given muskets and were fighting as infantry. On their caps, just over the visor, was an attractive decoration consisting of two little brass cannon crossed in the form of an X. These made a beautiful bull's-eye target for the enemy to shoot at, and soon after Leander had put on his cap a Confederate bullet made a bull's-eye hit. He fell and never knew what struck him, and his comrade was spattered with his blood. The next day Monroe helped bury my brother there in the Wilderness.

Sister Eliza, I think, was the most human of all the members of the family. She had a big heart and a supreme sense of humour, and she was a good deal of a philosopher. She had dark auburn hair, long and luxuriant, of which she was very proud. When it was undone, she could lean back and brush the floor with it.

I was guided more by her counsel in affairs of life than by that of any of the rest of the family. Her common sense was wonderful, and her judgment of persons was very keen.

She stopped going to school at the age of fifteen. Then she used to do housework occasionally at the home of a neighbour, and received in payment fifty cents a week. After a few years of that sort of thing she went to work in a cotton mill at Winthrop, near Augusta, and boarded with an aunt.

When I was seventeen I spent a few months working for Hiram in New York, and I came from there right to Eliza at Winthrop to advise with her about my future. She wanted me to get an education, which she looked on as a sort of can-

opener for the world; and my decision was in accord with her advice. So I bent my energies for years afterward to getting all the schooling I could earn the money to pay for.

Eliza married a farmer who lived about fifty miles west from Augusta at Andover. He had a farm of considerable size, and was a hard-working fellow, big, good-looking, good-natured, robust, and ruddy-faced. When he proposed to Eliza, she told him that if she married him he must allow her to keep a pet hen in the house, for she was very fond of chickens as pets.

I went to see her after she began living at Andover, and there was the pet hen in an improvised nest on the top of the cupboard in the sitting room, engaged in hatching out a brood of chicks. The hen was a brunette with a tassel on her head, and was a very pretty bird. Eliza told me that the hen was remarkably intelligent. When the hen wanted to lay, she would catch hold of my sister's skirt with her bill in order to get her to sit down so she could lay an egg in her lap. The entire batch of eggs was laid in that way.

When the hen concluded to set and hatch out the eggs, she was determined that Eliza should sit down and let her hatch the eggs in her lap. But as this would require three weeks, Eliza had to make the hen compromise and be satisfied with a nest on top of the cupboard, where she could watch what was going on in the room. During the setting period, whenever the hen flew down for her food and had eaten, she would nip hold of my sister's skirt and tweak it to show that she wanted to be put back on the nest.

The year after Eliza married she had a baby and was attended by an incompetent doctor. Mother and child died—and Eliza was only twenty-four. I can never think of her fate without emotion.

Her husband was devotedly fond of her. He called on me two years after her death, and he couldn't keep back the tears when he spoke of her. He told me that when she died, he couldn't realize that she was dead, and that for months after she was buried he used to go at night and lie weeping on her grave for hours at a time. He never married again.

Sam was nearer my own age than any of the other children, and during our boyhood we were much together. He had some inventive ability but never succeeded in inventing anything on which he made money. Once he undertook to improve a chain-stitch sewing machine that Father was agent for. It was a simple, cheap contrivance set on a table and operated by turning a crank with the hand; and Sam thought he could invent a treadle to run the machine. The problem so filled his mind that he got up in his sleep one night, went to where the machine was, and while fancying that he was operating it, knocked an unlighted lamp off the table on to the floor. The crash waked him and he went back to bed. But he rigged up a treadle all right later.

Sam was a great fellow for stories, and is yet. He used to get a dozen or fifteen boys round him and tell stories by the hour—stories that weren't just disconnected anecdotes, but very good dime novels. Sometimes, after the boys had been in swimming, they'd come out and lie round on the shore sunning themselves while Sam told them stories. He never went out into the world, and still lives at the old homestead in Wayne.

Frank, the youngest of the family, was tall, strong, and wiry, and was a very handsome fellow. He was a natural-born mechanic, and was able to do almost anything with tools—even with the most primitive kind of tools. Once the idea occurred to a neighbour whose clock stopped running that perhaps Frank was enough of a mechanical genius to fix it. So Frank was sent for.

It was winter—it is generally winter in Maine—and Frank went with his hand-sled and brought away the clock, which was one of the old, wooden, grandfather's-clock variety, but about half height to set on a shelf. Frank was only a boy, and, of course, the first hill he came to he slid down. But steering and hanging on to the clock were too much for him. The sled went out of the road and capsized, and some of the salient in'ards of the clock were busted. However, nothing daunted, Frank took the wreckage home, made new parts to replace

those that were broken, and soon had the blamed thing running and keeping good time.

At the age of seventeen he went to New York to work for Hiram, and was taken sick with typhoid fever. The doctor who examined him made a wrong diagnosis, pronounced his ailment smallpox, and sent him to a smallpox pest house. There he recovered from his typhoid but caught smallpox while still in a weak condition, and died.

Oh, the doctors! I have no prejudices against a cannibal who captures a missionary and roasts and eats him. I even feel like forgiving some of the old pirates because their adventures make good stories. But when I think of doctors I always think, "Damn!" However, there are all kinds, and it is my opinion that if God were to re-work man to get the cussedness out of him, and actually to shape him into resemblance of the Divine Image, he would take the skillful, honest doctor for his model; while as a pattern for Beelzebub he would take the dishonest, ignorant physician. The dishonest and ignorant doctor is the most dangerous animal in the world, while the honest and skillful doctor is possessed of the most blessed of all human virtues—that of saving life.

VII

FOREWORD

WE WERE sitting on the piazza one afternoon when Mr. Maxim broached to Mrs. Maxim a plan for making a trip to the region of his youth in Maine.

She spoke of certain engagements and other objections, but he brushed these aside. Then she said: "Well, you always do as you want to anyway; so I'll tell you right now I'll go."

The trip was made in the final week of September in Mr. Maxim's sedan, and I joined the Maxims at Springfield, Massachusetts. A young woman reporter cornered Mr. Maxim there in a bookstore, hoping to secure information concerning important inventions he might be developing. "What gets most of your attention now?" she asked, and without a moment's hesitation he pointed to his wife and said, "Mrs. Maxim."

He and the reporter and some of the rest of us sat down in the bookstore office, and the interviewing had been resumed when he began hitching about uneasily, and said: "This vest doesn't fit me. I haven't grown. The vest has shrunk."

It was only half buttoned. Mrs. Maxim finished the buttoning, and adjusted it in front and behind to his satisfaction, while the interviewer looked on in surprised amusement.

We started on our way with Mr. and Mrs. Maxim on the back seat and Jimmy the chauffeur and me on the front seat. "Drive carefully, Jimmy," Mr. Maxim said. "That is, be careful not to drive too damned slow. You and I have an understanding that if you let a car go by us you lose your job."

"That's a new one to me," Mrs. Maxim commented.

"Well, I guess Jimmy never heard that before, either," Mr. Maxim said.

When we were passing another car, a third car suddenly appeared coming right toward us, and only quick dodging saved us from a collision. Mr. Maxim was wroth, and he told Jimmy not to take chances again. "Mrs. Maxim is here," he added. "It doesn't matter about the rest of us, but I won't have anything happen to her."

About half the time Mr. Maxim himself drove the car. He either got tired of being unoccupied or wanted to get along faster. Mrs. Maxim sat beside him and sounded the horn and cautioned and advised him pretty continuously. He was inclined to argue concerning some of the points she made, and at times expressed his own convictions with a good deal of vigour.

Once he was much irritated by the uncertain manœuvring of a car just ahead of us that we wanted to pass. When we got close to it he saw that the person at the wheel was feminine. "You never can tell what a woman or a cow is going to do," he grumbled.

Another woman driver disturbed him still more. Again and again he honked to be allowed to pass, but for quite a while she kept on in the middle of the highway serenely unmindful of us. "She's a road-hog—that's what she is!" Mr. Maxim exclaimed; and when we were passing her, he cast a fierce glance in her direction, and added, "Yes, she's a road-hog, and she looks like an old sow!"

Later he called our attention to an erratic wheel on a car ahead of us, and said: "See how wobbly it is! It reminds me of what a man told me when I was a boy. He said he had a wheel on his wagon that ran so crooked it went three times over a snake that was crossing the road."

We were having lunch at a wayside hotel when Mrs. Maxim addressed him in some perturbation, saying: "Stop eating that starchy potato, Huddy dear! It isn't good for you. Do stop!"

"I will as soon as I've done," he responded with great serenity.

He has a steel fork to use at meal times. It is more efficient than a silver fork for a one-handed man to manipulate because its prongs are sharper and because it presents a better cutting

edge as a substitute for a knife. He carries it with him on his travels, and has it where he can get at it conveniently when he sits down to eat. One day, just as he was finishing dinner at a hotel, a waiter saw him slip a fork into an upper vest pocket as if it had been a pencil, and politely hinted that in a moment of forgetfulness he had taken one of the hotel forks.

Mr. Maxim wants a generous supply of any food he likes, and he often calls for extra helpings. If the salt won't come out freely from the salt-cellar, he unscrews the top and empties the salt on the tablecloth. He tries to be among the first to enter the dining room at mealtime, in order to get quick service, and is equally eager to get away when he is through. He does not linger, but leaves his companions to finish, and goes off.

"He can't do anything in a rational way," Mrs. Maxim remarked one time concerning his travelling. "He always orders four extra blankets at every hotel he goes to, and he puts them all on, but as soon as he gets warm off they all go."

"Yes," Mr. Maxim said, "I like to have plenty of blankets, and I cover up my body and shoulders well, and then, if I get too hot, I stick out my feet as a sort of radiator to carry the surplus heat off into space."

As we were passing the fine old mansion in Portland, Maine, where the poet Longfellow was born, I called Mr. Maxim's attention to it. His response was: "Oh, those old things don't attract me at all! People go and moon over the place where George Washington kept his teeth."

Yet in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he regarded with keen interest the Colonial house that was the dwelling of John Paul Jones, who won fame on the sea in the Revolution. Evidently a naval hero appeals far more strongly to his imagination than a poet.

VII

A SAWMILL VILLAGE

AT NORTH GUILFORD lived a man named Davis, who invented a shingle-sawing machine. He had trouble with it, and old Tucker, the owner of the mill where the machine was operated, induced my father to move up there to get some of the "bugs" out of the machine. When my father got through making the necessary changes, that machine would saw like the very devil—eat up everything put in front of it. He helped Tucker run the mill for several years, and I worked in the mill, too, and so did Tucker's son, Dick.

Our home was on rising ground not far from the mill. Besides the house, we had a barn with sixteen stalls for horses, and there were four or five acres of land that we used for a garden. The garden was pretty stony, but it was a garden just the same. We paid a hundred and fifty dollars for the property. We got it for that price because the lumbering industry had declined in that region, and the buildings of the former workers were a drug on the market.

Much of the country was still wilderness, and I was impressed by the magnitude of the forest and by the vistas one would get looking through the old growth. In certain places spruce predominated, but generally there was an intermingling of various trees, such as oak, maple, birch, pine, and cedar. Some of the enormous pines were more than three feet through, and they towered far above all their woodland companions.

I remember distinctly, when I was a boy, how I felt as I was going along an old lumber road in the woods one evening just after sunset. I kind of fancied that devils or ghosts or other unearthly creatures were looking out at me, and I watched each side of the road very attentively lest the goblins should

get me before I had time to escape. I knew well enough there were no such things, but if there *did* happen to be any it would be awkward for me, and I was prepared to skin out.

The settlement at North Guilford consisted of a few dwellings, a schoolhouse, a sawmill, and the shingle mill, scattered along a single road. The water that ran the sawmill came from a big pond, which was fed by two smaller ponds, and the shingle mill was run by water that had passed through the sawmill.

I learned to turn wooden bowls on a lathe that I set up in the shingle mill, and I used to go out in the woods and chop down trees and cut them into billets for making the bowls.

Have you ever seen a modern sawmill? The old-fashioned sawmill of my boyhood was equipped with an up-and-down saw operated by a crank. Then came the circular saw. The sawmill at North Guilford was considered quite an up-to-date affair when we moved there because it used the circular saw. When I was in Maine thirteen years ago I visited a sawmill where they used a gang of band saws, and the way that mill would cut up lumber was amazing. Every part of the log was utilized. There was always a lot of waste material outside of the earlier sawmills, some of which was used for fuel by the people in the neighbourhood; but mostly it rotted where it lay or was allowed to go down stream.

That shingle-mill inventor, Davis, was the best rifle-shot anywhere around, and he had a beautiful rifle. One day a big black bear took a leisurely stroll out of the woods into the clearing where we lived. We quickly informed Davis, and got him to come with his gun to shoot the beast. But he had more skill than courage, and he was much agitated when he saw that bear. He took several shots at him and never once hit him. The bear wondered what the fuss was all about, stood up on his hind legs, looked round at the marksman, grunted, and went on into the woods on the other side of the clearing.

We had a neighbour by the name of Bill Bennett. Bill had a large family of children, and one day we boys got to disputing as to how many there were. We backed up our

opinions by betting ten cents apiece, and then waited for Bill to return from his day's work. When he came along we stated our case, and asked him how many children he had.

"By gum! I don't know," he said. "I hain't been home since mornin'!"

One of my companions in the settlement was a sixteen-year-old boy who often used to stand with the butt of his shotgun on the ground, both hands folded over the muzzle, his chin resting on his hands, and one foot on the trigger guard. We scared him some by telling him how dangerous this was, and he modified his pose, but continued to rest his foot on the trigger guard and hold the muzzle of the gun nearer his face than was safe. One day his foot slipped. He wore no shoes, and his big toe hit the trigger, and bang went the gun!

He had a rather flat sort of face. His chin, his nose, and his forehead were about equally prominent, so that the charge of shot from the gun simply took a little skin off from each, and did no other harm, except that his face was ever after speckled with the black grains of embedded gunpowder.

Careless handling of a gun invites trouble. Even an empty gun never should be aimed at any one. The didn't-know-it-was-loaded gun is the most dangerous gun in the world. Every gun should be treated as though it were loaded all the time.

Copper-toed boots were in vogue among the boys; but they didn't serve the purpose for which they were intended, because we took pride in kicking everything we saw with our copper toes, and in a little while they were battered out of the boots. One of their defects was that they conducted the heat from our toes into the outer atmosphere so rapidly that our toes were likely to freeze. Also, in putting our feet up to the fire, to warm, the copper would get hot and convey the heat to the adjacent leather and destroy it. Those copper toes were a nuisance and soon were abandoned.

I never saw a pair of rubbers in my boyhood. Most of us boys wore boots in the winter—big and heavy cowhide boots. None of us thought of such a thing as using shoeblacking. When we got a new pair of boots we gave them a thorough greasing—

generally with mutton tallow. They would get terribly stiff, and we greased them every little while.

Our heavy footwear was valuable as a means of defense on occasion. I had an encounter one day with a sort of half-breed hound. His master set him on me—I suppose to scare me—and the dog came close up, snapping at me and barking furiously. The owner of the dog expected me to run, but I didn't. I happened to be wearing some stout cowhide shoes, and I kicked that dog right under his jaws so hard that he turned a complete somersault and found himself running in the opposite direction, and he kept on running, ki-yi-ing for all he was worth. Mind you, I'm fond of dogs; but I detest a snapping, barking dog. Cats and I are always good friends. Even strange cats will come to me in the street and rub against my legs and follow me.

There was no church within several miles of North Guilford, and the so-called religious services were held at the schoolhouse. Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists met there together and held revival meetings to save souls; and as the meetings lasted for a considerable time, they were called "Protracted Meetings." Our folks called them "Distracted Meetings." They generally were held after the close of harvest in the fall when there wasn't much work to do. When the revivals got red hot, they'd have them two or three evenings a week. After the meetings were over there was a notable subsidence in religious fervour and much backsliding.

The leading spirits in the revivals were usually persons who wanted to get into the limelight. If a man wished to be considered godly, the meetings gave him a chance to pose conspicuously and be listened to and looked up to. Such fellows used to say they had a call to preach, and anybody who'd get up and spout was considered a minister. Life in that community was rather drab, and the meetings awakened interest and gave the people something to talk about. Besides, the meetings afforded an opportunity for the men and women to tell their religious experiences. Old women, who never had been attentively listened to in their lives before, were able to hold

forth and hear benedictions pronounced on them. They liked that.

Sometimes my brother Sam and I would get up in these meetings and give our reasons against the beliefs of the orthodox. We ridiculed the story of Jonah and the whale, the story of Noah and the ark, the fable about the fall of the walls of Jericho, and, most absurd of all, the tale of how Joshua stopped the sun in its course and held up the day in order to give a few Jewish savages an opportunity to capture a little more pasture land from their neighbours. There was some daredeviltry in what we did, but for the most part we felt that we were crusading for the truth.

Among the men living in the vicinity was Dan'l Ames, a ne'er-do-well, who was a noted old roughneck and all-around sinner. One evening, just out of curiosity, he went to meeting. Elder Blodgett was the leader in that particular revival, and when he saw him come in, he cried out, "Amen, bless the Lord! Another one brought to Jesus!"

He thought it was a good opportunity to try to convert him, and he addressed the meeting, saying: "Last night I dreamed that my nearest neighbour [which was Dan'l] went to hell. He'd been a great sinner, and he died without repenting, and there he was! The sulphur and brimstone got into his gills, and he was in great pain, but there was no escape. In hell he'd got to stay and put up with that sort of thing for all eternity."

Then Dan'l got up and said: "I had a dream myself last night. I dreamed I went to hell; and I asked an imp who was flitting about near the door if they had a room there for old Dan'l Ames of North Guilford, Maine. The imp said he didn't know. Hell was pretty full, and about all the rooms had been taken. But he let me in, and sent me down a long corridor to a hotel clerk standing behind a desk. I asked the clerk if he'd got a room for me, and he looked over his register and said, 'No, the rooms are all full.'

"'But what am I to do?' I says.

"'Well,' he says, 'there's his Majesty himself sitting over yonder smoking his pipe. Ask him.'

"Sure enough there was Satan, and he looked at me and said 'Hello, Dan!'

"'Hello, Sate!' I says, 'have you got a room for me?'

"'Why, I guess so,' he says; 'but the rooms in this part of hell are all full. Come round to where we're enlarging the quarters, and we'll find a room for you there somehow. We had to enlarge because we're expecting to have old Elder Blodgett and his whole congregation here soon.'"

Dan'l lived in a small, low shack near a stream, and one day some of us found him lugging water out of the stream, pailful after pailful, and pouring it down his chimney. We asked him what he was doing that for, and he said: "My wife has locked the door on me, and won't let me in. So I'm a-goin' to drown her out."

I remember once just after a series of distracted meetings came to an end, the proselytes were all herded beside a pool at the outlet of the millpond to be baptized. John Tinkham officiated as parson. He wasn't a real minister, but just another of those old spoofers who used to take it on themselves to play the part of John the Baptist. He led his flock to the bank of the stream, and many neighbours congregated to look on. Before the baptism took place Tinkham expounded religion at great length, and this was followed by singing. Then he waded into the pool with one convert after another to a depth of about three feet, took the left hand of each in turn with his left hand, grasped their clothing at the nape of the neck with his other hand, and just soused them right down backward out of sight. They came up choking and spouting, filled with water and the love of God, and waded out. All this was done to the accompaniment of psalm-singing on the shore.

One of the converts baptized was a very pretty girl with whom two of our young fellows had fallen in love. Wallace Tucker was one of the fellows, and Fred Tinkham, son of the minister, was the other. Wallace had professed religion, and he and the girl were baptized, and came out and stood on the bank, side by side, looking kind of balmy up toward heaven.

That was too much for unregenerate Fred Tinkham. "By God!" he exclaimed, "I'm goin' to be baptized, too!"

He went to his father and said he repented and believed everything the rest of them believed. So his father baptized him, and he came out and stood with the girl and Wallace.

But the most notable convert on this occasion was Mrs. Bennett, the wife of Bill. She was an awful old harridan, and some of us boys had come prepared to join in the ceremony of her baptism. We didn't believe that an ocean of water would wash that old critter's sins away. So when she was ducked and was supposed to be cleansed of the evil that was in her, we boys appeared on each shore just below the baptismal pool, armed with clubs, and whacked and whaled at the water, shouting: "Kill the sin! Kill the sin!"

What curious things boys will do!

That reminds me of a baptism at a place out in Minnesota where some of the early settlers recently had established themselves. It was winter and they cut a channel through the ice a short distance out into a lake so that the converts, who on this occasion happened to be all women, could be led into the water and immersed. A number of Indians came and watched the ceremony. They'd never seen anything like that before, and they asked the wherefore of the proceeding. The whites explained that it was done to make those who were baptized better.

So the next day the Indian men brought their squaws—the whole bunch of them—to the place and ducked them into the icy water to make them better.

We seldom had a caller at my boyhood home. Peddlers, however, would come round once in a while with various contraptions for sale. Often they would stay overnight, and we would take some of their truck in payment. Occasionally a tramp would call for food or a night's lodging, and, although the tramps were a good-for-nothing lot, my father and mother never turned them away. One of the tramps whom we kept overnight took my father's best suit of clothes with him when he left in the morning.

Another tramp—a most unprepossessing creature—came along in the spring of the year through the mud and melting snow. His feet were soaking wet, and he smelled with an odour that would drive a dog out of a tanyard. But my folks took him in for the night. Our only spare room was the best bedroom, and Mother gave him that. He was sent to his room early because we didn't exactly like to sit in his neighbourhood. When Father looked in the next morning to call him, lo, and behold, the tramp was right in the middle of the bed with his clothes on, boots and all!

Common labourers at Lake Hopatcong get fifty-six cents an hour and work an eight-hour day. The summer that I was fourteen years old I worked for my uncle Sam at a daily wage of twenty-five cents. I certainly could do twice as much work as any of the Hopatcong men in the same time, and I worked from sunrise to sunset, with an additional interval of doing chores until dark, so that really I worked sixteen hours a day. I worked so damned hard that I believe it must have arrested my growth to some extent. I used to mow with a scythe two hours before breakfast—the idea of working a boy so hard! But at that time, it seemed to me that working from sunrise until sunset was as much a part of the ordinations of nature as the rotation of the earth on its axis.

I had to help milk, and I hated that. It wasn't my kind of a job, and I always felt as if I ought to be engaged in something better than milking a cow. Once in a while I'd get kicked. A cow's hind leg is hung so she can reach forward and get a kind of fishhook pull when she swipes you. Another mean thing a cow sometimes will do is to put her foot in your pail, but the folks seldom threw the milk away on that account. They used it, but they said it tasted "cowy."

My uncle Sam got out of those who worked under him the most there was in them. Consequently, when he and I went with the neighbours to work on the roads, and didn't start working until seven o'clock in the morning and quit at six o'clock in the evening, the thing was almost incomprehensible. Moreover, we road-workers actually took an hour at noon, and

during that hour did nothing except to eat our lunch and sit round and rest. Our work on the roads was the most leisurely proceeding I ever had witnessed. I hardly recognized my uncle Sam on that job. The whole gang seemed more concerned in getting through with the hours than getting through with the work. It was a great revelation to me. I saw that work for the public had less urge in it than work for one's self. I learned that any old way is good enough when the public pays.

Another summer I worked for a farmer named Mordecai Mitchell. He lived a mile and a half from East Dover, and after my day's work of fourteen hours I used to run all the way down to the village and all the way back, so as to have as much time as possible to romp with the boys there. Mitchell's wife was the awfulest old nagger and termagant I've ever had the misfortune to know. She was at him or somebody else from morning until night. Nagging is the most grievous fault a woman can have. You see, it's a continuous process and goes on all the time. The woman who nags cuts all the comfort, repose, restfulness, and everything else out of the home.

I always have greatly enjoyed loud and prolonged sounds like thunder, and been delighted with the blast and roar of cannon, which I heard much of in the experiments I conducted for the Government. Only once did I ever feel the least fear in a thunderstorm. That was when I was a boy mowing in a field. Two thunder-clouds met exactly overhead, and three flashes of lightning succeeded one another as quickly as a person could count. One of the strokes destroyed a big oak tree, shattering it into kindling wood from top to bottom. Another set a barn on fire. The third struck a fence a hundred and fifty feet from where I was mowing, and some of the superabundant electricity tapped me on the head as a warning. Then I dropped my scythe and ran to the house.

In the winter, the storms piled up the snow so deep that the need for snowshoes led us boys to make some for our own use out of sheepskin cut into strips. They didn't last long, because, although they did pretty well when the weather was cold and the snow dry, the sheepskin would soften and stretch

and break if the snow was melting. One bright, sunny morning I went about a third of a mile from our house into the woods on my snowshoes. Recent storms had left four to five feet of light snow, and this soon began to melt. The result was that I went right through my snowshoes. It was a tough job to get home, but I managed to wallow my way back.

Among the more serious adventures of my life was one I had on an October afternoon while returning alone from hunting in the wild woods beyond our chain of three ponds. I came to a deep, narrow strait not more than three rods wide connecting two of the ponds, and if I could swim across it I could save a long, roundabout walk. Ice had formed along the shores, and that cold water didn't look inviting; but after a little anxious consideration I plunged in. I found swimming a good deal harder than I expected. It was all I could do to keep my nose above water, encumbered as I was with thick cowhide boots, wet clothes, and a heavy musket, but I wouldn't turn back. I didn't want to lose my life, and I didn't want to lose my gun. As I hesitated between these alternatives I struggled on until my feet touched bottom. I got ashore so winded and played out that I hardly could creep up the bank.

Sam and Frank and I used to amuse ourselves destroying hornets' nests and fooling with bees. Often I'd catch a bumble-bee and chuck him in my mouth. By drawing back my tongue I made a cage that he couldn't escape from, and there I'd let him whiz. It was a foolish thing to do, but I never had any trouble until once I happened to put a bumble-bee in my mouth that was mad about something or other, and he stung me right on the tip of my tongue. The tongue is a very highly developed sense organ filled with nerves that run in a direct trunk line to the centre of the brain. The moment that bee stung me, a frightful pain caught me in the back of the neck. Everything turned black, and I nearly fell in my tracks. The poison had partially paralyzed the nerve centres, and the shock probably would have killed a less robust boy.

One autumn day, when I was fifteen years of age, Sam and I and several other North Guilford boys hiked out for Monson,

a town about five miles away, where a county fair was to be held that day. We started early in order to be there at the beginning and see the thing through to the end. After we arrived, we spent much of our time looking at the various exhibits scattered about the open field on the edge of the town where the fair was held.

A foot race was one attraction of the fair, and Sam and I decided to compete. It was a hundred-yard straightaway dash. We were off at the shot of the pistol fired by the starter. I had been in the habit of out-running whoever I competed with, and when a young fellow forged along ahead of me and got in first, I was much surprised. I sat down and reflected on my doings previous to the foot race, and I concluded that whereas I had walked five miles in the early morning, and had been walking ever since, and whereas I had filled myself up to the gunwales with all kinds of edibles, including green apples, candies, and nuts, and had drunk a lot of sweet cider, possibly my doings might have had something to do with my failure. I guess I was right. It was the first time in my life that I realized one's physical condition meant much in a physical contest.

After the foot race, we drifted round to where a crowd had gathered to watch a couple of fellows wrestling at collar-and-elbow. The wrestlers stood with bent knees, each with one hand on his opponent's shoulder and the other hand on his opponent's elbow. In such a contest, much depends on skill in sparring with the feet to trip up the other fellow.

As we looked on, Sam said he was going to try it, and he went in and threw the man who was the champion at that stage of the game. Then another man came on the scene and threw Sam. I entered the ring next and threw that fellow, and I threw all comers for more than an hour.

I never had had any particular training in the art of wrestling, but ability to wrestle effectively seemed to come natural, and my rather uncommon strength and quickness helped me a lot. When we returned home that night I was much elated over my success as a wrestler, and I bragged some. A carpenter who

worked for my father challenged me, and I grabbed him and threw him under the work-bench in the woodshed.

Then I went into the house bragging more than ever, and my sister Eliza said, "Well, you ain't stout enough or smart enough to throw me yet."

And I said, "Oh, yes! I guess I am, Lize."

But she caught hold of me, raised me clean off my feet and threw me into the next room on my head and shoulders.

We boys used to save up our pennies to get gunpowder and gun caps and fire-crackers for the Fourth of July. All of us North Guilford boys got up at about four o'clock in the morning, and we kept going all the rest of the day. The first thing we did was to go round and shoot off our guns in front of the houses in the neighbourhood. Guns made more noise for the money than fire-crackers or anything else, and our object was to wake everybody up.

After we'd done that job thoroughly, we went home and ate breakfast. Then we walked to Monson where there was a general celebration. The people flocked in from long distances to enjoy the foot races, horse races, and spread-eagle speeches that were provided for their entertainment.

Once, in our early morning bombardment, we paid particular attention to Captain Heywood, who was the John D. Rockefeller of our region. Oh! he was enormously wealthy—probably worth ten thousand dollars! We fired our guns under his window and shouted. Finally he stuck his head out of the window, and we asked him to treat us with some of the hard cider which we knew he had in his cellar. He brought out a pitcherful, but it was mighty sour and unpleasant and we didn't drink much.

Thanksgiving Day always was observed in our family. Regardless of poverty, Mother contrived to give us a feast, even if we had to starve for a week afterward. Usually she served a turkey, but sometimes we had a goose or ducks. At one Thanksgiving dinner we came so near eating up every particle of food in the house that nothing was left for supper except salt and potatoes. It was a great comedown.

I don't remember our observing Christmas but once. Then Mother put some filberts and walnuts and candy in our stockings the night before.

The kissing party was quite an institution down in Maine when I was a young fellow. Bashful boys and bashful girls sat round the room, and how scared I was of the girls! One of the stunts was to send a boy and girl together on what was called a mission. It was the mission of the boy to kiss all the girls in the room, and the mission of the girl to kiss all the boys in the room. Nothing could have been more pleasant to my mind then than that opportunity of kissing the girls; but now, when I look back on those promiscuous kissing bouts and realize that fifty per cent. of the deaths in Maine were from tuberculosis, I shudder at the thought of the amount of infection for which that kissing must have been responsible.

Sometimes young folks got together for a husking, with dancing afterward on the barn floor or in the kitchen. A country fiddler would furnish the music and do the prompting. He fiddled loud and fast, and called out with a forceful voice, and kept time with his feet.

Occasionally we had surprise parties, when we would go round to a neighbour's and put the good folks to a lot of embarrassment and inconvenience.

I used to like the apple-paring bees. The young folks would get together some evening at one of the houses and pare and core, quarter and string all the apples that were to be dried for the winter. My father once brought home what was called a lightning apple parer and corer. With just one swing of a lever that machine pared an apple, cored it, and quartered it. When I participated in a paring bee for the first time with the machine, I was the centre of attraction.

Just back of North Guilford, on the edge of the big wilderness, was an unincorporated town designated as No. 8. It was unincorporated because there weren't folks enough in it to make a real town. I got acquainted with a young woman who was a No. 8er and arranged to take her to a husking bee. She was a very ordinary-looking girl, and I think she suggested my

taking her. I called for her with our horse and sleigh, and on the way to the husking we stopped at my home. She sat down in front of the fire to get warm, and my mother saw a big louse stroll down from her hair into the open country on her forehead. Mother told me privately that I'd better not go with that girl any more, and I didn't.

An old fellow lived in No. 8 who had a singing school. He used to give his singing lessons at the schoolhouse during the fall of the year. Maine people hibernate to a large extent in winter on account of the deep snow and intense cold. Oh, my jiminy Christmas! there's no getting about after one of their big snowfalls brought in by a northeaster. The singing-school drew a good-sized crowd. It was a sort of social outlet, where social outlets were few. The students were mostly young folks, but there were some older ones who kind of thought they knew how to sing. The room was lighted with kerosene lamps set on the desks and windowsills.

The singing master had a fiddle, and he'd stand and sway back and forth in time with the music as he played and sang. His favourite song for beginning the exercises was:

> Brightly shine the gems of Indy,
> And the yaller gold is bright.

He would run up and down the scale—"Do-re-mi," and so on—to show how it should be sung; and his pupils would follow, and make the same noises that he made. I went to hear the rest, but I never joined in the singing.

Years afterward I got acquainted with a young singing master in Canada who said I had such a wonderful voice that he was sure he could teach me to sing. So I agreed to teach him boxing in exchange for singing lessons. I succeeded in making him a very good boxer, but it soon became apparent that I wasn't cut out for a tunester, though he said that the quality of my voice was superb, and that I was able to give wonderful emotional expression.

Not any of our family were singers. Verse took the place of song with us. Father was the only one who could follow

a tune. Mother never sang a note in her life—not even a bye-low to the babies; but she would make lots of pretty sounds to the children. She'd cluck to them, and that sort of thing.

I like a fiddle and a cornet and a drum, but, oh, how I hate a piano! About the best music to my ears is that made by the Salvation Army. Yes, I like the sonorous, soul-saving songs of the Salvation Army, with cornet and fife and drum accompaniments. General Grant said that he knew only two tunes—one was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. I know "Yankee Doodle" when I hear it, and I like it. I realize that my lack of appreciation for music is a limitation on my part. The trouble is with me and not with the music.

Camp meeting used to be quite an institution in Maine, and as to that, it is still. The meetings generally were held in some heavy growth of timber. Under the big pines was a favourite place. The platform or stage where the speakers stood was roofed over and sometimes partially enclosed, and in front of it were rows of benches to seat the audience. The country people came from all about in large numbers to attend the meetings, which lasted for a week. That week was called Camp-Meeting Week. Most of the folks lodged in tents, but some had small frame buildings that they occupied from year to year.

The camp-meeting grove, while the meetings were being held, was a great place for trading horses. It was a sort of horse exchange. Maine folks are prone to combine business and religion, and turn both to profit. One old farmer of our acquaintance went to camp meeting and traded horses seven times in one day. He came home in a rather boozed condition, bragging about the extraordinary bargains he'd got in his trading, and said he had brought back a very wonderful animal which had cost him in boot only about fifty dollars. The family went out to the barn to look the animal over, and, behold! it was the same old horse he had taken away in the morning.

Swapping horses is the breath of life to a State of Maine Yankee, and one reason why Maine is very little infested with gypsies may be because the gypsies have no show at horse-

trading with the natives. It is said that a Jew is twice as good at a bargain as a Gentile, that one Greek will do up two Jews, while an Armenian will clean up the whole bunch and look for more. It is my opinion that the reputation of the Armenian would be somewhat tarnished should he get up against a State of Maine Yankee in a horse-trade.

The buildings and grounds of the present-day camp meetings far transcend those of my boyhood days. They now are more like fashionable summer resorts. It was such a camp meeting that was approached one evening by a couple of unusually ingenious, although indiscreet, pickpockets. The meeting was in full blast, and they decided it was just hunkydory to rob. All they needed to do was to cut the electric-light wire, and in the darkness and confusion they'd make a rich haul robbing the people. So they threw a piece of rough, rusty wire over the electric wire, each took hold of one end, and they sawed back and forth with it. Well, when they got through the insulation they were as dead as door nails. They must have been surprised when they woke up in hell and asked what had happened.

During the summer of 1869 I worked in a brickyard at East Dover. Our hours of labour lasted from light to dark. That is, we started to work about half-past three in the morning and quit about nine o'clock in the evening, in the longest days of summer. A half-hour interval was allowed for each meal. We had nothing to do on rainy days, and got our wages just the same; so it was supposed that we could afford to put in longer hours in fair weather. But as we didn't have one rainy day all that summer, I didn't profit much by the regulation. I was paid twenty-five dollars a month.

The method of making brick was very primitive. Nevertheless, much the same method is used in Maine yet. The work was so hard we used to have a regular routine of change from one kind of work to another. One day I would wheel clay and sand to the mixer. The next day I would strike brick. The third day I would pile the partially dried brick in loose, high rows to complete the drying. The fourth day I would

wheel them to a shed where they were made into a kiln to be burned.

The mixer was run by mule power, and the mule was kept going round and round the machine all day long. He required a good deal of attention to keep him up to duty, and he knew exactly how fast it was his duty to go. When he slowed down and was given a lick with the whip, he would take up the proper pace very spryly, but he couldn't be hurried a bit faster, even if you killed him.

Striking brick was the toughest work I had to do. I'd take a mould which would hold the clay for six bricks, shove it under the delivery of the mixer, and jump on a treadle with one foot to force the clay into the mould. Then I streaked off the clay level with the top of the mould, seized the mould in both hands, and ran across the brickyard, whirled the mould over and caught it, put it down on the ground bottom up, streaked the clay off that side of the mould, and lifted the mould off the clay forms. Two of us used to work together striking brick, and we would keep it up—run, run, run—hour after hour.

We were encumbered with no clothing except a pair of old breeches with the legs cut off, and held on with a belt or suspender. The work was dirty, and we'd get bedaubed all over with clay and sand. And the work was hot. Gee whiz! if we had dropped from that brickyard into hell on one of those blazing summer days we would have imagined that we had dropped into a refrigerator.

It was a Sunday habit at our home for the boys to wash their hands and faces unusually clean, and put on clean shirts. We didn't wear collars or ties until we were almost men-grown. When I spent a few months in New York working for Hiram I thought a collar and a tie possibly would improve my appearance, and I bought some. I surely did feel funny the first time I had a collar round my neck. I didn't like it. For many years my collars were either paper or celluloid. After I returned to Maine, I sometimes put on a detachable white shirt-front and sported a collar and tie, but only on rare occasions, and merely for style, not for comfort.

My name originally was Isaac. Well, Isaac was a damn bad name to be encumbered with, and I had it.

Old-time folks used to go to the Bible for their children's names—Ezekiel, Jedediah, Dorcas, and the like—and when such names got started in a family, each new generation was apt to hand them down the line. My father's name was Isaac, and he had a brother Samuel. So he and mother decided to bestow these old, hereditary family names on two of us boys, and they chose me and my next younger brother for the affliction. Samuel wasn't so bad, but Isaac was beastly, and everybody shortened it into the nickname Ike. I've got some sense of propriety, and being called Isaac and Ike was too much for me. I stood it as long as I could, which was until I was about eighteen years of age. Then I revolted. I made up my mind that I'd swap Isaac for a better name. There was a lawyer by the name of Hudson who lived at Guilford. He was a man I greatly admired, and I liked his name. So I chose it for my own.

Wasn't my father mad! He turned his under lip over his upper lip—a custom he had when displeased—and looked sour at the change, but he and the rest of the family had to call me Hudson, for I raised a rumpus if they didn't.

Name changes are nothing new. General Grant was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, and he changed the name to Ulysses Simpson Grant. Roscoe Conkling was named Sweet Cider or something, and he changed his name.

Do you know how the Jews in Germany got the names they now bear—Goldstein, Goldberg, and Goldman; Rosenstein, Rosenzweig, and Rosenfeld, and so on? In early times their names were such as Isaac, Isaacson, and Isaacsonson; Mendel, Mendelsohn, and Mendelsohnson. With such a mixed-up lot of names the Government couldn't individualize the different Jews and tax them. So officers were sent round to rename the Jews. They gave them any old names—just named them arbitrarily. If a Jew was a butcher, he might be called Kalbsfleisch, which in English means calves' flesh; if he was a pawnbroker, he might be called Goldman; and a jeweller might

be called Goldstein. Some particularly ugly old Hebrew might, from pure irony, be called Rose in the Field (Rosenfeld), or Lily of the Valley (Lilienthal).

During the winter when I was eighteen I set forth to sell a lot of wooden bowls that I had turned. I drove a horse whose hip had been hurt in his younger days so that he travelled with a marked limp, and my vehicle was a two-seater sleigh called a pung. It was snowing in the morning when I left North Guilford, and the storm soon became a veritable blizzard. By the middle of the afternoon the road was so obstructed with drifts I decided to look for shelter, but I tried at one farmhouse after another to get lodging for the night without success. I began to be a good deal disconcerted, for I didn't exactly want to perish with my horse in the blizzard. At the next house I made a particularly hard effort to get an old farmer with a forbidding countenance to keep me, but it was no go. I asked him what his religion was, and he replied: "I am a Baptist. I suppose I am what you would call a Hard-shell Baptist."

I told him that I suspected as much, and inquired if there happened to be an infidel living in the neighbourhood.

"Why, yes," he said. "Old Silas Perkins lives just over the hill yonder. He's an unregenerate, and a candidate for hell, but sometimes he puts up peddlers overnight."

Although Perkins's place was less than a mile away, I was fully an hour getting there. One big drift was so bad I had to unhitch the horse and lead him back and forth through it to beat a path. Then he pulled with all his might, and I lifted and pushed with all my might, and we got the sleigh through.

When I drove into the yard of Perkins, the infidel, he saw me and came to the door. "My God, young feller!" he said, "where did you drop from?"

I explained the situation, and asked him whether he could keep me overnight.

"Well," he said, "it don't look as though you could get much furder, does it?"

I stayed with him two nights and a day. We had plenty of

time to talk, and we talked about everything under the sun. He wanted to buy my load of wooden bowls. So we dickered. I was more eager to sell those bowls than he possibly could have been to buy them. He was a mighty good fellow, but he was a true Yankee and sharp at a bargain, and he appreciated his advantage. I sold him the bowls and the horse and the harness and the pung, and walked home. He made a good trade, but it was a good trade for me, too. You see, I needed the money to enable me to go to school that winter. Besides, there probably would be no travelling for a couple of weeks, and it was better for me to take a low price than to stay until I could get out with my team.

While living at North Guilford I had what seemed to me a serious love affair. The girl in the case was Mabel Tucker, daughter of the man who owned the shingle mill, and she lived in a part of our house which we rented to her parents. I courted her and she courted me in our respective ways, which consisted mainly in looking longingly at each other. Unfortunately, when we had arrived at the kissing stage, I went to New York to work for my brother Hiram.

Of course, each of us promised to write often, and after I reached New York I sat down and wrote Mabel a letter, which I gave to Hiram to post. I received no answer to it. That offended me, I felt snubbed, and I didn't write again, because it was up to her to answer my letter first. Several months passed, and one day Hiram fished my letter out of the breast pocket of his coat. He had forgotten to post it. I felt mighty mean and small and foolish, and I immediately wrote to Mabel, but by that time she had got up on her dignity, and had accepted the attentions of a youth named John Wesley Rogers.

When I returned, I was much chagrined at the attentions paid Mabel by the Rogers boy. I had a little talk with her, which terminated in a lovers' quarrel, and then we weren't on speaking terms. However, we continued to look longingly at each other.

Winter came, and the mill-pond froze over. Sam and I and Mabel's brother Wallace went skating on the pond one day. The

ice was still thin in places, and sometimes we would strike a spot where the ice would crack and the water would seep up through. While we were skating, Mabel appeared on the pond and began slipping round on her feet. I remembered the times when I used to take her on my sled and skate off over the pond with her.

I was a good skater, and could go with great speed, and I could cut up a lot of capers on the ice. These capers I was thoughtful enough to give Mabel an opportunity to see now. As I was monkey-shining around, she ventured out where she struck a thin place between old shore ice and the new ice, and broke through. When this happened I was nearly half a mile away skating with Wallace and Sam. I sped to her assistance, leaving the others behind me, and, on approaching her, threw myself down on the ice and crawled the rest of the way spread out flat, so that my weight would be distributed and not break the thin ice.

I was able to hold Mabel's head above water until Sam and Wallace brought some drift-wood from the shore and shoved it out to me. I managed to get on it, and we pulled Mabel out of the water on to the firm shore ice. My sled was not far away, and I soon got it, put Mabel on it, and hauled her home. She didn't speak, and I didn't speak, during the whole proceeding. I was foolishly proud. If I'd known then what I know now, I'd have had a glib tongue.

Several days later she met me on the road and said, "You needn't speak to me if you don't want to, but I'm going to speak to you."

It didn't take us long with that for a starter to become good friends, and things went on for a while as they had before. Then, in a little bit of an altercation between her and her brother Wallace, she cut the palm of his hand wide open with a butcher knife. That struck me rather unfavourably, and we drifted apart.

VIII

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM'S nephew, Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer, joined us at Augusta and was with us for several days.

The newspapers quickly discovered that distinguished visitors had arrived, and one of them announced that "Sir Hudson Howard Percy Maxim" was touring the land of his youth.

"Well," Mr. Maxim said, "those newspaper people are generous in handling that name. Percy is in it, and I'm in it, and the Sir represents Hiram. All three of the famous Maxims are there, and with a Howard thrown in for nothing."

Just beyond the outskirts of the city was a granite quarry where Mr. Maxim had worked, and we went and looked into it. When we were on the road, coming away, Mr. Maxim brought our car to a sudden halt, jumped out, and picked up a treasure, with which he returned to the car in triumph. It was a granite paving block that had dropped off a cart on the way to the railroad. He carried it home as a memento.

The country we traversed in the vicinity of Augusta had a good deal of variety and charm. There were fine mounding hills, glimpses of distant mountains, and in every dimple of the landscape lay a lake. One place we visited was Winthrop, where Mr. Maxim went to school in the academy building that still stands. Our next stop was at Kents Hill Seminary, which Mr. Maxim attended somewhat irregularly for a period of seven years. Its buildings are rather severe in character and suggest an education factory, but the fine trees that line the quiet country road on the Seminary hilltop make the impression on the whole agreeable.

A half hour's ride to the south took us to the little farmhouse

that was the Maxim home after 1872. It is in an outlying section of the town of Wayne, and Sam still lives there. Mr. Maxim had not seen him for twenty-five years. They had been estranged in connection with the differences between Mr. Maxim and Hiram. We had come unheralded, and Mr. Maxim said to Percy: "You've visited Sam from time to time. You get out, and I'll stay in the car."

Sam was at the far side of the yard walking from the barn toward the house, and Percy called to him. As he approached the rails that guarded the entrance to the yard, Percy said, "I want to ask you the same question I asked two years ago—do you know me?"

"I can't see very well now," Sam said. But when he had come a few steps farther, he exclaimed, "Why, Hiram Percy Maxim!" Scarcely pausing, he went on with eager excitement: "My brother Hudson was up near here yesterday. I read it in the newspaper this morning."

"He's out there in that automobile now," Percy said, pointing.

Then he called to Mr. Maxim, who promptly emerged and went to greet Sam. Percy told me afterward that the brothers looked like a pair of old tomcats sidling up to each other, and he didn't know whether it was going to be war or peace. But they soon were talking briskly, and Sam let down the bars and led the way to the house. The habitation was rather forlorn outside and in, and he evidently lived there something like a hermit, but he had many treasures to show us that were linked with the family's past. His conversation had a humorous tinge, and he abounded in stories and laughed freely. He said of a son-in-law, "He's a good man, but he ain't got no more style than an old cedar rail."

The most conspicuous feature of the landscape as viewed from the house is a high, bare hill. "That we call Horse Heaven," Sam said. "The snow blows off it so there is grazing there later than anywhere else, and when the farmers got their fall work done, they used to turn their old horses out on that hill to die instead of killing 'em."

A mile from Sam's place was a one-room schoolhouse on a sandy hill-crest where some roads met. Mr. Maxim taught school in it one term. Next to the schoolhouse was a neglected, unkempt cemetery, in which are buried Mr. Maxim's father and mother.

VIII

WORKING FOR AN EDUCATION

I HAD the toughest kind of a time there in old inclement Maine. I worked for two things—existence and an education. My desire for knowledge was a passion, and to satisfy that desire there was no hardship I would not bear and no difficulty I would not undertake. Scanty fare for the body was one of the hardships that had to be endured in my early home; but to me it was secondary to lack of food for the mind.

As a small boy I had a great aspiration to be an Indian fighter—also, to go to sea. This was the result of hearing my folks talk about contests with the Indians and happenings on the ocean. Their talk roused my youthful love of adventure.

But I soon became dominated with a wish to get an education. My father once said to me that the best safeguard against wrong-doing is right work. At the age of twelve I resolved to make all I could of myself, and to keep at it until I died. I've never swerved from that resolution.

I was able to plough through a great deal of adversity in getting a start in the world, because I inherited from my parents an iron constitution and great physical strength, with energy, ambition, and a creative imagination. Besides, whatever impedes a man, if it doesn't actually stop him, aids his progress. Whatever hits a man helps him, unless it hits him hard enough to break him or kill him.

There was just once when my course possibly was in danger of being deflected. That was when I was seventeen and Hiram got me to go to work for him in New York. What a great, booming, buzzing confusion New York was to me on first acquaintance! I must have been a rustic-looking figure. I arrived there wearing a checkered flannel shirt with a turn-

down collar, and I had no necktie. My head-covering was a cap made by my mother, I wore thick boots, and my baggage consisted of a black enamel-cloth valise.

I rode in a horse car from the railroad station downtown, and crossed the Fulton Street Ferry to Brooklyn, where Hiram lived. He had instructed me how to go to his home, and one thing he asked, after I got there, was how much I had been charged for fare on the ferry-boat.

I replied: "They didn't charge me anything"; and when I explained that I walked right in with the wagons he understood. I hadn't seen anybody selling or collecting tickets.

I didn't live with Hiram, but in a boarding house. One evening when I returned to my boarding house after my day's work was done and had gone in and sat down at the dining table, I thought things looked different from usual. I wondered what they'd been doing to the place. Besides, a strange woman was in charge. She came to me and said, "Ain't you boarding in the next house?"

Yes, that was what was the matter. I'd made a mistake, because the house fronts were just alike.

Hiram had invented a gasoline vapour machine for lighting buildings, and I worked in his shop polishing the brass parts and painting the cast-iron parts, and varnishing some other portions. An old German tinsmith in the shop taught me German. He was a dear old fellow, and every word that I learned under his instruction I've remembered.

One of the lighting machines was bought by what was known as "Howe's Great London Circus and Sanger's English Menagerie of Trained Animals." The machine was to be used for lighting the circus in the evening. It was a glittering equipment mounted on a beautiful wagon, and was as fancy as a fire-engine. I was sent to teach a circus man how to operate it, and I travelled with the circus for six weeks about New York City and near-by places. This was in the days before the railroad circus, and the travelling was done by wagon. One place that we visited was Paterson.

The story is told that once a letter was mailed at Brooklyn

addressed to "Hell, New Jersey." The postmaster wrote on it, "Try Paterson," and the letter found the person to whom it was addressed. We were informed that the Paterson people always made trouble for a circus. So when we entered the town, the circus men were armed with shooting-irons and with night-sticks, ready for a fight; and they were some fighters, believe me! My wagon was boxed in to protect it from bullets, or from stones that might be thrown at it. But the lighting apparatus was a great curiosity, and the people came round and asked all manner of questions. I opened up part of the covering that had been put on for its protection, and explained how the machine operated, and I had no trouble with the crowd at all.

When we were at Flushing, Long Island, I was walking around the place, prior to the beginning of the performance, and got into conversation with a young man. I asked him what his business was, and he replied, "I'm a pickpocket."

He told me of the methods used by pickpockets in dealing with their victims. Then he said, "I will get your pocketbook without your knowing it as we are walking along together." And he did, but he returned it. Whether or not he was a pickpocket I don't know, but he was a very interesting and entertaining person.

I used to ride in the parade on a big show wagon, dressed in ancient armour, plumed and helmeted. One day I was returning to the circus tent, sitting in the back of the wagon with my legs hanging down and my armour still on. A lot of boys were following behind, and one of them had a pumpkin pie in his hands. He came close and looked up at me, and I said: "I'm riding, and you're walking. Let me carry your pie for you."

At once he passed me his pie, and I rolled it up and tucked it into my mouth and handed back the plate. He looked at me perfectly amazed that I could put a whole pie into my face in such a short time.

When I got so that I could speak, I said: "Perhaps you didn't know that I am the Great American Pie Eater."

"No! be ye?" he said; and pride and gratification lighted his countenance.

Hiram told me I ought to hear Henry Ward Beecher and go to see Central Park. So I went to one of Beecher's Wednesday evening meetings at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. He seemed to me worthy of his reputation as an eloquent and inspiring preacher. I remember one thing he said. It was: "When you are recommending anybody, don't say, 'This man doesn't lie, steal, swear, or get drunk.' You could say that of a mullein stalk. A man is known for what he does do, and not for what he doesn't do." How eagerly my ears and brain absorbed his words!

As for Central Park, I went by horse car on the only car line in operation up to that part of the city. I looked over the park, and thought it seemed like a somewhat marred piece of scenery, not as beautiful as I'd left behind in Maine.

After seven months in New York I went back home. I couldn't get along with Hiram. Besides, I wanted more education, and the little I was earning in New York barely paid my living expenses. The few short terms I'd been to a district school hadn't got me very far.

I returned to Maine in the autumn of 1870, and arranged to attend a private school at Winthrop and to live with Nelson Knight, a farmer, who had married a cousin of mine. I hired out to him to do chores for my board during the hours between sun and sun, except the time I was in school. I stayed with him on through the autumn and all winter and spring and a part of the next summer, but in the later months I received wages, as there was no school.

A thing that I remember with special distinctness is the blessing he used to ask over the victuals at meal time every morning. In winter, when work wasn't pressing, the blessing was long-drawn-out and tedious, and he would say it with a maximum of expression. He realized that dwelling on utterance emphasized its importance. The blessing was: "O Lord, we thank Thee for Thy kind care and protection over us during another night and that Thou hast spared our lives until this

morning. Sanctify this food now to our use, and help us to have thankful hearts. We ask it all for Jesus' sake. Amen."

But when summer came, not much time was wasted on the blessing. It was short and snappy. Although the proper number of words were there, he would rattle them off like the shots out of a machine gun, in order that we might get to work with the least possible delay. Even the eating was done in haste. There was no loitering.

I never shall forget one incident of my stay in Winthrop. I was on the Main Street sidewalk in the centre of the village and saw a runaway horse coming. He was hitched to an express wagon that had a woman in it, and he was galloping down the street just as hard as he could go, with the reins under his heels. The woman was holding on to the seat, screaming. I remember how the wagon swayed from side to side. The people on the sidewalks ran out and "shooed" to the horse, and some held up their hands to make him stop, but he came right on.

I went into the middle of the roadway and stood perfectly still with my hands by my sides. When the horse got to where I was, he didn't know what to do, and he concluded to turn aside a little. As he turned I jumped straight at him, and wound my arms and legs round his neck. We went along—he and I together. But the horse soon got discouraged and stopped. Then all the people on the street cheered the exploit.

Towle Academy, where I went to school, was a brick building two stories high, and there was a public hall upstairs. I attended the school for the fall term, three months. There was only a single teacher, and I suppose she had fifty pupils. She was a sympathetic and remarkably competent young woman by the name of Luella Beale.

We had recitations, and one day when the teacher's brother was present as a visitor, I went up on the stage and spoke a piece, by Thomas Campbell, which begins:

> "Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
> When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
> Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
> Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power."

I thought that the main essential of declamation was to speak distinctly and forcibly; and I went through my piece like a steam engine and made motions like a harrow going over rough ground.

Miss Beale paid me the compliment of saying that I wasn't afraid to speak right up and do my best. Of course, such praise made me feel that I was quite an orator, and I was surprised when she added: "Your intentions are good, but you haven't the right idea. Just loudness doesn't make fine declaiming. Why, that isn't the way at all! For one thing, you ought to improve your gesturing. Gestures should be so made that they will have as much meaning as the words; and if what you recite has to do with a person, you should imagine yourself actually to be that person and live the part. My brother here has studied elocution, and he'll show us how to speak a piece."

Then she had him recite for us Trowbridge's "The Vagabonds," giving the proper tones and values and making appropriate gestures. He was excellent, and you bet your life I never forgot what he did. I was spellbound. No bit of acting that I ever have seen has stirred and impressed and pleased me as that did. It was a revelation. I missed never a word, nor a gesture, nor an inflection of the voice.

Before I slept that night I had the poem by heart, and was able to repeat it with what I considered a pretty good imitation of my teacher's brother. Later, I won a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary as a prize for the recitation of the poem at an academic competition.

Most persons have no idea how to recite on the stage—even professionals don't know. It isn't just the words that are significant. The way we speak them means something. A baby has so many different cries—no words—and yet the cries mean so much!

A sympathetic interpretation of what one recites is essential by means of tone and modulation. Women elocutionists seem to have the notion that high-voiced enunciation is desirable. One of them recited the "Star-Spangled Banner" the other day at an affair where I was present. She did it in a high-pitched

falsetto voice that was an abomination. It was the most wretched recitation I ever heard in my life. Why not have a natural instead of an artificial expression?

When I was eighteen, I began going to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kents Hill about fifteen miles west of Augusta, and I kept on for seven years, usually for a single twelve-week term a year. Sometimes I'd go the fall term and sometimes the winter term. One year I went two terms.

Oh, that I might have had the opportunities some boys had! Suppose that I could have had a technical education in science as we have science now! But in my youth we were on the frontiers of science and invention. All of Edison's inventing has been done since that time. If he'd had a Boston Tech. education he might have been a still greater Edison. Don't you forget that!

The Kents Hill school was an institution chiefly devoted to making Methodist ministers of young men, and teachers of young women. The buildings were on a hilltop where the houses of a small village were lined up on each side of a single street. One building contained the classrooms and offices. Another was the seminary boarding house, and in it were a lot of bedrooms and a big dining hall. Some of the teachers lived at the boarding house and others lived in private dwellings. I think there were about a hundred and fifty pupils, most of whom were from fifteen to twenty years of age. Few kept on there as long as I did. The students who lived at the boarding house were the high-toned ones who could afford to pay three dollars a week for food and lodging. The poorer students hired rooms in village houses and boarded themselves. The rooms were fixed up on purpose for them, and each contained a small stove that could be used in cooking food brought from home.

In order to pay my expenses at the seminary I did the hardest kind of manual labour, such as working on farms and in stone quarries; and I taught school, and I canvassed for books and periodicals. My folks had moved to Wayne, only seven miles from Kents Hill, and Mother did my washing and mending.

One season, after I had bought my books and paid for tuition and room rent out of my earnings, I had only a dollar a week left with which to buy food. I lived mostly, therefore, on baked beans and corn bread and milk. I was hungry all the time, and I dreamed of eating. I never had half enough. Professor Chase spoke to me one day about my not looking well. I had neuralgia in the head, and it bothered me a good deal. "You ought to eat plenty of eggs and beefsteak to enrich your blood," the professor advised.

"Well," I said, "that reminds me of the tramp who was told by a doctor to take one of the pills he gave him three times a day after meals."

"I don't see how I'm goin' to do that," the tramp said, "because I only get one meal about every three days."

Professor Chase was by far the best teacher at the institution. He taught mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar; and he was the first teacher I ever had who made arithmetic any otherwise than drudgery. It was a saying of his, "Learn the reasons, and you don't need to learn any rules." He had vision and imagination, and was of the inspirational type—a real live wire. In dealing with the pupils, he was bound to have his own way, and yet he had the happy faculty of managing so that it might appear to be our way after all. He was quick-witted, and a master of irony. One day I came thundering up the stairs to the classroom in my heavy boots—just rushed in kind of careless, full of energy—and he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Mr. Maxim, do you know that all of the greatest forces of nature are silent?"

Professor Chase was so much liked by the students that his classroom always was crowded, and as there was no provision for ventilation except the windows, and as in cold weather they were kept closed, the air in the room was suffocating and malodorous. I used to open a window for air. Some of the students objected to this, and once, when I opened the window, another young man immediately shut it. Thereupon I opened it again, and as I was turning away to go to my seat he shut it once more. Then I opened the window, took a position in front

of it, and told him that if he touched the window again I would knock him down.

This brought matters to a crisis, and Professor Chase ordered both of us to take our seats. He said he would compromise the matter by leaving the window half as much open as I had opened it. Then he launched a perfect tirade against the builders of schoolhouses who fail to ventilate them adequately. "Mr. Maxim is perfectly right in wanting a window open," he declared; and he added, "Some day, when you read of my falling dead from apoplexy, you will know that it was because I was compelled to breathe the foul air in this room."

Another seminary professor that I recollect was the teacher of Latin. He may have been good enough, but of course Latin is Latin, and it's dead. I never learned enough to be proficient. The best lesson I got from him was that a person's ability to advance in the study of a language, or in the study of anything else, depends on the facility with which he can ask himself questions. He said: "To illustrate this, here is a paragraph of Latin. Let me ask you some questions, and you will be able to translate it without my giving you any information whatever."

He asked the questions, and forthwith we did the translating. That taught me more than I ever learned from him in Latin.

I studied French with a woman teacher. She meant well and might have got along all right if she'd known anything about French. She had made a failure in some other department, and the authorities gave her the position of French teacher, not because of her fitness for it, but because they kind of pitied her and hated to turn her out of the seminary.

One time she looked out of a classroom window and saw a French Canadian across the road in front of a professor's house chopping wood, and she invited us to go over and hear her talk to him in his native tongue. So we went, and she sprung some of her French on him. But he looked up at her and said, "Me no understan' English." Naturally she was crestfallen.

That reminds me of my brother Hiram's first visit to France. His knowledge of French then was exceedingly meagre, but

his desire to appear proficient in French was by no means meagre; and when he was talking with a Frenchman, he would look very wise and utter many a "*Oui, monsieur.*"

So it happened that one day, while having his hair cut in a French barber-shop, he became an easy victim of what is called the selling game, practised by French barbers mainly on Americans. The barber, during the process of trimming Hiram's hair, proceeded to trim him in other respects. He showed him different cosmetics and soaps and razors and brushes and other articles for his toilet, but Hiram couldn't understand what he said and hadn't the least idea of what the fellow was driving at. In order to keep up appearances he occasionally said, "*Oui, monsieur, s'il vous plaît; oui, oui; je comprends,*" etc.

That evening, when Hiram went to his room at the hotel, he found about three hundred dollars' worth of soaps, cosmetics, and barbarous contraptions that had been sent in by the tonsorial artist. He refused to pay, but the matter was taken to a French court and the decision was quickly rendered that he had agreed to buy the things. The barber had plenty of witnesses who all agreed that when Hiram was shown the different articles, he said, "*Oui, oui, s'il vous plaît.*" He came near buying out the entire barber shop.

Let me tell you what a fool thing our professor of natural sciences once did. He boarded at the seminary boarding house, and one day the man who ran the boarding house complained to him that the students had skewered hunks of meat with their forks to the gearing under the table. They had done this during the midday meal that they might have meat for supper. It occurred to the professor that it would be a fine thing to play a practical joke on the boys and break them of the habit. So he crawled under the table and put a little croton oil on each piece of meat. But croton oil is a violent poison and never is given except in minute quantities. Two or three of the boys nearly died from the effects of it, and the professor had all he could do to save his job. Why he didn't go and hide himself like a grub in the ground, I don't know.

As a teacher he was a veritable bonehead, and he had a terrible habit of telling stories. He was slow with his words, and he'd consume three quarters of an hour in telling some silly little story. How I used to count those precious minutes while the professor droned along! I finally succeeded in getting some knowledge in chemistry with a little of his help between stories. The other sciences, such as physics and philosophy, I never had to study much anyway. I got all that the textbooks had to impart by simply reading them. But chemistry I had to dig at.

Every week-end I went home to bake my supply of brown bread and beans for the coming week. One Monday morning my mother woke me at half-past three with the disturbing news that a great blizzard was raging, and that two or three feet of snow had already fallen. But I was young and strong, and I felt that I couldn't afford to lose a single day of school.

I worked my way through the driving, drifting snow until I reached my lodging place at the seminary. It took me fifteen hours to make seven miles, and at my journey's end I was so exhausted I could hardly stand; but I had arrived with my precious burden of books and my week's supply of food.

Some of our neighbours in Wayne were human curiosities. One of them was Oliver Lawrence, who lived in a little old shack on a back road near us. He had a mare of very fine breed—a wonderful blooded mare that had got injured; so he'd bought her for almost nothing. After a while this mare had a colt, and when the colt was three years old he entered it in a race at the county fair hitched to an old thorough-brace wagon. Nobody thought he had a chance of winning, but he drove right by all the other fellows in their sulkies. The wagon rattled and swayed from side to side, and the other men's horses reared and pranced as they saw that ancient vehicle go by. Oliver distanced every one of them, and when the race was over, a man came along and offered him a thousand dollars for the colt.

"No," Oliver said, "I got just as good a right to have a fast horse as anybody."

Well, he had what fun he could driving the colt around.

We'd see him passing our house, and how he would go! He didn't have the least mercy on the colt. Up hill and down hill he'd dash, and over the country everywhere. Then he'd stop at a store and leave the colt all of a sweat, without any blanket. In a short time the colt was spavined and wind-broken and almost worthless.

I also recall with interest Josh Moulton, a good-natured, jolly old cuss who ran a grocery store. The Methodist minister used to come into the store and sit with others round the stove. When he got warm he'd take off his overcoat and hang it up on the wall, and when he got warmer still, he'd take off his other coat and hang up that. Once he was in the store on a Wednesday, just before the evening prayer meeting, and after he'd got off both his coats, Josh slyly slipped a pack of loose playing cards into the parson's handkerchief that was in his inner coat. He knew that the minister always took out his handkerchief and wiped his face in the midst of his exhortations at church, and he thought something interesting was likely to happen. It did. The minister was addressing his flock with much vigour and earnestness when he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards went flying all around. He and his congregation were greatly surprised and shocked.

The next morning he wended his way to Josh Moulton's store full of righteous wrath. But before he could speak Josh said, "I want to make you a little present," and handed him a half bushel of sugar. The minister understood, and he didn't say anything about the cards.

Another neighbour was a sort of improvised parson by the name of Thad Sylvester, whom we used to call "Holy Wind." He claimed that he'd got sanctified, and that therefore he couldn't sin any more. Conduct didn't count with him. It was interesting to hear him tell how much better he felt to have the possibility of sinning lifted from his soul. When he was out one winter day driving round on a proselyting pilgrimage he saw a nice shoat in a farmer's pen, and he caught it, put it in his pung, and started off, intending to carry it home to eat. The owner heard the pig squeal, and he hitched a horse to a sleigh

and hastened in pursuit, armed with a shotgun. Presently he came up with Thad and took him to task for stealing his shoat; but the holy pig-snatcher said: "Why, I can't sin. So what are you talkin' about? You've been goin' to my meetin's and heard me preach on sanctification and the impossibility of my sinning, and yet here you come accusing me of stealing!"

"But you've got my shoat and ain't paid me nothin' for it," the farmer said.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," Thad told him.

"Well, it seems kind of funny to me," the farmer said. However, he wasn't going to buck the Almighty, and he turned back home and let Thad go on with his pig.

Now, then, I'll tell you about some of the jobs I did to earn money for my schooling. The summer that I was eighteen years old I worked two or three months grading for a branch of the Boston & Maine railroad that was being extended up into Piscataquis County. I helped with the blasting, and I picked and shovelled. Then I graduated from that to drilling. Sometimes I held the drill, and sometimes I swung the sledge. It was quite a trick to do either. We used to get a hand skinned occasionally. The way we used to strike was to rotate the sledge in the air. After it hit the drill it glanced off, and a part of the force of the blow was maintained to carry the sledge back to its height again, so you didn't have to lift so much. That was a very efficient way when you'd learned it, but it took some learning.

I boarded near where I worked on the railroad. My folks were living at North Guilford, seven and a half miles away. I remember running home one night, after a hard day's work, without a stop the whole distance. I was racing with some young fellows who were driving over the same road with a horse and buggy, and I kept ahead of the buggy from start to finish. Going afoot was my usual way of travelling, even on an all-day journey. A cent was as big as a millstone to me in those days. I couldn't afford to go any other way.

Once I footed it to Andover to see my sister Eliza, a distance of fifty-two miles, over roads good, bad, and indifferent. I set out early in the morning and arrived well into the evening. My feet got chafed, and I took two days to walk back home, and a part of the time went barefoot and carried my shoes in order to relieve my feet.

When I was living at home and working anywhere within three or four miles, I ran home in the evening because I was anxious to have all the daylight I could to play with the boys. Besides, I liked to run. "The strong man rejoiceth to run a race," the Bible says. It's a good thing to exercise all the faculties, and no doubt I was benefited by the running I did. Sam and Eliza and I often ran foot races, and Eliza would hold her own with us. We three could outrun everybody else.

There's quite a knack about long-distance running. It amuses me to see the lost motion of many persons when they run. They let their heels fly up and waste energy by doing a good deal more knee work than is necessary. The proper thing in long-distance running is to sway a little bit from side to side, swinging the legs mainly from the hips, and lifting the feet merely high enough to clear the ground. That is what is called Indian fashion. You wouldn't use that method in running a short race—like a hundred-yard dash, for instance.

After I had attended Kents Hill a few terms I began to teach a district school for a term each year, and I got a job at manual labour in the summer.

For two or three summers I worked in a stone quarry at Hallowell, which adjoins Augusta to the south. The quarry opened up a wide, deep canyon on a hilltop, and there were pools of water in the lowest hollows. Sometimes I pumped that water out with a hand pump all day long, and sometimes I helped with a derrick. I was a common labourer, and they called on me for anything they wanted done. But after a while I learned to drill, and as I was good at the work, I was kept at it. One of the toughest tasks of my life was to stand on a plank hung against the face of a granite cliff in the hot summer sun, drilling a line of holes below my feet.

Sam worked there, too, and once when we got ready to go down from our home at North Guilford and start our summer's job, it set in to rain and kept on raining for three weeks. We had a weathervane on the barn, and all those three weeks the vane pointed southeast. Wind from that direction meant rain, and Sam said, "It'll never clear up until the wind changes."

Finally we began to suspect there was something wrong with our weathervane, so Sam climbed up on the barn to investigate. He found that the vane was stuck, and he knocked the damned thing off with a stone. Then the weather cleared, and we went to Hallowell.

Again and again I tried to earn money by canvassing. My first experience at it was in carrying sample pictures and frames around my home neighbourhood and taking orders. Somewhat later, a New York publisher sent me a circular telling about the enormous amount of money that could be made in canvassing for Bingley's "Natural History." The circular expatiated at great length on how much people loved nature, and how everybody would be fascinated when I talked to them about the wild creatures and showed them the pictures of the birds in the woods.

I bought one of the books, a large cumbersome work, learned my lesson, and started out canvassing. After trying to show the public how desirable the book was, and failing to rouse the least interest in it, I made up my mind that there was more fakery than truth about how people love animate nature. I never sold a copy.

My next adventure in this line was the taking of an agency to canvass for "The Polar and Tropical Worlds," published in Springfield, Massachusetts. It was a wonderful book, but the publishers didn't let me start out canvassing until I had been schooled for the job. They required that I should spend a month at Lewiston studying how to sell the book. So I went there to school under a couple of expert book canvassers in the pay of the publishers. They certainly knew every little kink and wrinkle and twist and trick of the trade. We pupils were

told that when we went to a town the first person for us to sell a book to was the minister—sell it to him at some price, but if we found that utterly impossible, to give him a book in order to have his name head the list. Then we must try to get the other leading men in town, men whom the common people looked up to, and in whom they had confidence. It was important that we should have a letter of introduction from a minister or some other person of influence, which would open the doors of the houses for us, and command attention. The letter was expected to be a commendation of the book, or at least one which stated that the canvasser had an interesting work he wanted to show.

When I'd been educated to the satisfaction of the agents I began canvassing, and I succeeded in disposing of quite a number of copies of "The Polar and Tropical Worlds," but I found selling subscription books to be an uphill job. I suppose one reason why it is so difficult to sell books to the common people is that they never read books. When you go into the average countryman's home in New England, you will find in the parlour a copy of the Bible, often a medical almanac, very seldom any kind of a dictionary, and there are likely to be some cheap novels. But not one family in a thousand owns any of Herbert Spencer's or Charles Darwin's books. If there are young folks in the house they generally will have some selections from the poets and a few old schoolbooks. No, the New England country doesn't furnish a very fertile field for a book agent to cultivate.

I once canvassed for a monthly story paper, *The Fireside Visitor*, price a dollar a year; and a beautiful chromo, "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," was thrown in as a premium. I had no money with which to pay bills, and I would trade a year's subscription to get kept overnight. One time I stayed on these terms at a farmhouse, where the family consisted of an old man and his wife and their daughter.

After supper, a young man called who formerly had been the girl's sweetheart; but he had gone to Massachusetts and started a livery stable, prospered, and married another girl. He was

rather *persona non grata* at that house. Soon the visitor was bragging to beat chain lightning about his success; he told some pretty big stories about himself to entertain the family. The old farmer and I had been talking about phrenology before the fellow called, and in a little while the old man turned to me, and said: "Young feller, you know something about phrenology. Examine this man's head and tell us all about him."

Well, I did, and I gave that young man some character, believe me! I laid particular emphasis on his tremendous conceit. That tickled the old man almost to death.

One of the things that the visitor had been bragging about was his prowess as a wrestler, and the old farmer asked me if I could wrestle. I replied that I could throw anything on two legs.

"Clear this room," the old man commanded. "We'll have a wrestling bout right here."

Well, I took that chap and flipped him as quick as a wink. We clinched again, and I threw him under the sofa. He was a pretty close fit as he went in under it, and when he came out, the sofa kind of hung to him. That brought his visit to an end. He excused himself and went away.

The next morning I told the old gentleman that I had got his address written down and that he would receive the story paper and the chromo in due course.

He said: "No, sir. Your bill is all paid."

"How is that?" I asked.

He said: "I owe you something for telling that feller's character and wrestling with him. Why, it was worth fifty dollars to see you throw him under the sofa last night."

As I look back on those years when I was working for an education, it seems to me a period of stress and difficulty. Poverty is a great stimulus. Nevertheless, if I had had less poverty I should have had more opportunity, and I would have improved the opportunity. The privations and hardships of my early life were responsible for a tremendous waste of time and energy. I was twenty-five years old when I left the seminary at Kents Hill, and even then, my attendance had been so in-

termittent I hadn't gone long enough to graduate. Given the opportunities of the usual schoolboy, I could have made the same amount of progress many years sooner. When I left school I had only fairly started toward getting an education. I have been a close student ever since.

IX

FOREWORD

WE VISITED various places along the Piscataquis associated with Mr. Maxim's youth. Most of the villages had not altered much in size, although few unremodelled buildings had survived with the characteristics of more than half a century ago. But the old streams and hills and rocks were there, and woodland still was abundant. The lonely farm which the Maxim family called Duttonville continued to be a lonely farm. Only a brushy cellar-hole marked the site of the house, but the barn was standing, and had a familiar look to Mr. Maxim, especially inside. The large field around it had not yet ceased to yield hay, and there was a crumbling stone wall between this field and the pasture, which was grown up to woods. Mr. Maxim followed the pasture trout brook with delight and pointed out features that impressed him in boyhood.

At North Guilford was the old sawmill, but we could not find enough of the shingle mill to determine its location. Some of Mr. Maxim's old friends or their descendants were discovered and one of these, whom he met at the door of his home, was Erastus Monroe of Dover.

"Well, God a'mighty!" Erastus cried when he recognized Mr. Maxim. "Come in, come in! I've got a mint of things to tell you, and I won't tell you a lie in the hull of it."

He gave Mr. Maxim a wooden bowl that Mr. Maxim's father had turned, and he insisted on taking all of our party to the village hotel to have dinner at his expense.

Another associate of that period whom we went to see was "Cousin Caroline," aged eighty-three, now living at Dexter. "Well, my soul and body, Hudson!" she exclaimed, embracing him when they met.

Then she drew off and looked at him a moment. Evidently he looked good to her, for she hugged him again. "This is such a surprise, such a glorious surprise, I can hardly contain myself!" she declared.

"You're looking well, my dear girl," Mr. Maxim said.

And Cousin Caroline went on: "I got your telegram telling me you'd be here to-day, and say! I've been out on that porch there all the afternoon watching."

"Why, bless your heart!" Mr. Maxim ejaculated.

He carried in his pocketbook a photograph of Mrs. Maxim, which, on occasion, he would take out and show. Now he handed it to Cousin Caroline, saying: "That's Lillie about the time we were married. Wasn't she the sweetest thing God ever made?"

Cousin Caroline studied the picture through her glasses, and said: "Well, I think she was!"

Our hostess had us stay to supper, and as we gathered at the table she remarked: "I know Hudson is always right on tap for beans. So that's what I've got."

They were delicious, and when he took a second helping he said: "I'm some bean cook myself, but I'm afraid for my laurels, by jiminy!"

He tasted his tea, pushed it aside, and said: "Four times as strong, please."

Among Cousin Caroline's reminiscences were these addressed to Mr. Maxim:

"Your mother was a good housekeeper, and no matter how poor her house was, one could relish a good meal in it, even if the food was nothing but johnnycake and molasses. Oh, dear! I couldn't make a johnnycake to taste like hers. The eight children were all terrors and tearers. If there was a mild one in the lot, I never knew it."

IX

I BECOME A SCHOOLMASTER

ONE important success in my early career depended entirely on my strength and physical expertness. I was attending Kents Hill Seminary, and was twenty years old. One day a school agent from East Livermore came to the seminary to get a teacher for the winter term of school in his district. It had been two years since they had had a term of school, because the boys acted so badly that no teacher could stay there The last teacher had been thrown out through the window, taking the sash with him. As Mark Twain said: "He didn't need the sash, but it was handier to take it than to leave it; so he took it."

This man from East Livermore laid the case before our president, Doctor Torsey; and the doctor brought him to "Prayers." Prayers was a round-up of the students which took place every afternoon, and at which public talks were made to them, business was transacted, and all kinds of announcements were made. Doctor Torsey introduced this school agent to the students and explained his mission. Then the agent said he wanted to make a few remarks himself, and he spoke thus: "I don't want any teacher unless I can get one who can lick John Tolman. That is the most necessary thing to be done. I know what I'm talking about, and I don't care much what your learning is, if only you've got the ability to lick John Tolman. He's as hard as nails, and you can kick him all day with a copper-toed boot without hurting him. So you can very well imagine what kind of a job you're up against; and, as sure as you're born, you've got to have it out with him. Now, if there's any young man here who thinks he's able to lick John Tolman, I want to see him."

At first there was no response. Then a friend of mine got up

and said: "I know a student who can lick John Tolman. He isn't here to-day, but he wants to teach. He'll take your school, and he'll keep order and teach it well."

"Who is he?" Doctor Torsey asked.

"Maxim," my friend replied.

"Yes," the doctor said, turning to the agent, "he is your man. Maxim can lick John Tolman." And there was a ripple of laughter through the school.

The agent was not satisfied to take anybody's say-so.

"I assure you," Doctor Torsey said, "that Maxim is a good deal of a bruiser. He can throw anybody in our seminary at wrestling, and I will guarantee that he can lick John Tolman."

Finally the agent went home, with the understanding that my friend would get word to me and have me be at East Livermore early the next morning to see him and the school committee. I was there at the appointed time and the first thing the agent said to me was: "So you think you can lick John Tolman?"

I said: "I *know* I can lick John Tolman. Here, feel of my arm; and feel of my leg."

Then I placed my hand on the shoulder of the school agent and said: "Now take both your hands and try to bend my arm."

He tried, but he couldn't bend it, and he exclaimed: "By George! I guess you are the stuff!"

I got the school. No questions were asked about my educational qualifications. I was told to begin the next Monday, and I was on hand.

After calling the school to order, I made a speech and related all that had occurred during the agent's visit at the seminary and at my conference with him and the school committee. The pupils laughed and looked at a solidly built, good-natured-appearing fellow, whom I knew must be John Tolman.

"I'm here to teach your school," I said. "I'm here to serve you; and the best way to do that is to instruct you." I explained the advantages of education, and wound up my remarks by saying: "Education is a tool with which one must carve his way to success. This school isn't mine. It's yours;

and I must have your assistance and coöperation in order to serve you in the best way. But, although I wish to teach you book-learning, I'm a good deal of a rough-and-tumbler, and I like physical exercise. If it's necessary to lick John Tolman, nothing would please me better. I just delight in a knock-down-and-drag-out-affair, and I intend to teach the school, even if it's necessary to thrash every one of you."

Then I proceeded to rush the routine business, and got along until recess time as if the school had been running a month. "It's the usual custom," I said, "to give the boys and girls a recess separately. Perhaps that suits you, but I liked to play with the girls when I was going to school, and I prefer to give you a recess together. We'll take a vote, and if there is one girl who votes against what I propose, the old custom will continue." The vote was unanimous for a general recess, and some of the boys put up both hands and both feet in voting. I accused those fellows of being "repeaters."

I went out to play with the rest. A popular boys' sport in Maine at that period was what they called a "ring wrestle." Some of the large boys—perhaps as many as a dozen—would form a ring by each taking hold of the shoulders of the fellows to the right and left of them. Then they'd try to throw the fellows they had their hands on, until only two were left standing. After that, these two wrestled it out collar-and-elbow to settle the question of the championship.

No sooner had we got outdoors than John Tolman gathered some of the biggest boys together and formed a wrestling ring. I asked them if they would let me in, too. They agreed to do this, but all stepped out except John Tolman. So he and I wrestled, and I threw him before he could wink twice. When he got up, he said: "Well, teacher, I acknowledge that I'm beaten. By thunder! I wish you'd teach me to wrestle like that."

"I'll do the best I can for you," I said.

After that he and I used to wrestle almost every day at recess. Presently I got a set of boxing gloves and brought them to the school. We did a lot of buffeting with them, and some of

the people in the neighbourhood objected to my teaching the boys boxing; but as I was the first teacher they'd had for two years who was able to lick John Tolman they couldn't make much headway against my reputation. As for him, he was the soul of good-nature and one of the most obedient and best fellows that I ever had in a school.

He had a sister Carrie, who was so attractive that I was much in love with her. She was one of my pupils, and we would run and play together at recess. I came one day with a silk hat, and she got it away from me. We had a tussle over it, in which the hat was sadly damaged. I had the rim and she had the crown, running with it, when the school committee man appeared.

He laughed and said to me: "I guess you're having a pretty good time here"; and I acknowledged that we were.

After I had gone in and called the school to order, the committee man heard the classes recite. "You've done fine," he told me. "I never saw anything like the way you've got these children to learn—all except one set of 'em. You ain't succeeded in teachin' those Corbin children anything, have you?"

I said: "No, sir."

"Don't waste any time on 'em," he advised.

There were three—a girl and two boys. They couldn't learn anything at all. Their skulls were an inch thick. The trouble was principally choice of parents.

Carrie Tolman was a very capable girl. She mowed with her father's mowing machine and drove a pair of horses that were so fractious the hired man didn't dare to touch them.

I wrote a short essay on "The Beautiful," which was published in the Kennebec *Journal*, a paper that was taken by nearly everybody in the neighbourhood where I was teaching. They were astounded one morning when they read their paper to find an essay with Carrie Tolman's name mentioned. I was awfully proud of that essay. I wrote it just on purpose to bring in the name of Carrie Tolman at the climax. But when I finished teaching in East Livermore and went elsewhere, our romance came to an end.

I taught afterward in Hallowell and Wayne, and in two other places, the names of which I can't recall. Teachers got a salary of twenty-five or thirty dollars a month and their board. The family that could do the boarding cheapest usually got the teacher. Once the committee man who hired me took me to board. The first night at his house was cold as the devil, and there was a hot fire burning in the sitting-room stove where the family gathered after supper. One of the boys spat on the top of the stove. I told him he mustn't do such a thing. But he and the rest of the children in that family were unruly, and pretty soon he did it again, and what a stink there was! I reached out and gave him a clout on the side of his head with the palm of my hand. He didn't spit on the stove any more.

The next morning I was awakened about four o'clock by a great commotion and hollering in the room next to mine. I got up and looked in. The children were tearing around throwing pillows at each other. "This won't do," I said to myself. "I've got to teach school and I must have my sleep."

So in I went and told them to go to bed and keep quiet. They laughed at me, and then I lit into them and dealt out the blows in all directions—slap, smash, bang! Those kids kept quiet in their room after that.

A teacher is supposed to know everything under the sun, and the pupils' parents used to come to me for all sorts of information. I even was expected to supply first aid to the injured. One day there was a loud knock at the schoolhouse door, and when I went to learn the reason for so vigorous a summons I found a housewife from a near-by home. She told me with much agitation and alarm that her little boy Gussie had just swallowed a bullet, and what should she do for him?

"Why," I said, "give him a charge of gunpowder, then let him swallow a match—and there you are; but be careful not to point him toward anybody."

I loved to teach, and I think I was a good teacher. I took pride in making my pupils learn in spite of themselves; and I don't believe it is bragging a bit to say that their progress was more rapid under me than under any of their other teachers.

X

FOREWORD

THE evening was sultry, and we dined on the piazza. For dessert we had an Indian meal and bread pudding. "We shall have to serve this dessert for several days," Mrs. Maxim said to me. "It is some of Mr. Maxim's cooking, and he always cooks as if for an army. He cooked two great pans of it. It's very nice, isn't it? But perhaps you won't think it's so nice after you've had it right along for a week."

When Mr. Maxim finished eating, he lay down in the hammock and told me of his experiences with a companion of his youth whom he always spoke of affectionately as "my old partner, Knowles."

By and by he thought of some message he needed to send on the telephone. He got up rather stiffly, and as he walked toward the hall door said: "Miss Goldbug, punch my back!"

She ran and patted his back gently. He chuckled at the ineffectiveness of her efforts, and Mrs. Maxim turned to me and said: "He often wants a good vigorous punch in the back after he's been lying down. It takes the kinks out."

His back was not the only part of his anatomy to need that or similar attention. I remember hearing him call out one time: "Lil, where are you? Will you scratch my shoulder?"

The fact that he has lost a hand leaves one of his shoulders inaccessible to his remaining hand.

When Mr. Maxim came back from telephoning, the table had been cleared, and all those who had gathered about it had gone except me. He drew his chair near mine, and spoke of a scientific essay he had once written, and he made this application of a certain portion of it.

"If the entire mechanism of the universe could be set back

a thousand years, and all the atoms in existence be placed in exactly the same position relative to one another that they then occupied, possessing the same acquired momentum they then possessed, all the heavenly bodies would again pass through exactly the same change of position relative to one another, every earthly event, too, would reoccur in its exact order, and the history of our lives would be exactly the same, and we all should be thinking the same thoughts again and acting on the same impulses without changing the nature of a single atom or swerving one from its destined course. Yes, and you and I would be sitting talking here on my piazza just as we are now."

He wanted me to agree that the logic of this is inescapable. Perhaps it is, but I was a little cautious about committing myself. So he dropped that subject and said: "Would you like to take a ride?"

That suited me, and we went for a long, wandering trip through the night. Apparently he had no particular purpose, unless it was for a change. Sitting in one position or doing one thing continuously for any length of time seemed to make him as restive as a caged lion. His abounding energy sought some new outlet.

We made one call at a great hotel on the east side of the lake, and as we went up the long flight of steps to the entrance, we ran the gauntlet of a lot of people saying in hushed and impressed tones, "That's Hudson Maxim!"

He is rather freely recognized in this way when in New York. His personal appearance, with his strong features and white beard and massive figure, is strikingly individual, and even persons who do not recognize him wonder who he is.

X

THE VENTURES OF TWO ADVENTURERS

WHEN I was a student at Kents Hill Seminary I had a classmate by the name of Alden Knowles. He was about my age and equally poor, and he was sympathetic, friendly, and self-sacrificing. I found that he was exactly the kind of person I needed for a close associate because he would pick flaws in my ways and serve as a corrector of conduct. Knowles gave me a better sense of how a man should act with respect to his fellowmen than any one else. He was attracted by my powers of reasoning and we both felt a sense of intellectual companionship. After we finished going to school we broke out into the world together, and that was a strong tie and a lasting one.

Knowles was lame as the result of an accident. He had been very strong in his early youth and fond of wrestling. When he was thirteen years old, he and a lot of other boys were celebrating the Fourth of July, and he had a wrestling bout with one of them. In his right-hand trousers pocket were half a pound of gunpowder and some loose matches. The two wrestlers went down together, the matches were set on fire, and Knowles blew up. His leg from the hip to the knee not only was badly burned, but much of the flesh was blown away to the bone, and the remaining flesh was so filled with grains of gunpowder as to make healing very difficult.

In those days little was known about skin grafting, and antiseptics hadn't been discovered. The result was that Knowles was confined to his bed for about six years. His injured leg refused to heal, and it continually festered until an old female doctor, or witch woman, came round, and told his folks that what he needed was to have the skin of a newly

killed black cat bound on to his leg while yet warm. So they got a black cat, and killed it, and stripped off the skin as fast as they could before the cat was hardly done kicking, and they bound the skin round Knowles's leg. He said it burned like fire, and that he suffered the torments of hell while it was on his leg; but they kept it on until it got sort of dry.

The old witch woman said it had to come off quick, and she yanked it off, and the blood ran from the whole surface of the wound. On examination, it was found that a lot of the pustules containing grains of powder had been pulled out. In other words, the catskin took along with it a considerable amount of foreign matter. The leg got much better, but it never entirely healed, and Knowles, to the end of his days, had to use a salve made of unsalted butter and onions boiled down together. He was always lame, and that leg was four inches shorter than the other. It pained him some, but a constant pain becomes more or less inhibited. A person may have a member of his body aching all the time without noticing it.

That bedridden period made Knowles a philosopher. He was isolated from everything in the world, and he thought out the problems of mankind to his own satisfaction. Also, there was aroused in his mind a great spirit of inquiry.

One thing he used to tell me was: "There are two kinds of consideration people seek to achieve from others—admiration and love. You like to be admired. People admire you, and they love me. You are better-looking than I—I am homely as a hedge fence—but everybody loves me. Now, the way you want to conduct yourself is to let admiration go hang and get people to love you. Whenever people admire they envy, and envy makes enemies."

He used to avoid being admired, and often kept his finest qualities hidden under a bushel for fear somebody might find them out and be envious and love him less. I was one of those who fell in love with him. He had me hooked by the gills all right. He'd make folks attach themselves to him so they were just like the dog of a neighbour of ours that will sit in his master's automobile all day watching it for him.

Knowles and I talked and argued, but never quarrelled. Each valued the other's friendship too much to risk giving serious offence. Then there's another thing—we handled each other's character and disposition without gloves, for we were glad to get each other's viewpoint with absolute honesty. But he used to set me on edge occasionally by criticizing me when I thought I'd been doing something just about right.

He rented a room in a village house at Kents Hill just as I did. One evening he went off and raided a cornfield and brought back some green ears intending to cook them for supper. Among them was the most enormous ear I've ever seen. While he was at recitation I confiscated his sweet corn, took it to my room, and cooked it. Then I went and found Knowles. He hadn't been back to his room, and I said to him: "I want you to come and have supper with me."

He demurred at first, saying that he had some sweet corn; but I said that I had some sweet corn, too. So he came. When we got to my room I put the corn on the table. "Hm-m-m!" Knowles said, eyeing the big ear, "I think I've seen that corn before."

He became much smitten with a girl student, and he wanted to make just as favourable an impression on her as possible. Unfortunately, his moustache had a kind of a washed-out, unattractive appearance, and that worried him. So he got some hair dye to colour it and make him look more like a real feller. Well, he worked on it, and he fussed and fooled with it, applying the dye with a toothbrush, until he was discouraged. He hadn't changed the colour of it a particle. Much of the dye went on his face in disregard of the directions, but as it was colourless he thought that didn't matter. At last he started off to meet the girl at some place they'd agreed on. It was a nice bright day, but he felt rather glum. He didn't appreciate the pleasant weather. When he got to the girl she held up her hands in horror and exclaimed: "Why, what have you been doing to your face? You're a perfect fright—half white and half black!"

The hair dye had nitrate of silver in it, and only needed sun-

light to turn it black. Knowles stammered and slunk away to his room.

We both taught school. He was very good in arithmetic, and he knew a few stunts in grammar, but fell down in his spelling. He just couldn't spell, but, whatever his lacks were, he more than made up for them in general information and tact.

When Knowles presented himself to be examined by the school committee for his first school, he managed to get them to start questioning him on arithmetic and algebra. Then he shut off further investigation of his qualifications by asking them all manner of questions; and they became so disconcerted that they hastened to give him a certificate to enable them to get out from under.

While I still was going to Kents Hill Seminary whenever I could afford to, I tried various experiments in earning money. In those days I was ready to try any money-making scheme which came into my mind, and one of the things I tried was lecturing. The subject I chose was a combination of physiology, anatomy, and phrenology.

Father had books on phrenology, and we discussed the subject and talked about it a great deal. I read the books and learned all that they had to tell, and thought of a lot more things that weren't in the books. Phrenology has a scientific basis. Palmistry hasn't. You might as well examine the soles on people's shoes as their palms. You can't tell anything about their character or about their future by the lines on the palms of their hands. But a hand that is strong and stubby indicates certain physical traits. You wouldn't find great combativeness or a tendency to pick a quarrel in a person with a narrow hand and slim fingers, because such a person has no fists to work with.

My interest in phrenology was greatly stimulated by hearing a Professor Bateman lecture at Winthrop while I was attending school there. He lectured for six consecutive evenings in a public hall, and I was present every evening. On the wall were portraits of noted men. These were hung all round the room —oil paintings of Washington, Newton, Darwin, and others—

and they made a deep impression on me. The professor captured my admiration at once, and I lost no time in expressing my sentiments about him in verse. Anybody present at his lectures was privileged to go up on the stage and get his head examined for nothing, and one evening he examined mine. He gave me a pretty good send-off. He'd seen what I'd written about him, and he said I could write verses as fast as a man could walk, and that I had a better head and a better body to go with it than most persons have. Oh, he said a lot of nice things about me!

Several years passed before I was ready to try my luck at lecturing. Meanwhile, I had got a lot of medical books and begun studying them, with the intention of making medicine my profession. Some of the books had coloured anatomical plates in them. These plates I copied—painted them in oil on canvas to use in illustrating my lecture.

I'd never studied drawing except as I taught myself. My brother Hiram had inspired the other children in the family with a sort of expectancy that we all were natural-born artists because he was; and we constantly were making crude pictures. I don't remember a time when I wasn't doing that.

Knowles had found directions in an old recipe book for making a good black ink, and when I was ready to start out lecturing he was ready to start out selling ink. We went with a horse and wagon, taking with us my lecturing equipment and some of the ink which Knowles had made. There was a ten-gallon keg of ink and about six dozen half-pint bottles filled with it.

I hired a hall at the good-sized village of Livermore Falls, and put up a lot of posters announcing my lecture for the following evening. While I was advertising my lecture, Knowles was selling ink. Admission to the lecture was only ten cents, but I didn't draw a crowd. I started in with a short speech on phrenology. That seemed to interest my auditors, and so did my examination of the heads of a couple of persons who volunteered to come up on the stage. But when I launched out oratorically on evolution, they simply looked rather wonderstruck as they listened.

I've made only one lecture tour, and it began and ended at Livermore Falls. Knowles cleared ten dollars that day selling ink. After I had paid my hall rent and other expenses, I had a ten-cent silver piece left, and I hung my lecturing ambition up on the hooks and stopped right there.

At that time Maine was a great place for the sale of patent medicines of all kinds and descriptions. Perhaps the most popular of these was Hollander's Stomach Bitters, which consisted of cheap whiskey and water, and just enough aloes to give it a bitter taste. Maine was a prohibition state, but the most scrupulous prohibitionist would take a big whack of Hollander's Bitters and feel glorious, without thinking that he had in the least violated his dry principles.

Lobelia was a sovereign remedy in our family, and it occurred to me that a liniment with that as the principal ingredient would be a winner. So I took some lobelia which we had gathered in the fields and dried, rubbed it up, and put a quantity of it into a five-gallon jug. Then I filled the jug with kerosene oil in which I had dissolved several pounds of camphor, and set it in a warm place. At the end of a week the kerosene had steeped out of the lobelia its principal medicinal properties, giving the kerosene a greenish look, and I drained off the liquid and bottled it. All patent medicines seemed to be recommended to cure everything under the sun, and I had a label printed for my liniment which read:

MAXIM'S LIGHTNING CURE
GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU
For External Use Only

Well, I started out and sold what I had made; and after several weeks I concluded to go round over the same route to see what effect my remedy was having on the inhabitants. I must admit that it was with some trepidation that I decided to do this, but I felt that I wanted to know. I was astonished at the almost universal satisfaction that the liniment gave. Some of the purchasers disregarded the injunction that it was

for external use only. They told me they had been taking it internally with excellent results.

Knowles and I formed a partnership while still keeping up an irregular attendance at Kents Hill Seminary, and we tried peddling my liniment and some other remedies. But we found that it is a pretty arduous undertaking to sell medicines until their reputation has been established. We could sell ink much more readily.

I didn't like peddling, but you must remember that I had no money. I was away off there in the woods trying to beat my way out. I took to peddling because I could make as much in a day at that as I could in a month at anything else.

The first ink we made would spoil by freezing, and we found that after long exposure in an inkstand it was apt to go bad. So I invented a better ink. It was black, it wouldn't be injured by freezing, it would keep any length of time without change, and it wouldn't corrode steel pens.

Before Knowles began going to school at Kents Hill, he had taken a course in penmanship and pen drawing at a business college, and he was an expert ornamental penman. He and I made up a sort of poster about 24 x 30 inches in size, which we called the "Art Key to Penmanship." It showed large-sized capitals and small letters with their elemental parts separated by just a little space so that you could see each letter complete, and at the same time the so-called principles from which it was formed. The "Art Key" also contained brief and simple instructions for writing, flourishing, and pen-drawing. I went to New York and had some copies lithographed, and we sold them for fifty cents apiece.

One day I noticed that Knowles was using the letter W as a middle initial. I asked him what the W stood for, and he said: "Well, it can stand for anything you like. I'm interested in penmanship, and I've adopted a W for a middle initial for the sake of the flourish. It flourishes beautifully." After that he always wrote his name A. W. Knowles.

Our attention was attracted by the success of certain mail-order publishers, and especially by the wonderful sales a York

State firm obtained for a "Compendium of Penmanship." So we planned to start a publishing and mail-order business, and get up a better book on penmanship and pen drawing than any previously issued. When we finished at Kents Hill, we decided to go out West and start our publishing business at Columbus, Ohio, a place that won our favour because of its central location.

We agreed to make the trip by wagon, each with a separate team, selling our ink and the "Art Key." My vehicle was a one-horse box wagon. I sat just inside of the open front and drove. The wagon was a regular picture gallery turned inside out. Knowles made the pictures, and we put them in frames under glass and fastened three on each side and two on the rear. In one of the frames was a flourished eagle and some verses entitled "An Ode to the Pen." In another was a pen-work drawing of a nest of birds with testimonials underneath. The drawing showed what could be done with our ink. That wagon made a hit and attracted a lot of attention and helped greatly in making sales.

I had a small framed picture of a flourished eagle with specimens of fancy writing below it, and this I took into stores to show. The eagle was very striking and beautiful. In my pocket I carried a half-pint bottle of our ink with a penholder running through the cork so that the pen was immersed, to demonstrate that the ink didn't corrode it. That always made an impression.

My wagon was drawn by a wonderful mare with the most patient and long-suffering endurance of any horse I ever saw. She had a big, noble head and intelligent eyes, and was such a treasure that we called her Bucephalus, after the famous war stallion of Alexander the Great.

We bought a two-horse wagon for Knowles. It was similar to mine, but so big and elaborate it weighed a ton. The two horses got awfully tired drawing that, and it became a regular affliction to us.

We studied the map and kept each other posted as to our progress, and we met by appointment at several places on the way. It was late in the spring that we started, and we were

three or four months making the journey. My route took me through Connecticut. The mosquitoes were bad there, and a while later I began to feel very miserable. I had contracted malaria from those infernal mosquitoes. Up to that time I seldom had been troubled with sickness of any kind, but the chills and fever soon knocked the underpinning out of me. However, only once did my illness interrupt my travelling. On that occasion I put up at a little third-rate hotel, and went to bed in a bare attic chamber, where I groaned away the hours for a week. Then I had to get out and hustle, for I didn't have much money. I don't like to dwell on that time, I suffered so. I tell you, I was about as miserable as a man could be, and for years afterward I would dream that I was going through that malarial misery again.

I had some very peculiar experiences in the wild mountain country of Pennsylvania. Once I came to a bridge after dark, and Bucephalus hesitated a little, and then went cautiously across. Soon afterward I arrived at a small hotel, where I put up for the night. The landlord asked me which way I had come. When I told him, he exclaimed: "My God, man! how did you get across that bridge?"

I said: "I drove right over it."

"A red lantern was hung there," he said. "The light must have gone out. Well, young feller, you've had a close call, and you can thank your lucky stars that you're alive."

The next morning I took a look at that bridge. It was being repaired. A flooring had been laid scarcely wider than a wagon track, there were no side rails, and down below was a raging stream in a deep chasm. Cold shivers crept up my back, and you might have hit me with a brick without my feeling it.

After breakfast, I kept on my course, and my next stop was at a country store. When I opened the door, the storekeeper saw my wagon outside and knew that I was a salesman of some kind. Evidently he'd had trouble with travelling men, for he grabbed a flat-iron and came toward me, saying: "Damn you! keep out of here or I'll break your head with this flatiron." He was the most rampageous cuss I'd ever seen.

I rarely carried a revolver, but I had traded some ink with a fellow for one on the day before. I thought it would be a good thing to have going through those mountains, and that revolver was in my hip pocket. I walked right into the store, pulled out the revolver, and pointed it at him, saying: "I don't think you'll break my head. Put down that flatiron. I've come in here to sell you some writing ink, and you're going to buy it before I get through with you."

He laid down the flatiron, and I displayed my specimens of penmanship and showed up the ink to him in the usual way, without any reference to our little preliminary difficulty. I sold him a gallon of ink and got the money for it.

The next thing that happened, one of my wagon springs broke. I was travelling over a rough, lonely road that apparently never had been used for wheeled vehicles, and when the wagon began going bang, bang, bang on the broken spring I was pretty well discouraged. I drove two or three days with my wagon body down on the axle before I found a blacksmith who could fix the broken spring.

Late one day I came to a rude shanty by the wayside with a big barn on the opposite side of the road. Evidences of lumbering could be seen roundabout, and I found seven men living in the shanty. They were rough-looking customers, but I asked them if I could stay there for the night

"I reckon you'll have to," their leader said. "There ain't another house within thirty miles."

He told me they only had four beds, and that I must share one with a fellow who was so restless that none of the others would sleep with him. But I said I guessed I could sleep with anybody.

When we went to bed I found that my bedfellow was afflicted with a nervous complaint—a kind of rotary St. Vitus's dance—and he pitched and rolled about like a ship at sea all night long. He didn't keep still one second; but I was very tired and I got snatches of sleep in spite of him.

The men were very friendly in the morning, and praised my picture gallery wagon, and didn't charge me anything for lodg-

ing. I wanted to give them some ink, but they said: "We ain't got no use for ink. We don't write."

Several years afterward I read in a newspaper an account of how a lot of Allegheny moonshiners, horsethieves, and one thing and another, were raided and hunted by a posse, with some loss of life on both sides; and, as nearly as I could make out, the desperadoes were the fellows I stayed with in that mountain shanty.

My partner Knowles, in his route, went through southern Pennsylvania. One night he stopped at a hotel and was put in a room which was let to another fellow. The landlord didn't expect this fellow to be there that night; but after Knowles had gone to bed he heard a rattling and a smashing at the door, and in came the fellow with considerable of a jag on, and pointed a gun at him, saying: "Your money or your life! Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out."

Knowles said: "Blow away, then. I might as well be without brains as without money."

The fellow laughed, and took off his clothes and got into bed with Knowles.

We just about cleared our expenses in making the journey to Columbus. When we got there we had more horses than we wanted, and we decided to sell Bucephalus. She was sleek and attractive, but she was stale from long and continuous driving. She had travelled so many miles that she looked at a mile with a good deal of reluctance.

We advertised her for sale, and waited. The first man that came to see her examined her mouth, said she wasn't very old, and asked the price.

Then I said what any one in Maine would say, "Well, what will you give for her?"

He stared at me in amazement, and said: "Why, don't you know your own mind? Haven't you decided what you want for the mare?"

"Yes," I replied, "we want all we can get. What will you give?"

He threw up his head and walked away. "What a blamed

fool!" I said to Knowles. We couldn't understand that man.

Another man came, looked the mare over, and seemed to be satisfied with her. "What is your price?" he said.

"We're not asking any price," I told him. "What will you give?"

He acted just like the first man, and went off with the remark that when we got ready to put a price on the horse we might send him word.

The next man who came was a grocer in search of a horse for a delivery wagon. He went through the same performance as the other men—examined the mare, reported that he liked her, and asked our price.

What we hoped to get for her was twenty-five dollars, but we thought somebody might offer us as much as fifty, and we would have been willing to take twenty. By this time I was a good deal ruffled over the Ohio method of buying horses, and I said to the grocer: "The price of that mare is one hundred dollars—not one cent more, not one cent less. There she is. Take her or leave her, just as you like."

"I'll take her," he said.

And he took her and paid us one hundred dollars. She did very well for him. She would stand without hitching for a thousand years, if necessary, and she'd go as fast as he wanted to go.

We sold Knowles's wagon, but I think we didn't get more than one hundred and fifty dollars for it; and we sold one of his horses. The other horse and my wagon we kept to use on our ink-selling expeditions.

We lived in a boarding house, and one of us would travel to sell ink and steel pens and our "Art Key," while the other remained at the boarding house and worked on our penmanship book or the circular for advertising it. The steel pens were some that had been made for us with our name on them. Most of our trade was with stores. A good many stores in those days bought ink in bulk instead of in small ounce- or two-ounce bottles, and people would take a bottle to a store and get it filled.

Knowles's method of selling was to go into a store and sit down and wait around until the storekeeper's curiosity was aroused enough to ask him what he was there for. Then they'd get acquainted, and that was a good start toward selling the man something.

I didn't have the patience to use that method. My way was to go right in and get at the buyer; and without any waste of time I earnestly and emphatically tried to convince him of the merit of what I had for sale. The two methods were about equally successful.

One day Knowles said to me: "When you're trying to sell goods to a man, you often make him uncomfortable by looking him right in the eye. He thinks of your looking instead of what you are saying."

I had to acknowledge that his criticism was well based, and I used to practise turning away my eyes when I saw that my intent look was likely to be embarrassing. There is one person, however, who is not embarrassed by my intent look, and that is Mrs. Maxim. Oh, Lord! when I do something that she doesn't think is just right she looks me through and through—through my eyes and out the back of my head.

Once when Knowles was away on a selling trip I conceived the idea of putting up ink powders in the gelatin capsules which I had come to know in taking quinine. I prepared some black ink in powdered form, and I went to a drug store and got some capsules, and bought some red, violet, blue, and green aniline powders for making coloured inks. I used capsules which would hold just enough to make half a pint of ink. When a person could get that much ink for the cost of an ordinary ounce bottle by simply putting the contents of one of these capsules into half a pint of water, I thought we'd have a seller.

But the first capsules I filled had a dirty look, because the colouring material stuck to their surfaces. So I did some more thinking and concluded to dip them into water. This worked to perfection. It washed off the colouring matter, and gave the capsules a bright, shiny look, and stained them with the colour they contained.

I had some pasteboard boxes made to pack the capsules in. They were covered with plaid paper something like a Scotchman's kilt, and they were beautiful. I put up five or six gross of the capsules to take out in the near-by country and see how they would sell. But I didn't dare to depend on the sale of this new product alone, and I filled a ten-gallon keg with our black ink to carry along.

Then I went to a livery stable to hire a horse and a wagon for my trip. The stable man was a big, husky Irishman by the name of Jim Kiggin. His terms were preposterous, considering the condition of my pocketbook. It wasn't long before we had hot words. Usually, when one stands his ground and threatens to make things uncomfortable for the other fellow, that fellow wilts, but Jim Kiggin didn't when I tried that method with him. He came at me, and I had him on my hands. I didn't want to have trouble with anybody, and I immediately felt sorry for getting into that predicament; but there I was, and I had to defend myself. So I sailed into him and hit him good and plenty. His head was soon bloody, but it was unbowed, and he kept coming on. Finally I concluded that discretion was the better part of valour, and I started to run. At once Kiggin's hostler came after me and hit me in the back, and I turned round and knocked him down. I went away unscarred. Neither of the men had hurt me.

I hired a horse and wagon from another stable, and started out. The wagon was an old milk wagon, and I had an old horse, and the old horse had on an old harness. Soon I found that he was afflicted with what is known in horse parlance as scours, and he hadn't gone far when he was unable to go at all. He came to a halt at a canal bridge. Beyond the bridge the road went down hill nearly all the way to the next town, and I thought that if I could get him over the bridge and started on the down grade, he would keep on going until we reached the town. So I let him rest for half an hour, and then coaxed and worried him until I got him over the bridge, but he couldn't hold the wagon back going down the hill. The result was that the horse, and the wagon with me in it, went over the embank-

ment at the side of the road. The wagon turned a complete somersault, and so did the horse; but he wasn't hurt any, and neither was I, and the wagon didn't even have a thill broken. However, the keg of ink had unmercifully tumbled over and spilled some of its contents; and part of my capsules had been crushed so that the coloured ink powders had escaped. When I emerged from the disorder I was a strange-looking sight, with all the colours of the rainbow on me. Joseph's coat wasn't anything compared to what I was.

I hadn't yet had a chance to see how my capsules were going to sell, and I straightened things out the best I could and got the old horse started again. We kept on by easy stages until we reached the town. There I hauled him to a store that I hoped would buy some of my ink.

When I went in I attracted attention which merged on consternation. But I was listened to with eagerness to know what had happened to me, why it happened, and how it happened. In explaining, I necessarily had to talk about the ink, and I sold the storekeeper a gross of capsules for seven dollars and a half. Then I worked my way to another store and sold another gross, and in two or three hours sold out all I had.

I stayed at a hotel overnight and let the horse rest, and the next morning I drove back to Columbus. As soon as possible, I bought more materials and put up a dozen gross of ink capsules, and when my partner returned I had a revelation for him. I showed him the goods and told him the results of my trial trip selling them.

"Maxim, you've struck it!" he said.

He went off the next day with the new lot, and, much to my wonderment, he came back in the evening of the same day. I exclaimed: "For heaven's sake! Knowles, don't they sell?"

"Yes," he said, "they're all sold, but you didn't ask enough for them. I sold all I took with me at ten dollars and eighty cents a gross."

That was our starting point in making a success of the ink business. Those capsules put us on our feet. The form was ideal for a mail-order business, and we got some mercantile

agency books to give us addresses and proceeded to send out samples to storekeepers all over the country.

The results were very satisfactory, but the Ohio climate didn't agree with our health. Many of the people out there had malaria and the "shakes." They weren't like normal people, but had a measly, God-forsaken look, and evidently were kind of miserable. My own malaria had hung on, and finally Knowles got the disease. We longed for the clear water and bracing air of New England, and we determined to return.

XI

FOREWORD

ONE time when I arrived at the Maxim home I noticed that Mr. Maxim seemed to have less colour in his face than was normal, and Mrs. Maxim said: "He had an accident yesterday. It was the third within a week. First he fell in the tennis court—stepped on some gravel that had been strewn there, and his feet went from under him, and he got a bang. You know they say that accidents go in threes, and I told him to choose a good place and have the other two falls where he wouldn't get hurt. But he didn't do that, and his second fall was in the kitchen. A little grease had got on the floor, and Mr. Maxim ran out there for something or other and went down flat. He nearly smashed his four-hundred-dollar set of false teeth. Then yesterday, he struck his head against the sharp corner of a beam. I told him after the third accident that I was quite relieved he wasn't killed."

"Well," Mr. Maxim said, "I feel just as if I'd been black-jacked. My head is sore yet. Lil, I must have some more bay rum on it."

A portly bottle of bay rum and a towel were brought, and Mr. Maxim stood while he tilted the bottle aloft, and gave his head a liberal dousing, then rubbed the liquid vigorously about with his hand in a way that sent the spray flying, and finished with an equally vigorous towel rubbing.

Once, when we were lingering at the dinner table after we had finished eating, it occurred to Mr. Maxim that he wanted to have his stenographer look up something. She had gone to the office, and he called to her: "Miss Goldbug! Come! Woopski!"

She quickly appeared at the door with her notebook and asked some question that seemed to him stupid and needless. "Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "what drivel! I don't want you."

And she departed in haste.

"That girl—her head needs fixing!" he declared.

He spoke his mind rather freely about, or to, his employees, but he did not always lambaste them. He was just as free with his praise when they pleased him, and, as a whole, the relations of the servants and the family were remarkably informal and democratic. The helpers were expected to be prompt and efficient, but as to dress, manners, and speech, the requirements were not at all arduous. "He's fundamentally all right," his secretary said to me, "and whatever he does, you can't help liking him. He says, 'You can't change *me!*' and that is so. It's the rest of us who have to adjust ourselves to his views of what is desirable."

I was entertained by the comment of a neighbour, who said to me: "You know how it is up at his place—the Tsar of Russia never had any more attention."

Early in our acquaintance he took me up to the second floor to see his library. Its treasures are massively protected from fire, and the room is quite impressive with crowded shelves, paintings, and photographs of celebrities, many of whom are his personal friends. I was interested in some early photographs of himself. He had a moustache as a young man, and in middle life developed it to such bushy proportions that it seemed to me he must have looked like a brigand. But no doubt it was accepted as an appropriate decoration then. Fashions change, and our impression of what is freaky changes with them.

One thing he showed me was a book of imposing proportions, the title page of which was as follows:

REAL PEN-WORK SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PENMANSHIP

The Largest and most elegantly Illustrated Work on the subject of Penmanship ever published in the World. Expert Penmen and Men of Learning everywhere, all admit that the Real Pen-Work Self-Instructor is the greatest means ever known for learning to write an elegant hand.

Copyrighted 1881, by Knowles & Maxim, Publishers, Pittsfield, Mass.

We sat down in the library, and he told me the story of his rise and fall as a printer and publisher.

XI

PUBLISHER AND JOB PRINTER

SHORTLY before Knowles and I went West we passed through Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on one of our selling trips. The memory of that beautiful town, so ideally situated high up in the Berkshire Hills, made us decide to locate there when we came back from Ohio.

On our arrival, we took rooms in a boarding house, hired an office, and visited Springfield, where we arranged for the printing of our book on penmanship, which at last we had got ready for publication. We had saved up enough money to make a start, and our success in selling "The Real Penwork Self-Instructor in Penmanship," as we called it, led us to buy printing presses and go into the business of publishing, job printing, and bookbinding. At one time we had as many as a hundred employees and sent out more than a ton of mail matter a day.

Altogether we sold in our mail-order business nearly five hundred thousand copies of our Penwork book, mainly through canvassing agents. The second book we published was "Bible Pearls of Promise," a beautiful piece of ornamental penmanship, and this was followed by a book called "Golden Gems of Penmanship." Afterward we published the Lord's Prayer and a Family Record. Each was attractively engrossed, and we sold more than a million copies of the Family Record.

Knowles and I kept no accounts between us, and when one of us wanted money, he went to the till and took it. Nearly all our belongings were owned in common—even our clothes, excepting hats and shoes. We were practically the same size, and for the most part the clothes fitted us equally well. We came to Pittsfield with only one dress-up suit, and as we

both couldn't go courting on the same night we soon bought another.

We printed a dozen copies of our penmanship book on special paper, and bound them in leather for keepsakes for ourselves and to give to a few of our most valued friends. Each of us had a photograph taken and inserted in the book. Knowles put on our dress-up suit to have his photograph taken, and then I put it on and had mine taken. We both struck the same pose. We were enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon Bonaparte, and thought the famous portrait that shows him standing in a martial pose with his right hand stuck into his vest was about the greatest picture of a great man ever painted. So we chose that pose, but it didn't fit us.

There was a printer in our pressroom whom we valued because he was particularly efficient, but again and again we made up our minds that it took too much time trying to steer such an obstreperous cuss. We were pained at evidences that he was systematically stealing from us. Knowles went into the printing office by stealth one night, and there was the man running a press, using our paper, our ink, and our machinery to do a job of his own; but all that Knowles said to him was: "I do wish you'd be more careful about your stealing and not let me catch you at it, because how in hell can I keep you any longer and not lose your respect?—and I don't want to let you go."

Well, time went along, and one day Knowles found an account book that belonged to this printer. The fellow was very religious and was active in the meetings of the church he attended. In the book that Knowles found, the man kept account with God, and among other entries were such as these:

"Stole a dollar's worth of stamps from the printing office—prayed to the Lord to be forgiven.

* * *

"Stole Mr. Knowles' gold fountain pen—prayed to the Lord twice to be forgiven."

It was plain that he'd kept right on stealing, and Knowles was so mad that he discharged him.

My partner and I used to have many discussions about psychological problems, and his sagacity was always an amazement to me. He seemed to see through human nature as though it were perfectly transparent.

I remarked that a certain girl in our mailing department was so infernally homely she couldn't by any possibility have any vanity as to her personal appearance.

But Knowles said: "Of course, she can't help knowing that she isn't pretty. Still, she is perfectly confident that there is something unique about her which imparts such a charm as to more than make up for any deficiencies. What you should do is to treat every woman as if she were beautiful."

There happened to be at our boarding house an old maid by the name of Willett who was about the homeliest woman that ever lived. She had a nose that was all out of skew, and so big it seemed to be trying to usurp her entire face. I said to Knowles: "You don't for a minute suppose Miss Willett thinks there is anything about her that is beautiful."

"Certainly," he said, "and I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put it up to her in a very nice way that we realize she is a little different from other women—that there is such a thing as soul —that the eyes are the windows of the soul, etc."

We did it, and in a short time we got that old maid so vain of herself she really thought she was a beauty. At the same time she developed a very high opinion of us, and especially of our judgment.

In early life I did a lot of the rough-and-tumble, unscientific sort of boxing that boys do in sparring with one another, and often it was done with bare fists. However, I wore out several pairs of boxing gloves, and I thought I was quite a boxer.

After I settled in Pittsfield, there appeared in the town a man named Dole, who taught boxing to the Yale College students at New Haven. It was summer, when he had nothing to do at Yale, and he came to Pittsfield to get up a class in boxing. He was there three seasons. He would go round and give lessons at the homes and offices of the men who wanted instruction, and occasionally he would bring the men all together

at my publishing house or at the fire-engine house. I joined his class with great eagerness, but I soon discovered that the most difficult lesson I had before me was to unlearn what I thought I already knew, and for a while my lessons were mainly unlearning lessons. Mr. Dole was a good teacher, and even the most expert of us got a lot of new pointers from him. By "us" I mean the Chief of Police, the Superintendent of Schools, and a dozen other young men of the town.

Mr. Dole taught us that proficiency in self-defence is the first requisite, and that the best self-defence is aggressive action against the other fellow. I was an apt pupil, intensely interested in boxing, so that I learned my lessons quickly and got to be unusually skilful. I often surprised persons who put the gloves on with me, imagining that they could do me up. A husky fellow would think he could knock me off my feet, but when I saw a blow coming I ducked it, and then he got one that laid him out flat. After a few more passes he was likely to throw up his hands and quit. That shows how much science counts in a boxing bout.

I had a gymnasium in our publishing house, and I gave out that I would box with all comers; and all comers came. Oh, I had a lot of practice from men confident of their prowess, who wanted to try their skill on me! The latch-string always hung on the outside, and I was ready at any time of day to put on the gloves with whoever came. Such callers had the right of way.

There was in Pittsfield a Negro by the name of Sim Coffin, who had knocked down six men at an election and was considered the best all-around street-fighter in town. One day he put on the gloves with our boxing master and blacked his eyes pretty badly, and a man in our boxing coterie suggested to me that we put up a job on the Superintendent of Schools by getting him to box with Sim Coffin. The Superintendent had a thin nose that was sure to suffer, and I said: "Why not try Sim on me first?"

Well, we all met in the engine-house one evening, and Sim got such an amount of what he wasn't looking for and didn't

want that he soon pulled off his gloves, saying: "I'm no match for Mr. Maxim. Every time I try to hit him he hits me instead."

I then hired Sim for a dollar a time to come and box with me, and I hired his brother Pete, who was not so big and strong but was even more agile, to come for fifty cents a time. I had a bout with one of them almost every day.

Once Sim and his brother came in with another darky, who was the roughest and toughest-looking customer I ever saw. "This fellow is from New York," they said, "and he sure thinks he's some boxer."

They looked very smileful, and I couldn't understand why they should be so happy about the matter. The fellow didn't seem to have any neck, for his head and neck were practically the same size. He had a head that sloped from the crown down each side like the roof of a house. His nose was perfectly flat, and he had a very heavy jaw, and his face was badly pitted by smallpox. He was an ugly-looking opponent.

I put on my gloves and danced round him a bit, and reached for him a little, and tapped his nose lightly, and sprang back into position as quickly as possible to avoid a return blow, but none came. He stood and grinned. Then I got a little more courage, and I let him have a blow in the face; but he held his hands right at his sides and never put them up at all—only braced himself. I took another clip at his face, and still he didn't put up his hands. The fact that he held them down at his sides worried me, for I didn't know what the trick was. So, though I hit him right and left, I kept myself prepared for anything.

At last Sim uttered a loud guffaw, and said: "Let me have the gloves, Mr. Maxim. Let me show you something."

And he took my gloves and cut loose on that fellow's head with all his gigantic might. Sim was a big fellow weighing two hundred pounds, and his blow was like the kick of a mule, but it never fazed the newcomer. He was right there just like a striking bag—and smiling. Sim and Pete explained that this black curio earned his living by going about with a set of

boxing gloves visiting bar-rooms, where he would banter the loiterers to put on the gloves with him. Any one who succeeded in knocking him down had the exercise for nothing, and any one who failed to knock him down had to pay him twenty-five cents. Often they plugged it right into him—gave him hell and blazes—but he never was disappointed in getting the quarter for his punishment.

One time, in that Pittsfield period, I was quite anxious about my partner's health. He had a severe attack of indigestion which all ordinary remedies failed to cure. Oh, he had an awful time, and very near died with it. I advised him to consult a physician, which he reluctantly did. And he consulted three instead of one, for the purpose of squaring their prescriptions with one another, and to convince me that he couldn't depend on doctors. Among the three was a man who was considered the leading doctor in town. Each diagnosed the case differently, and each prescribed a treatment that was almost diametrically opposite in its intended effects from what was prescribed by the other two.

Well, Knowles didn't take any of their medicines. He concluded to buy a horse and wagon and start out on the road selling goods, just as he used to do. I helped him into the wagon one October day and said good-bye. He was nothing but skin and bones, and I hardly expected to ever again see him alive.

I didn't hear from him for three weeks. Then he returned, and neither before nor since have I seen such a change in a man in so short a period. He had a good colour—in fact, looked quite rosy—his eyes were bright, and much of his former strength and agility had returned. I was astounded, and asked him what had happened.

He told me that after leaving Pittsfield he saw a tree beside the road loaded with big, ripe Baldwin apples. He drove under the tree, stood up in the wagon, and shook a lot of apples into it. Then he ate one of them. It tasted so good that he ate skin, and core, and all. He admitted that he expected it would kill him, and as he could think of no better way to enjoy what little of life there remained for him to live, he ate a second

apple, and finally a third. After that he began to feel mighty sick. He threw up the apples and thought he was going to throw up his shoes with them. Then he made a great discovery. There had been freed from his stomach a thick, tough material, which evidently had lined it and prevented normal digestion. Exactly such heroic treatment as those hard, sour Baldwins afforded had been required to dispose of that false lining.

At the end of the day he went to a hotel to stay overnight, and sat down to the table for supper. He saw one of the guests eating fried sausages and fried potatoes, and concluded that was just what he wanted. So, with the same bravado as when he ate the apples, he feasted on fried sausage and fried potatoes, expecting to be horribly ill, but to his pleased surprise the food set first-rate, and he suffered no discomfort. From that time on to the end of his trip he improved and grew fat, and had no symptom of indigestion.

Some of the strait-laced church folks of Pittsfield were inclined to frown on my free-and-easy, rough-and-tumble habits. Athletics at that time hadn't won such recognition and high standing as they have to-day. Any man who was much of an athlete, especially much of a boxer, was considered by many a rather rough person.

The man in Pittsfield who was most typically respectable was Cashier Francis of the First National Bank. He was superintendent of the Sunday School, and choir master of the First Congregational Church, and he was the chief high-stepper and good-looker of the local social swagger. He was tall and imposing, and he had a most fetching poise—a poise that had conviction in it. "That's our leading citizen—that's Cashier Francis," people would say to strangers, and point to him with pride. I did business at his bank, but he and I didn't mate up at all. I saw through the flim-flam of his posturing and always detested him and looked on him as an arch hypocrite.

He was a widower, but he met his fate one day in the person of a widow who joined his choir at the church. She was an expert singer, and they sang together; she caught the cashier in the matrimonial net and landed him. Like her husband, she

was a high-stepper and a fine dresser. Their new turnout, with its spanking pair of horses—high steppers, too—and a dream of a carriage, would have been the envy of Pittsfield upperdom had it not been that Mr. and Mrs. Francis were too much the pride of that upperdom to be envied.

Cashier Francis soon found his cash balance going, going, gone! He became a defaulter at the bank. The fateful day of discovery came, and Cashier Francis accommodatingly committed suicide by shooting himself.

There was a certain Methodist minister in Pittsfield by the name of George Skene. He and I became firm friends. Skene was much more liberal in his views than most ministers, and he was quite a scholar. The good parson longed for a bicycle on which he might get exercise and make his calls; and I gave him one on his birthday. It was a beauty, and he actually danced for joy. He was severely criticized for riding that bicycle, and some of the narrow-minded members of his flock said: "He'll be boxing with Maxim next." Well, he did box with Maxim on the quiet.

Skene organized a Chautauqua Reading Circle, which had evening meetings every two weeks, and I joined it. At one of the meetings I read a paper I had written on political economy, and a young Pittsfield teacher named Jennie Morrow read a prose selection. She read it so well and she was so pretty and pert, that I was hard hit, as you might say.

I met her at several more of the meetings, and then I asked if I might call on her. She lived with her parents on their farm about two miles out of town, and she said I might call on her there.

When I called, and we were seated in the parlour, she led the conversation by asking me what I thought of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger," and I told her that I hadn't read it. She was very proud of her knowledge of current authors and their writings. Next she asked me if I had read a certain novel by another popular writer of that period.

I said, "No, I have not."

She seemed amazed and disappointed. "Well," she said, "your education has been sadly neglected."

I then turned questioner and asked her whether she had read Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style." She had not.

"Have you read Herbert Spencer's 'Education,' the most important writing on that subject ever published?" I asked. She admitted that she had not.

I asked her if she had read Darwin's "Descent of Man," or any of the works of John Stuart Mill, John Tyndall, and Thomas Huxley, and had she read Draper's famous "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe"?

She said she had not, and she began to look worried.

"Well," I said, "your education has been sadly neglected—a great deal more sadly neglected than mine, for the reason that what you have learned is of no use, while what I have learned is exceedingly useful." She acknowledged that she was beaten.

My courtship hadn't proceeded far when my partner Knowles asked me a few questions about the young lady. I told him that she was very pretty, and that she had been valedictorian of her class in high school, and had graduated at the head of her class at normal school. I explained that she was the oldest of the three children in the family, and that her two brothers were considerably younger.

"Maxim," Knowles said, "you'll make the mistake of your life if you marry that girl."

He quoted Franklin as having said that a man should pick a wife out of a clump of sisters, or at any rate should pick her out of a family where there were other children not much older or younger, because in that case she would have acquired the habit of making self-sacrifices.

Then Knowles went on to say: "If you marry that girl you've got to keep her pleased. She's been flattered all her life, and flattery she must have. You've got her to control, and you can't do it by flattery. She's been having too many sacrifices made for her, and unless that sacrificing continues there'll be trouble right away. To keep some women pleased it is necessary to sacrifice a kingdom to them every day; and after a while they want two kingdoms a day, and then three kingdoms a day; and there's sure to be a break sooner or later because of

the failure to sacrifice a sufficient number of kingdoms to keep them pleased."

That's very good stuff, and Knowles was a true prophet. But I was infatuated. I had fallen in love with the girl, and she certainly did look good to me. I knew that Knowles was right, but hoped he wasn't.

One evening when I visited Jennie out at the farm I proposed and was accepted. Then we called her father and mother into the parlour and told them about it. The old lady looked us over—looked at her and looked at me—with big, black, beautiful eyes. She had a sharp, classic face—a wonderful face—and she was a woman of rare judgment and business ability.

"My children," she said, "your fate is in your hands. I will give you just one piece of advice. I advise you to keep two bears in the house—bear and forbear. Remember that. You must bear and forbear."

Then Jennie's father looked at me and said: "Well, young man, you ain't a-goin' to find Jennie the kind of woman that her mother is."

But I was bound to have her, and I got her. Yes, and there were out-croppings and up-croppings right from the start which showed the wisdom of my partner's philosophy. Our ideas and ideals were irreconcilable. Balls and parties and the social climb were her conception of successful achievement, while they were my abhorrence. We were headed for happiness in opposite directions and couldn't possibly pull together. The break had to come, and it did come after about five years, with the usual expedient of divorce.

Not long after our separation a son was born. I saw him for the first time when he was a month and a half old, and again a few months later, and not afterward until twenty years had passed and he had graduated from Yale University. He is married now and has two nice little girls.

I always was fond of riding horseback, and had looked forward to the time when I could ride as much as I wanted to. When I prospered in Pittsfield, I indulged this taste of mine and bought six horses. They were all wild Western broncos

when I got them, except a mare which came from Kentucky and already had been broken to the saddle but not to driving. The first time I hitched her up she ran away with me, but I simply kept her in the road and let her run; and as I didn't let her find out that I knew she was running away until she had run about ten miles, we got on better after that.

I used to take one of my broncos to a half-mile race-course outside of the town, and we would start running full tilt side by side, I with one hand on the horn of the saddle and my other hand holding the reins. Then I'd grasp the saddle with both hands and leap on. I finally got so I could vault right over the horse, catch my step when I struck the ground on the other side, and vault back, like a circus rider, while the horse was on a dead run. After I became expert, I ran that horse the length of the main street of Pittsfield, vaulting on and off, and over him. Of course, the good townspeople thought I was crazy. Pittsfield was a very staid old town, and many of its inhabitants looked on me as a disturbing element, but they were willing to acknowledge my horsemanship.

When Knowles and I got well started in the publishing business, we decided to open a branch in Canada at St. Catharines near Niagara. I ran the Canadian branch for a while, and then a curious thing happened—our penmanship books stopped selling. Nobody could have foreseen such a slump in the market. Our business just simply stopped. The bottom fell out, and we went out with it.

There's nothing that gets people's admiration like skilful penmanship in making birds and beautiful designs. It appeals to everybody, but when the element of surprise is gone the whole thing is gone. Knowles spent money trying to revive the business. It was money thrown away. The typewriter and the fountain pen came along, and penmanship was killed. There was a panic, too, and, all in all, we were up against it. At one time our assets exceeded our liabilities by fifty thousand dollars. But when we were overtaken by reverses we sacrificed everything we had in the world, and settled up with our creditors the best way we could.

XII

FOREWORD

TWO of Mr. Maxim's former secretaries came from New York to spend the week-end at his home once when I was there. They were lively, wholesome girls, and they enjoyed their visit, and so did he. Some of their reminiscences were delicious. For instance, Miss McClintock said:

"When I arrived here to apply for the position, he told me I smelt of perfume, and to go and wash my hands and face. I laughed and went. I suppose that's why he hired me.

"While I was in his employ I bobbed my hair. He didn't like that at all. He'd say to visitors: 'Just look at Miss McClintock! Did you ever see such a sight in your life?' And he used to lecture me at table on bobbed hair.

"If he has company, no matter how important the occasion is, or who his guests are, he gets uneasy when the dinner hour draws near, and begins looking for a chance to bolt to the kitchen. As soon as he gets there he puts on a big apron and takes charge, and by and by he'll bring in a great pan of beans. The moment the beans are on your plate he wants you to start eating while they're nice and hot, and he will want your opinion of them.

"You ought to see him make biscuits. He sends the flour flying up to the ceiling and all around.

"One day he said to me, 'Miss McClintock, it's time you got married.' He looked about to see if he could fix up a match, and he suggested such eligibles to me as he discovered.

"He had me go with him once on a business trip to New York that took us to a big office building. As we were coming out, he pushed right along ahead expecting me to keep track of him, but when I got to the sidewalk I couldn't see him anywhere. I stood there some minutes looking around and not

knowing what to do, and then he appeared. He'd stepped down into a basement lunchroom and begun ordering a lunch when he noticed that I wasn't there. We had our lunch, and out he walked with me close behind, determined not to lose him again. A trolley car was passing, and he made a dash for it, and I dashed, too. I dodged the traffic, but my purse came open and spilled its contents. I didn't stop. He caught the car and I caught it. I charged up the money I lost to him. That didn't trouble him any, but he would have been troubled if I'd failed to get on the car when he did.

"Mr. and Mrs. Maxim went into a store one day when I was with them, and he bought something. Then he said to her, 'You pay for it, Lil'; and he said to the clerk who waited on them, 'My wife takes all my money.' He doesn't like to be bothered with paying for things. He wants her or his secretary to attend to that.

"They were in the railway station at Newark once, and she walked across the waiting room to buy their tickets, leaving him to look after their luggage. It seems to him that whoever does an errand that concerns him is too slow about it, and soon the people in the station were startled by hearing him shout, 'Lil, hurry up—damn it!'"

Miss McClintock was sympathetically pleased over Mr. Maxim's exploits because she did some picturesque things herself; in proof of which Mrs. Maxim said: "About eleven o'clock one winter night I heard a sort of tapping at the outside door of the back hall. The wind was blowing and snow was falling. It was a good deal of a blizzard. Mr. Maxim had gone to bed, but I was still up. The tapping was repeated again and again. So I went to the door and opened it a crack; and there was Miss McClintock with just a little bathing suit on, and a rubber bathing cap on her head.

"I got the shivering girl in and to bed as soon as possible. She had heard about the benefits of going barefoot in the dew of early morning, and that a quick snowbath makes the blood tingle. Well, she intended it should be quick, but she shut the door behind her without adjusting the night-latch, and that

snowbath must have lasted about an hour. She couldn't open the door, and because she didn't want to wake Mr. Maxim, she tapped gently.

"'My goodness!' I said, 'that girl will have pneumonia,' and I gave her a dose of whiskey—and when I thought of what she'd endured I gave her another. Perhaps that was too much, for in a little while I heard a flop, and ran into her room. 'I'm all right,' she said. 'I just fell out of bed. That's all.'

"She was hoping that the rest of the family wouldn't hear of her experiment, but they did. We had a Peruvian cook who couldn't speak English very well, and in the morning he said to her: 'I saw the marks of the fingers of your feet in the snow out on the porch.'

"She was mad on physical culture and did all sorts of exercises and stunts. One day she walked to Dover and back—twenty-four miles; and she'd go without eating for a day. She wasn't sentimental, but she was romantic."

There was a large inclosure on the steep slope above his house where were garden patches, woodpiles, grapevines, a big lumber shed, a cookshop, and some other buildings. At times Mr. Maxim would work in the cookshop several days together. Canning beans seemed to be the most important task he undertook there, and some of the local folk called it his "bean factory." One day, after we had been in the cookshop for an hour or more, he took off his big, white apron and we went out and sat in the shade on the threshold of another building and had a long talk concerning his inventions. The most surprising thing about it all was that a man recognized as a great inventor should have had to travel so difficult and thorny a way on the road to success.

Once, when Mrs. Maxim and I were discussing certain of his characteristics, she made this comment: "He always acts in a hurry, yet he isn't a careless thinker; and he has a tremendous amount of patience—not about little things, but about big problems. He worked for years on some of his inventions. I helped him, but I always hated explosives and longed for the time when he would work on something else."

XII

INVENTIONS AND EXPLOSIONS

I ALWAYS was interested in mechanics, and I gained a great deal of mechanical knowledge by being with my father and seeing him work. He often used a bench and vise and tools that were in a shed at the house, and he ran a gristmill which I found an attractive place.

We children built little ships and boats, and sailed them; and we built little villages, and made little wooden men to inhabit the villages; and the inhabitants would go to war and burn one another's houses down. We made little wooden pumps, and dug miniature wells, and pumped water. We built dams in the brooks and fixed up water-wheels to run various sorts of rude machinery.

We acquired quite naturally knowledge of how the machinery in the gristmills and sawmills in the region did its tasks, and never were much stumped by the problems of the milling processes. If there was anything we didn't understand, we inquired and found out about it.

After I got to be a good-sized young fellow, I had a talk with Father one day about making money turning wooden bowls, and I decided to get a lathe and have him teach me to turn. He told me of a man who had an unused bowl lathe in a town about thirty miles distant. I drove there with a horse and wagon that I hired, bought the lathe for fifteen dollars, and brought it home. Father and I set up the lathe under the shingle mill in which he worked at North Guilford. Then I added several new tools which I made myself or had a blacksmith make, and these enabled me to turn a good deal faster. My father had taken pride in having turned sixty-four feet, bowl measure, in a day, which was a record-breaking perform-

ance. But I succeeded in turning a hundred and eight feet in a day. He lost all interest after that.

My first patent was taken out in 1884. It was for a cooker in which I was able to roast and bake by superheated steam. Sometimes it worked very well. At other times the safety valve gave me a great deal of trouble. One day I was sitting alone in the kitchen, steam-roasting a rooster, when, of a sudden, that cooker exploded. The kitchen windows were blown out, the door ripped off its hinges, and the stove demolished.

Fortunately, none of the fragments found me. The oven portion of the cooker, containing the rooster, went upstairs somewhere through the ceiling. Later developments showed that the rooster had gone to bed in the room over the kitchen.

Only a few sample cookers ever were made. Other things took my time and attention.

When the publishing business in which Knowles and I engaged busted up, I was in a condition between hay and grass, as they say in Maine. But soon afterward Hiram wrote and asked me to hire for him some leading American mechanics to go to England and improve on the English method of gun manufacture. I got the men and went over with them. The Maxim gun interested me greatly, and I studied it with all the energy that was in me. It wasn't long before I knew that gun by heart, and I wrote the service manual of it which has since been in general use all over the world. Thus I became interested in explosives and ordnance, the field in which I have worked ever since.

Hiram had acquired fame and wealth, and did a lot of hobnobbing with the English aristocracy, but my instinct told me that his companions were no better than common folks. I had none of the false veneration so many have, and was not one who worshipped reputation or high position. A king didn't impress me any more than a farmer. You've heard of the young man that the Prince of Wales kicked off the sidewalk, and who bragged about it all the rest of his life. He was very proud of his association with greatness—with royalty. But no association not based on the quality of the man himself appeals to me.

In my acquaintance with England I found the weather rather wetter than anything I'd encountered elsewhere, and I was impressed with the beauty of the English girls and boys. Those boys were the prettiest little devils you ever saw—and I could understand how the old Roman pope, Saint Gregory, reported that they weren't Angles, but angels. In general, the English people lacked the snap of Americans, but were far more gentle and better-mannered.

Did you know that in London they don't like to have folks look around in the stores? Unless you come in for something definite, you're invited to get out. I went into one of the stores there, and had begun to look at the wares when a clerk accosted me, and we got into an argument about my loitering. He and I couldn't agree at all, and I said more things to him than you can find in the dictionary. Then a floor-walker butted in. "Oh! you're an American," he said. "Well, you can look around all you like."

The gun company had working for them in their engineer corps a tall, slender fellow whom Hiram called "Slim Jim, the Walking Straw." He and I were at Hiram's house one evening, and he invited me to fence with him in order that he might show his skill. He had some foils of the usual sort, with buttons on the ends of them to prevent their entering your person, and each of us took one. Well, he could dance around and just put a button on me anywhere he wanted to. Also, he very effectually prevented me from reaching him. The foils were so limber they were no good for my use. If I'm to use a sword I'd rather have the real thing. I'd have carved that fellow with a sword.

Hiram suggested that the result of a contest between us might be different if Slim Jim put on boxing gloves with me. This pleased Slim Jim, for he said he was as much of an expert with the gloves as he was with the foils.

I had a set of gloves, and as soon as the furniture was cleared out of the dining room we began boxing. Slim Jim turned turtle the first clip I made at him, and it didn't take long for him to get enough to acknowledge himself beaten.

After that he harboured a grudge against me; and one cold October afternoon he and a sporting friend of his who had a sailboat invited me to go out on the Thames with them. I went, and although I wore a heavy woollen overcoat I nearly froze. They took a run down the Thames, and then beat back against the wind. They didn't seem to make any headway upstream, and they explained to me that they had to reach a certain point before they could sail on the proper tack, but I soon guessed that they were fooling me. I had two hands then, and I said to the fellows: "I've stood this long enough. You know that I can handle my fins, and that I'm worth my weight in wild cats. I'm cold, and if you don't get to that point the next trip, I'll warm up on you fellows, and throw you both overboard."

I said this with such emphasis and such accompaniments of expletives that they took my suggestions into serious consideration, and they reached the point next time.

Slim Jim told my brother afterward that they were having great fun with me, and that they would have kept me out half the night if I hadn't threatened to throw them overboard.

During my stay in England there was great excitement about a wonderful smokeless powder made and kept secret by the French Government. One time, when Hiram was away on business, I was given a few grains of the smokeless powder by a French employee of the gun company, who had got it in Paris. I showed it to my brother on his return, and he was fairly beside himself with delight. He remarked that he wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for those few grains. We examined one of them and by subjecting it to certain tests found out its composition inside of two hours, and in two days we had duplicated and improved it.

In December, I returned to America under a two-year contract with the Maxim-Nordenfelt Guns & Ammunition Company, as their representative to conduct experiments with and to sell Maxim guns to the United States Government. I made my headquarters in Pittsfield, and I hadn't been in this country

long when I got acquainted with the president of the Pneumatic Gun Company. This company had succeeded in selling some of its guns to the Government, but the limitations of the guns were such, and the dangers of handling and shooting the ammunition so great, that the organization welcomed from me the suggestion that possibly a high explosive could be produced which would be safer.

I thought of a way to accomplish this, but needed some nitroglycerin for my experiments. So I called on old Professor Mowbray, who lived not far from Pittsfield at North Adams. He had made all the nitroglycerin that was used for constructing the Hoosac Tunnel. He told me that probably a little nitroglycerin was left in some old tin cans up on the side of Hoosac Mountain, where his works used to be, but as the works had been abandoned for nearly twenty years, he cautioned me to exercise care in searching for and handling the cans. He sent a young chemist to show me the way. The chemist didn't very much fancy the adventure, because he was afraid of that nitroglycerin.

We borrowed old Mowbray's horse and buggy, and took with us a two-quart bottle containing about a pint of acetone in which to dissolve the nitroglycerin and render it insensitive. When we arrived at the old works, we found them in a state of advanced dilapidation. A lot of apparently empty cans were sitting around on the floor of one room. They were like the ordinary square cans in which varnish is kept, and the vents had been stopped up with corks, but the corks were out of most of the cans.

We approached the cans cautiously, and didn't kick them or knock them to see if they had anything inside. We lifted them very gingerly and gently, and turned out the contents of such as weren't empty into the bottle of acetone. Most of the roof of the building had fallen in, and some of the cans contained water as well as nitroglycerin, and there were numerous dead flies in the little nitroglycerin that we recovered. But we got altogether about a quart. I held the bottle that contained this in my left hand on our return journey, while I drove

the horse with the other hand. I had to make the descent of the mountainside by a rough, old, abandoned road, and the chemist walked at a respectful distance behind.

When I arrived at the room in Pittsfield which I had fixed up and called a laboratory, I strained the flies and dirt out of the nitroglycerin, washed out the acetone, and had some pure nitroglycerin for my experiments. I discovered the secret of making a safe nitrogelatin but later found that Nobel, the great explosives inventor of Europe, had thought the thing out ahead of me.

It is a common experience of inventors to discover that others have anticipated them. It is also a common experience for more than one inventor to think of essentially the same thing and apply for a patent at practically the same time. Evidently, whatever puts into one man's head the idea of inventing something to fill a certain need is likely to operate on the brain of another man, and often of many others, producing the same results.

I invented a fountain pen, and was planning to make drawings and apply for a patent, but the very next day I saw a man writing with a fountain pen which embodied everything I had thought of.

The Maxim Gun Company safeguarded my operations in their behalf by putting all important decisions in the hands of their New York banker; and I had to go to him in order to get anything done. So entirely absorbed was he in his own business that he always was difficult to reach, and I seldom could get an opportunity of saying more than a dozen words to him, even concerning a matter on which the entire success of doing business with the Government might hang. If I appealed to the company in England to take some action, they didn't feel like going over the head of the banker, and would refer me to him; and when I spoke to him, he, in turn, referred me to them. So they played back and forth, after the manner of battledore and shuttlecock, and the company failed to get a government order.

During this period, and for some years afterward, it was

my habit, when in New York, to stop at the old Astor House down on Broadway near the City Hall. I'm sometimes a little forgetful. One rainy day, when I went into the Astor House lobby, I noticed that everybody was staring at me and laughing. I thought something must be the matter with my clothes, but so far as I could discover they were all right. However, the staring and laughter continued. My God! it certainly was disconcerting. Then someone who knew me came and said, "Why, Maxim, you don't need an umbrella in here."

I was walking about with an umbrella over my head. That was a time when I had some worriment on my mind.

On another occasion, after eating at the hotel, I went across the City Hall Park to the post office and was buying some stamps, when the clerk who waited on me said: "I see you've lunched at the Astor House."

"What makes you think that?" I asked, surprised.

"Because you are wearing one of the napkins with the Astor House name on it," he replied.

Yes, I'd tucked it in around my neck and come away from the hotel with that marked napkin in full view.

I brought samples of smokeless powder from England, and was the first to introduce it into this country. My experiments with it accomplished revolutionary results, and because of my inventions, I was recalled to England by the Gun Company. I had a conference with the full board of directors, and they agreed to organize an American company, in which I was to have an interest, to make smokeless powder and Maxim Guns. I returned to America in about three weeks with my salary doubled. The promised American company was not organized, and the option on my inventions expired.

Again I visited England and entered into a new contract with the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company, and gave them an option of six months to organize an American company to work my inventions, for which they paid me five thousand dollars. But nothing came of the project.

I was paid with a five-thousand-dollar check, and I went to a

bank and got it cashed in gold. That was a stupid, childish thing to do. But gold was real money, and I liked the looks of it. So I came away from the bank with enough English sovereigns to weigh about fifteen pounds. I kept them in the bottom of my trunk on board ship. When I landed I had them in my trousers pocket, and they were almighty heavy to carry.

Just after my contract to act as agent for the Maxim Gun expired I got a letter from the president of the Columbia Powder Company. He had read some of my writings on explosives in the newspapers and wanted me to call on him in New York. His company, which was a subsidiary of the Phœnix Powder Company, makers of blasting powder, had started to manufacture dynamite at Squankum, New Jersey.

Their dynamite was something that had been compounded by a would-be inventor. It contained chlorate of potash, which as an ingredient of explosive compounds has scattered human wreckage and the wreckage of buildings all along its path, and there has been no survivor of those who continued to experiment with it. The company wanted my judgment as to how to make their dynamite safer. They took me to the factory, and showed me some of the stuff in the process of manufacture. I explained to them why it was absolutely unsafe, and that was how I came to go into the dynamite business as chief engineer with the Columbia Powder Company. They gave me a salary and a stock interest.

But after a while the Phœnix Company undertook to buck the Du Ponts in the powder business. They were just about as wise as the little bull who bucked a locomotive—there was no more left of the Phœnix Company than there was of the little bull. The Columbia Company busted, too, and I organized the Maxim Powder Company to manufacture my smokeless powder. The factory was at Squankum, which was renamed Maxim. It was in a sandy and scrubby region, sixty miles from New York, near Lakewood. There were no houses, but there was a railroad. It was very well suited as a place for factories that might blow up.

I found a use in the business for all my energies, physical as

well as mental. Even my expertness in boxing did not come amiss. If a man knows how to use his hands, he doesn't need to be afraid of a man with a club, or a crowbar, or anything else in the line of a cudgel. There was a fellow who hired out to me as an engineer, but he didn't know a thing about an engine. He came under a false name with another man's license, and he'd barely got on to the job when he blew out the cylinder head. I discharged him, and he grabbed a big stake out of a wagon and came at me with it. Well, sir, I knocked that stake aside and hit him under the jaw. He went over on his head and shoulders, and when he got up, I kicked him off the place.

At my New Jersey factory I developed the first smokeless gunpowder ever submitted to our Government for trial, and the first that was adopted, and I was the first to manufacture it in this country. But when my smokeless powder was perfected, and the government tests had been completed, the policy of Congress was so penurious in making an appropriation for it that I was forced to go abroad in the endeavour to sell my European patents. I offered all my inventions to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. Negotiations progressed favourably for a time, and then fell through, because the directors got the impression from Hiram that all the essential features of my powder were "cribbed" from him while I was in the employ of that company. In truth, not a single feature of the powder originated with him, and he himself never was able to invent or produce a powder of sufficient merit to compel its use.

I was in England again in 1895 and made a number of inventions there, among which was an automobile. That wasn't profitable. Another unprofitable invention had to do with calcium carbide. My calcium carbide experiments cost me six thousand dollars, and I sold my patents through an agent for two thousand dollars, of which he got half. I have reason to think that the buyer found the patents very valuable.

The necessity for making a smokeless powder better adapted to cannon engaged the attention of leading chemists, mechanics, and scientific inventors throughout the world. Many of them

were backed by limitless government resources, or by vast private capital. I entered the race handicapped by lack of money, and by the dilatory and penurious methods of my own home government, but in the end I won out and distanced all competitors.

When I began my experiments, every form of smokeless cannon powder grain that had been used up to that time failed to give satisfactory ballistic results, because they all burned with a decreasing area. I invented a powder grain made in round cylinders three diameters long, and I perforated it with seven holes running through it longitudinally, an expedient which made the powder burn with an increasing combustion. It maintained the pressure in the gun very much better.

In 1897, the Maxim Powder Company sold to the Du Pont Company all its property, including my American smokeless-powder patents. When the debts of my company had been paid, and the money advanced by the different shareholders for stock had been refunded, and all other interested parties satisfied, there was left fifteen thousand dollars for me.

Then I went to England, and while there in 1897, I delivered a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution of Great Britain. In the lecture I described and illustrated with drawings a method of throwing a high explosive in a very large-bore cannon of the howitzer type, weighing forty-five tons, which, at maximum elevation, would have a range of about nine miles. I predicted that the steel-protected fortifications then under construction at Liége and Namur in Belgium could easily be destroyed by such a weapon. They were destroyed seventeen years later by the Germans, in the World War, by the howitzer known as the Big Bertha, throwing high explosives at high-angle fire at a range of nine miles, and the gun weighed only two tons less than the gun I had designed. Even the delay-action detonating fuse used by the Germans to set off the high-explosive bursting-charge of the projectile was practically identical with the one I had invented and described, while the high explosive itself used by the Germans was nearly identical with Maximite, which I perfected in 1901.

Most of the British newspapers scouted the idea of being able to throw high explosives from cannon with a charge of gunpowder. They said that the shock would set off the high explosive. The *Daily Chronicle* asked: "Doesn't Mr. Maxim know that the gun would be blown into flinders at the first discharge?"

I met General Nelson A. Miles in London and had a talk with him about my system of throwing high explosives. Our war with Spain was just beginning, and he advised me to come right over to America. I came in May, 1898.

That same year I entered into an agreement with the Du Ponts, under which I was retained by them as consulting engineer and expert in experimental work, and I have been retained by them ever since. Not long after I established this connection, I made some very important inventions in explosives, and developed a fuse for armour-piercing projectiles, which was adopted by the Navy Department.

My connection with the Du Pont Powder Company gave me the opportunity to get close to a class of persons who may be termed ethical pace-makers by reason of their sterling honesty and straightforwardness in every relation of life. As I look back and recall my dealings with the Du Ponts, every act on their part is above criticism. The members of the family are endowed with executive brains to a rare degree, and I think they have the most efficient organization the world has ever seen.

The Spanish War impressed me as the play of a great braggadocio of a bully, on the part of the United States, hopping on to a little bit of a geezer. It was foolish and stupid and unnecessary to the last degree. Our management was absolutely ghastly. The men who lost their lives by disease vastly outnumbered those who were killed or injured in the fighting. Why, they died like flies at Tampa, Florida, and other camps in our own country.

Only chance prevented the war from dragging on longer. Shafter, our commanding general in Cuba, had decided that things were so desperate with his army at the battle of Santiago

that he'd got to quit. He lay there sweating in a hammock in that torrid atmosphere, and what saved the day for him was that before he could get an orderly to raise a white flag, the Spaniards raised one. Heavens! the idea of having that old tub of fat for a general!

The war taught not much more than a battle between two boys armed with pea-shooters would teach. But we did learn that our troops, armed with the old, single-loading Springfield muskets, using black gunpowder, were placed at a disadvantage in the face of the Spaniards, armed with Mauser magazine rifles, using smokeless powder. We also learned that we were very short of smokeless powder for the Navy, and that the old brown powder that we had on hand was worse than useless. The Spanish Navy was destroyed mainly with cordite we got from England. Another thing we learned was that our naval marksmanship was so bad we couldn't hit the broad side of a barn unless it was hung on the muzzle of our guns. Really, the Spanish were much better armed and equipped than we were.

This is an age of specialists. A man who is ill of a dangerous malady calls in a competent physician, and he takes his advice. He doesn't cast aside the remedies that his physician prescribes and take a dose of dish-water recommended by his mother-in-law. When one has appendicitis he doesn't go to the carpenter to be operated on. He doesn't call in the parson to help him with his household plumbing. Nevertheless, Uncle Sam follows exactly such methods. Our Congressmen are not required to possess any aptitude or fitness for the duties of their high office beyond doing political job work. It has been the custom of army and navy officers to recommend appropriations for what they consider meritorious inventions, but Congress frequently has acted independently of their advice, and has tried out at great expense some of the craziest contrivances possible.

The much-heralded pneumatic dynamite gun was about as absurd as any of them. It was popularly thought that if dynamite could be thrown out of a gun, something marvellous

would happen. The pneumatic gun was made to discharge six hundred pounds of nitrogelatin, with the expectation that this would utterly destroy any battleship in the world should it explode either on the ship or in the vicinity of it. A battery of these guns was mounted at Sandy Hook and another at San Francisco.

The gun was invented by an impractical Russian engineer, and was the damnedest fool contraption ever got up in the world. It was capable of throwing the charge about as far as a boy could throw a stone with a sling, while the gun and its battery of air compressors formed a target nearly as conspicuous as an Egyptian pyramid. Any enemy warship with ordinary cannon could easily approach and blow up the entire outfit without coming in range of the pneumatic gun.

The Government was persuaded to build a small vessel called the *Vesuvius* and mount two of these guns on it. The Spanish War began, and this vessel was sent down to Cuba, where it fired at Morro Castle, which guards the entrance to Santiago harbour. The guns made quite a lot of noise and spoiled a nice green grassy effect in one spot—and that was all.

It was generally believed in those days that all high explosives were exceedingly sensitive, and that it was necessary to discharge them from the gun very gently so they would not be exploded by the shock. I think I was the first to take up in earnest the adapting of the explosive to the gun, and the result was the invention of Maximite. This is so insensitive that melted iron poured on it merely sets it on fire, and it burns like so much pitch, with a bright green flame. It is loaded into shells by the simple process of melting and pouring. Maximite will stand not only the shock of being fired from heavy guns at high velocity, but also will stand the far greater shock of penetrating the heaviest armourplate—armourplate as heavy as the projectile will pass through without breaking up. But when exploded by a delay-action detonating fuse, it is 50 per cent. more powerful than dynamite.

The first government test of it was made at Sandy Hook in 1901 in competition with a recently invented Gathmann shell,

which was intended to destroy battleships by exploding the shell on the outside of their heavy armourplate. The theory was that the whole side of the ship would be blown in.

Two targets were prepared, each consisting of a huge armour-plate, sixteen feet long, seven and a half feet wide, and eleven and a half inches thick, and weighing forty-seven thousand pounds. They were set up, backed by supports to represent the same strength and rigidity as though they were mounted on the side of a battleship.

The eighteen-inch Gathmann shell weighed nearly a ton and carried about five hundred pounds of guncotton. It had a soft nose which was to collapse on the plate and make the shell explode. At the first shot the projectile struck the plate squarely and exploded, but the only effect on the plate was to leave a great yellow smudge on its face. Several more shots were fired, and, although the plate was pushed back and a vertical break made by the heavy pommelling, it was not otherwise injured.

Then a twelve-inch armour-piercing shell weighing two hundred and fifty pounds and carrying only twenty-three pounds of Maximite, and equipped with a delay-action fuze, was fired at the other plate. It exploded in the plate when about two thirds through, blew a hole as big as a barrel, and shattered the plate into fragments.

The Government bought of me the secret of Maximite for fifty thousand dollars, and soon afterward the Navy Department bought an amount of Maximite which gave me a profit of eight thousand dollars. Next, an army officer found a way to fill shells with picrate of ammonia by hydraulic pressure, and this also was adopted by the Government. But finally both these explosives were superseded by T. N. T. and compounds of T. N. T. and nitrate of ammonia.

As chairman of the Committee on Ordnance and Explosives of the Naval Consulting Board during the World War, I had much responsibility in the examination of seventy thousand inventions and devices which poured in from all over the United States and abroad. Everything of which the human

imagination could conceive was submitted to us, and some of the things were wild and weird. I think it may be taken as a fair average that there are a hundred crank inventors to every real inventor. Not more than one per cent. of the devices submitted amounted to anything, and only a few of these were of practical use. One of the most foolish of all that we received was tried by the Naval Consulting Board against my protest. It was an apparatus for sending out a repelling wave toward an oncoming torpedo. I suppose we spent twenty-five thousand dollars on the experiment. What happened? Nothing! The torpedo was going about fifty feet a second, and the wave didn't affect it at all.

I devoted nine tenths of my time to the Consulting Board work, and served without compensation, just as did the other members. During this period of war service I invented a torpedo-proof ship, in which a cargo of pulverized coal was made to serve the twofold purpose of supplying fuel to drive the ship, and of a buffer to protect the vitals of the ship from a torpedo attack. Also, I invented a submarine mine which the magnetic attraction of an enemy submarine would explode at a distance of about fifty feet. Both of these inventions I donated to the Government.

My multi-perforated smokeless cannon powder was manufactured in enormous quantities by the Du Pont Company for the Allies during the war. In dollars-and-cents value, more of it was used than of any other single munition, and it had much to do with our winning. The Du Ponts received a single check from the Russian Government for sixty million dollars' worth of it.

I've had many narrow escapes in my long experience as an inventor and manufacturer of explosive compounds. Even when the work in such manufacture has been thoroughly systematized there remains considerable danger; and in pioneer inventive experimentation with the materials the risk is much greater, because the experimenter is dealing with unfamiliar compounds and reactions. His pathway is like that of the vedettes of an army passing over a road planted with enemy

mines. The inventor and the soldier get used to danger, but that doesn't lessen the risk. A little absentmindedness on the part of the experimenter, a very slight lack of caution, a seemingly insignificant inadvertence for a moment, may cost a limb, or even a life. The greatest source of danger lies in the tendency for voluntary acts gradually to become automatic. It is this automatic tendency that enables the agile fingers of the stenographer and the pianist to perform freely while leaving the conscious mind to other duties. We all know how we forget whether we have wound a watch or shut a door, and find on investigation that we have done so, but entirely unconsciously.

One of the closest calls I ever had occurred when two of my assistants were helping me weigh out small batches of fulminate of mercury from a ten-pound jar. We placed a little pile of fulminate on each of half-a-dozen or more small squares of glass that lay on a bench where we were working. A five-pound bottle of nitroglycerin was standing on the bench, and there was a fifty-pound case of gelatin dynamite under the bench.

We were proceeding very cautiously, when all at once the scoop on the scales toppled and an iron weight fell, striking within an eighth of an inch of one of the pieces of glass on which was the fulminate of mercury. After a second of suspense, we stared at one another in amazement, wondering whether or not we were still in the land of the living.

An investigation into the cause of the accident revealed that one of the young men employed in the laboratory had broken off an arm of the scales—one of the supports of the scoop—the day before, and, with criminal reticence, had made no mention of the fact to any one. Had that weight fallen on the fulminate it must have dealt death to all of us.

Smokers cause many conflagrations, explosions of fire damp in mines, and the blowing up of powder mills. No smoker and no one carrying matches is ever knowingly admitted to any powder mill or dynamite factory. I acknowledge to having been thoroughly scared on one occasion, when a habitual smoker who was an intimate friend escaped the vigilance of guards and assistants, and entered a building at my experimen-

tal works with a lighted cigar in his mouth. On the end of the cigar was an inch of hot ashes and cinders ready to drop off at the least jar. When I caught sight of him, he was bending over a large box containing fifty pounds of dry guncotton, examining the material with his hand. I went up to the smoker and threw a cover over the box. "Please stand back a little," I said, and when my request was obeyed I told him what a risk he had taken. He was so scared he nearly fell to the floor.

At one time I went into a magazine in which were stored ten carloads of dynamite and thirty-seven thousand pounds of nitroglycerin which I had made for the Brazilian Government, and found there one of my workmen, named Schultze, knocking a case of dynamite open with a cold chisel and hammer. I discharged him at once.

A short time afterward a neighbouring farmer bought a supply of dynamite from me to use in blowing up stumps, and he said: "I've got an old hand of yours by the name of Schultze working for me. I'm going to let him do this stump job because he knows all about dynamite."

"Schultze!" I said. "He'll blow himself up. He's so careless I had to discharge him."

The farmer seemed unimpressed, and I said to him, "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you the price of the dynamite that I'm right."

"Agreed!" the farmer said, and drove off.

The next day Schultze ran afoul of an exploding stump, got four of his ribs broken, and was nearly killed. When the farmer and I met afterward, I said: "Well, I win. Schultze blew himself up as I said he would."

The farmer responded: "But I understood you to say that he would kill himself. He isn't more than half killed."

"Well, then," I said, "pay me half price for the dynamite," which he did!

XIII

FOREWORD

THE very first evening that I spent at Lake Hopatcong Mr. Maxim confided to me that he had the finest wife in the world. Perhaps I ought not to say "confided," because he has a habit of making that statement rather freely. His enthusiasm for Mrs. Maxim is unbounded, and many are his eulogies of her. They were married in 1896, and in that connection she one day said: "Soon after we got acquainted, Mr. Maxim asked me what education I'd had.

"'Oh! nothing special—that of an ordinary English girl,' I told him.

"'Then you've had none at all,' he said. 'The ordinary English girl doesn't know anything.'"

"But *she* did," Mr. Maxim declared. "Education depends more on the home than on the school, and she had a father of wonderful intelligence and breadth of knowledge."

"I found him attractive," Mrs. Maxim went on. "He was a lion of a man—and then his humour—I think that was what captured me. It was unlike anything I'd ever come across—so American—so absolutely refreshing. Oh, yes, indeed! And it seems to me he's unique even in this country.

"Not every woman can hope to be a success as the wife of a genius, but should be content to marry an ordinary, comfortable, everyday man. The first essential, if she marries a genius, is that she love him. The next is that she must appreciate his greatness. Then she can view with complacency as eccentricities many little peculiarities which would be shortcomings in a mediocrity. A genius likes appreciation. I don't mean that he requires flattery. His wife may be his severest critic, but he will take a deal of criticism very meekly if he knows that she is his most comprehending appreciator.

"Another essential is a sense of humour; and that saving grace must never fail to be in working order. Trivialities that might seem tragedies are seen to be nothing but mirth-provokers when viewed in the light of humour. If she doesn't worry him about the little things that really don't matter, she is more likely to have her way about the big things that really do matter.

"Sometimes Mr. Maxim will invite a houseful of folk to spend the week-end here, and not only forget to mention the fact to me, but also forget the fact that they are coming.

"He never cares how his clothes look, and he will go about in the auto and make calls wearing whatever he happened to have on when he concluded to start. Perhaps he won't have on a coat or any collar and necktie. He doesn't like to be bothered with buying clothes for himself, and I have to haul him into a store to get him to buy a suit. Then we buy three suits to avoid as long as possible the need of going again.

"He loves to cook, and he is a good cook, too. But he goes into the kitchen with his dress clothes on and mixes sauces. The dishes are fine, but he ruins his clothes. The furnace heat dries the air in the rooms. Then he sprinkles the house with water. It moistens the air, but it spoils the carpets, floors, and furniture. However, I can have his clothes cleaned and the furniture repaired. He is a happy man if he isn't embarrassed about such details.

"A woman doesn't have to give up her own individuality in order to adapt herself to the vagaries of genius, but she must allow genius its own individuality.

"I know that Mr. Maxim often is hasty and impatient, and yet he is so forceful that his bursts of impatience seem quite natural. He holds strongly to his own opinion, but if you convince his reason he will accept your view. And all his friends are aware how big-hearted he is.

"When working with enthusiasm on a new invention, he at times has forgotten that he had a wife. That seems like a failing, doesn't it? But what a delight there is in having him put the same fine ardour into his affection when he does remember me!"

XIII

AN ENGLISH COURTSHIP

ALWAYS I have had a passion for learning French. I studied it at Kents Hill Seminary, and I took along a French book to study when I went travelling through the country selling ink. Once I visited Paris with Hiram and his wife. I knew enough French to get around there, but they could handle the lingo better than I could. They were very vain of their French, and that determined me to learn enough to excel them. I succeeded, but not until I was back in America and had got my powder factory going down at Maxim in New Jersey.

I arranged to live in New York and travel to and from work by train, and I advertised for a French boarding house. The result was that I found a very satisfactory one kept by a Frenchwoman. Nothing was spoken there but her native language, which was just what I needed to improve my French. I think I was the woman's star boarder, inasmuch as I paid the highest price and hired three rooms. One room was for a sleeping room, one for a library, and one to serve me for a laboratory where I could conduct a few minor experiments without resorting to my main laboratory at the factory. The Frenchwoman didn't have much business sense, and I found that she actually was losing money at the prices she charged when I first came. So I set my own price—one that I thought was fair. The woman had several young children, and those kids of hers were the prettiest little things I ever saw. They were healthy, too. She didn't coddle 'em to death the way so many mothers do. Her youngest hadn't begun to walk, but was tough as an owl, crawling around half naked.

One day I was working in my boarding-house laboratory and a test tube that I held in my hand blew up. It went off like a ten-inch cannon. In a few minutes half-a-dozen policemen con-

gregated on the street outside. They thought somebody had been shot. I had fifty pounds of smokeless powder in my laboratory, and my landlady was afraid the policemen would find it. So she dragged it into her room and put it under the bed. Then she ran down and assured the policemen that everything was all right. She was very loyal and sympathetic.

The explosion had filled my face with glass, but my eyes had been quicker than the flying glass, and had shut intuitively. So the fragments of glass struck my face and the outside of my eyelids. They were dug out by a surgeon, whom I selected because I'd been told that he was the best surgeon of his time. He did the job so well that I made up my mind never to have any one else if I needed surgical attention while he retained his efficiency.

One day, in the year 1894, I had a gold cap put on one of my teeth. In consequence, the tooth ached and kept me awake the greater part of the night. Next morning I rose early and went by train as usual to my New Jersey factory. After I arrived there, I began experimenting with a new fulminate compound which was one of the most dangerous and deadly explosives known to science. In order to test the dryness of the compound, I took a piece of it about the size of an English penny, broke off a small particle, which I placed on a stand outside of the laboratory, lighted a match, and touched that tiny fragment with the flame.

Owing to loss of sleep the night before, my mind wasn't as alert as usual. I had forgotten to lay aside the remaining piece of fulminate, and still held it in my left hand. A spark from the ignited piece entered that hand between my fingers, and the hand was blown off to the wrist. The next thing I saw was the bare end of the wrist bone. This was at ten o'clock in the morning.

A tourniquet was tightened round my arm to prevent the flow of blood, and I and two of my assistants walked to the railroad track half a mile away and waved a red flag to stop a train for New York. But the engineer ignored our flag and went on. Perhaps our wild gesticulations made him think we were highwaymen.

We then walked another half mile to a farmhouse, where a horse and wagon were procured. Thence I was driven to a town more than four miles distant, and waited there two hours for the next train to New York. The only physician in the town was an invalid ill with tuberculosis. I called on him, and condoled with him, as he was much worse off than I was. He lived at the opposite end of the village from the railroad station, and that meant another mile of walking for me.

I sent a telegram to the Frenchwoman in charge of my boarding house telling her of the accident, and asking her to be sure to have my surgeon there when I arrived. She was frightened to death at getting a telegram. One of the members of her household took it from her saying, "Here, I'll open it for you."

"Don't you do such a thing," she protested. "There may be something awful in it." But after a little palaver they read the telegram, and my orders were obeyed.

Immediately after the accident my torn wrist was absolutely numb. But when it began to ache—oh, my God!—it ached like hell. One of my assistants went with me to the city, and on the way he gave me several hypodermic shots, which quieted me to a certain extent. We got the materials from our emergency chest before we left the factory.

When I reached New York I was taken in a carriage from the West Side ferry slip to the elevated station at the Brooklyn Bridge, and I went by train to Eighty-Fourth Street. After that I walked four blocks, and went up four flights of stairs, entirely unaided, to my apartments where the surgeon was awaiting me. It was now evening. I had had a pretty hard day.

The surgeon prepared to chloroform me, and explained that there was no danger in doing so if the patient had a strong heart. I asked him to examine my heart, since, if there was the least chance of my dying under the anæsthetic, I wanted to make my will.

"Heart!" the surgeon exclaimed. "A man who has gone through what you have gone through to-day *hasn't* any heart."

The débris of my hand was cut off that evening, and after the

surgeon bandaged my wrist, the pain wasn't so bad. He gave me something to take that kind of stilled me.

Next day I dictated letters to answer my correspondents as usual. I didn't get real sick until about the third day, but I was pretty sick then all right and had no desire to do business. I got up and visited Boston inside of ten days.

About six weeks after the accident, I procured an artificial hand which was lightly attached to my arm. A few days later, on my way home, just as I had descended from the elevated railroad station to the street, my passage was disputed by a drunken rowdy. I had the habit of fighting at the drop of a hat, and I struck out with my right hand and knocked him endwise. My other hand fell off, and so did my hat. But I picked them up and went home greatly encouraged. I felt that I could get along in the world after all. Nevertheless, I had no idea I ever would accomplish much in the years to come —it was too uphill work. But by having to depend more on my wits, I found that they were better than hands. Now I planned more and did more bossing.

But I consider my meeting Lilian Durban, who later became my wife, the greatest compensation in the world for the loss of my hand, and I wouldn't have met her except for that loss. I would have stayed on this side of the Atlantic and worked on my smokeless powder inventions, but after my hand was gone I went to England to sell them.

One day I spoke in London before the Balloon Society, on the development of smokeless powder, and dwelt to some extent on preparedness for war versus pacifism. The speech was followed by a lively discussion, in which some of the extreme pacifists declaimed most bitterly against my views, condemning all inventors and manufacturers of war materials.

At length a gentleman who was distinguished-looking, though small in stature, rose in the audience, and in a clear, well-modulated voice took sides with me effectively. After the meeting was over, I introduced myself to him, and he presented me to his wife and his daughter Lilian. He said he was

a minister, a newspaper editor, and author, and had written and published interviews with many distinguished men—among them Gladstone, Disraeli, and Spurgeon—and asked if I would grant him an interview. I gladly acquiesced, and invited him and his companions to lunch at my apartments the following day, which they agreed to do.

Meanwhile my heart was hammering against my ribs, serving notice on me that I had met something very good for the eyesight. In the words of Keats, I felt like

> . . . some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Early in my acquaintance with England I had been convinced that the rosy-cheeked English lasses were the most beautiful in the world, and again and again I had noted some special one whom I thought the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. But that was only think-so. It was not until I met my fate in Lilian Durban that I was certain I had found the most beautiful one.

While bustling about, making preparations for the luncheon, I was accosted on the street by a young tramp who said he was looking for work. It was the old gag, you know—he was out of money, and would I please give him enough to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee?

I told him I was to have a luncheon party in my apartments, and that I wanted someone to help my housekeeper in the scullery, and if he would take the job he should have ten shillings and all he wanted to eat. The proposition pleased him very much.

I surely did prepare some feed for the party. Besides, I had a florist make up and bring in a floral centrepiece, and he did himself proud.

My guests, when they arrived, included Lilian's younger sister, Nettie. I presently learned that they were all teetotalers except Mrs. Durban. She and I partook of some champagne that I served, but there was a quart bottle, and I feared that much of the champagne would be wasted undrunk, until I

thought of my new employee. Then I said to my guests, "I'll take what's left to my tramp in the scullery"; which I promptly did, much to their amazement and amusement. Doctor Durban was a great-hearted, kindly man, very democratic in his instincts, and it pleased him immensely that I should be so considerate of a tramp—a very unusual proceeding for a gentleman in England.

I didn't return to the table, but sat down in my easy chair, which is my custom when through eating. I excused myself to my guests and expected them to proceed with their meal while I looked on. Nevertheless, they all quit, and not until after my marriage did I learn how the young ladies wanted to get at the glacé cakes, crystallized fruits, and other things I had provided for dessert. Many a time have I been taken to task for my delinquency on that occasion, and made to pay the penalty.

My relations with the family became very friendly and intimate at once. I began calling on them, and it was just like "dropping into home," as they say down in Maine. Mine was a speedy and ardent courtship. I didn't let any grass grow under my feet. Why, I became a regular church-goer in order to see Lillie as much as possible, but I confess that I found the services rather irksome, and I watched the clock pretty well.

One day I took her to see the Army and Navy Museum, which contained a wonderful display of weapons of war of every description, from the earliest forms down to the most modern types. She was intensely interested. Another day we visited Kew Gardens. We went on a boat up the Thames; and it was a beautiful day, and it was a beautiful trip. Lilian was acquainted with Kew Gardens, and I was not, and she became my guide, much to my delight. After we had seen the Gardens we went to a little ice-cream place, and I ordered two plates of ice cream. It was the most atrocious ice cream ever made by mankind, but I never enjoyed ice cream so much before, and haven't since.

After an acquaintance of three weeks, I was at Lilian's home

one day and we were reading poetry together. Among other things, I read Gray's "Elegy" to her, and the sentiment of the poem so moved me that at the end I reached over and kissed her.

Then she told me that in England a man isn't supposed to kiss a girl unless they're engaged.

"My God!" I said, "why *aren't* we engaged? That's just the thing for us to do." And she agreed.

The next day, her father came round to see me. He visited very pleasantly, but seemed to have something on his mind. Finally he said: "I want to thank you for the honour you've done my daughter and my family by asking her to be your wife; but it is customary in England first to ask the father's consent."

Well, that was news to me, and I hadn't thought of such a thing. The moment I saw her I knew I wanted her.

She'd been brought up in a very seclusive and religious fashion, and when we married it was agreed that she would go to the theatre with me as often as I went to church with her. We both recognized that there was a wide difference in our viewpoints and were ready to make concessions. In the evenings she began reading aloud to me Haeckel's "History of Creation," a book that makes unquestionably clear the fact of evolution. After about two weeks she exclaimed, as she was reading, "Why, Hudson, this is true!"

"Of course it's true," I said.

Mrs. Maxim's father had a most pleasing personality. He was a man of learning and refinement, and there were no cankers in his soul. He looked on every man as necessarily a fine fellow. When a person committed a crime or did a mean act, it was incomprehensible to him how that person could have done it, and he thought there must have been extenuating circumstances. If he got an opportunity to forgive a person who had wronged him, that would be the first thing he'd do. There was no bigotry in his religion, and he and I agreed perfectly about evolution. It is peculiar how some persons are so constituted as to harbour implicit belief in absolutely opposite things, both of which cannot be true. Such persons never subject their faith to the criticism of their reason. They

keep their faith in one compartment of their mind and their reason in another. Doctor Durban had great breadth of understanding, and his ethical ideas, ideals, and philosophy of life were scientifically righteous. We used to converse about the great infinities, and he always was the same gentle soul. There was no opposition on account of religion to my marriage with his daughter. He thought I was a dear, good fellow, and that settled it. He knew I was essentially sound.

I have a reputation for conducting some very risky and ticklish experiments. But all the things I have done to tame nitroglycerin and soften the temper of dynamite, or to make torpedo warfare a pleasant pastime, do not compare for a moment with the experiment I have tried with my wife. We became partners on our wedding day. We were to share and share alike all that good fortune might bring me. We were to bear one another's burdens, know all each other's secrets, and actually practise living for each other.

It was a risky experiment—treating my wife as my equal in every way, with equal freedom of the bank account, and with equal ownership in all property; but it has worked well, for the reason that she takes an equal interest with me in everything in which I am interested. If you want really to enjoy anything, you must share it, and you are helped mightily in trouble to be able to share the trouble with someone else.

What I have accomplished is as much due to Mrs. Maxim's efforts aiding mine as to my own efforts. I hadn't supposed it was possible for any woman to be what she is. If anything happened to her, that would be the end of me.

One thing I won't do is to take out life insurance. The insurance people are too inquisitive if a person dies suddenly. I don't want them coming round and analyzing my stomach to see if Mrs. Maxim has given me poison. If she should wish to poison me, I want her to be perfectly free to do as she pleases.

We were married in March, 1896, and at first we lived in a house that we rented of Hiram.

I had had many ups and downs—some rather high ups, but they had had the inconvenient habit of alternating with low

downs. After we had been married about six months, there came along one of those low-down financial depressions, and our available cash was reduced to nineteen dollars.

Luckily, it happened that I made a connection just then with somebody who engaged me to investigate certain engineering work he was interested in. After that prospects were brighter, until one day Hiram came to me and read the riot act. He said: "You must quit inventing anything whatever relating to naval and military matters, and have nothing more to do with war materials, or you must get out of this house and I'll make things hot for you."

My wife and I were highly indignant, and, I may say, damn mad. "All right," I said, "I shall continue to go forward, and this is going to be the uphillest kind of a job you ever undertook. I'll fight fair, but I'll fight to a finish."

However, after a short trip to America, matters were patched up between Hiram and me, and our final break didn't come until 1898. My wife and I came to New York in May of that year, stayed a few months at the Waldorf-Astoria, and then rented a flat on Thirty-fourth Street.

While living there, a young man accosted me on the street one day and told a pitiful story of his being accidentally stranded and hard up. He wanted to get to Boston where his people lived, and would I be good enough to help him! All he wanted was a loan—not a gift—and the money would be sent back to me as soon as he reached home.

He had every appearance of telling the truth, and I took him to the house and fed him, and then risked the amount of his fare to Boston, but I never heard from him again. Consequently, I made some good resolutions to refrain from being an easy mark in the future.

Mrs. Maxim and I were coming home from the theatre a night or two later, and I referred to this incident, and said: "You kick me if you ever see me give again to any one we know nothing about. Not another cent will I squander in that way."

Just as I finished speaking, we noticed an old, bent man leaning against a fence, holding in his hand a little street organ

which he had been playing. It was a stormy winter night, great flakes of snow were coming down thick and fast, and the ground already was covered to a depth of six inches. I took a look at the old fellow, and he was such an appealing sight that before I had time to think of my good resolutions, I handed him half a dollar.

On another occasion, a very respectable-looking man addressed me on the street with: "How do you do, Mr. Maxim? It has been some time since I've seen you about."

I naturally thought he was some old acquaintance, and as we walked along together I cudgelled my brains, trying vainly to get some clue to his identity. Finally he said: "A package has come to the express office for me, and I'm in haste to get it, but it so happens that I haven't any money with me to pay the charges. Would you kindly lend me five dollars and take my gold watch as security?"

It was evident that the watch was worth many times more than the amount he wanted, so there could be no risk. I handed him the five dollars and took the watch, but didn't particularly examine it until after we parted. Then I began to have doubts, and carried it to a jeweller. He said: "That isn't a watch. It's nothing but tin made for external show."

It was so difficult to open that I couldn't open it myself, and when the jeweller pried it open, sure enough, it had no in'ards at all! This led me to make more good resolutions, but not any new ones. I had made the same kind many times before, and have made them many times since, but I never live up to them. Mrs. Maxim says that if any one comes along with a hard-luck story and begins to work on my sympathy I'm lost. I suppose that's so.

I once lent a friend five dollars which he faithfully promised to pay when due. However, before it became due, he had struck me for a fiver two times more, and I lent the money.

> And then I missed him on the 'customed hill,
> Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
> Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
> Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

I finally caught him in a corner and asked him for the why and the wherefore, and hinted at the wherewithal. To my surprise, he flared up at me and said that I need not think so damn mean of him—that I was entirely mistaken, and he raked me gally-west for my bad opinion of him.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "what have I done or said to make you think I had any but the kindest feelings for you?"

"Well," said he, "how can you help having a bad opinion? Here I borrowed fifteen dollars of you, and I haven't been able to keep my promises to pay you as I intended. Therefore you must think me a dead-beat."

"Not by any means," said I. "My brother-in-law wants a dog. What will you take for that little yellow dog of yours? I don't know what you think him worth, but I will give you fifteen dollars for him. That is to say, I will take the dog and call our account square."

As the dog wasn't worth fifteen cents, he very gladly accepted my offer. I took the dog out and killed it. The transaction restored my former debtor's friendly attitude. There no longer was a skeleton in his closet of obligation with which he associated me to my discomfiture. This is the psychology of the friendly loan.

Mrs. Maxim and I hadn't been established on Thirty-fourth Street long when a Brooklyn company made a trade with me for developing some inventions I was at work on. We moved over there, and I hired a floor in a building for my experimenting.

One day, on my way home, I was greeted by a young tramp who claimed that he had just arrived from Pittsburgh and was seeking work. I needed an assistant, and I told him that if he actually was looking for work I had a job for him. He came along with me, and the next morning we went to my shop.

After getting ready for an experiment I said to him: "There's always danger in this work. I don't expect the thing to blow up. If I did, I wouldn't stay here. But if you feel timid, the time to abscond is right now."

"I'm not afraid of anything that you're not afraid of," he said.

I got my time watch ready and told him to press the electric button to ignite the material. Instantly there was a terrific explosion. The windows were blown out into the street, and pieces of the shattered apparatus were driven into the ceiling and into the wall about us.

My helper looked calmly about him for a moment, and then at me. "God, she busted!" he said.

Under the advice and counsel of the landlord, I moved away from there.

I next bought a house that had a backyard, where I could put up a shed for my experimenting. It was a little bit of a brick house on Sterling Place, right in a block of other houses. There were two stories and a basement, and it cost us about eight thousand dollars. It was the first house we'd owned, and we used to go out on the street and admire it. Really it was cosy—a very dear little place. I planted an elm in front of it that's quite a big tree now. The house was ours, and it looked wonderful to us, and we'd go into it, and gloat over it there, too. Sometimes we'd sit down on the stairs and look around and enjoy its charms, especially after we'd begun furnishing it. We took great pride in the curtains we put up, and in everything else in the house.

I built in the backyard a thick-walled brick laboratory with no windows or doors except those on the side toward my house and a large skylight. A new apparatus was got ready for a test. This time my wife was my assistant. In spite of a natural timidity, she never hesitated to help me in dangerous experiments. Safety to her meant nothing unless I was safe. We arranged to touch the thing off by electricity from the house. Again it exploded, and one of the fragments of the apparatus came through the open door and passed nearly through a wooden wall behind which we were standing.

After a few years we concluded to move to St. Marks Avenue, and I advertised my Sterling Place house for sale. One day, a man came who looked it over and expressed himself as being

much pleased. It was, indeed, a very pretty little house. When we went into the cellar, he observed the type of furnace, and remarked that no doubt I found it satisfactory.

As a matter of fact, the furnace was insufficient and failed to take off much more than the chill from the rooms in cold weather. I told him that the furnace was all right—it worked very well for what it was intended to be. However, it wasn't intended to be a furnace at all, but a refrigerator.

He laughed and said: "I'll take the house, nevertheless. You've been so frank and truthful about the furnace, that I feel I can believe anything else you've said about the property."

He was a good man to deal with. If a man bargains with me, I want him to decide promptly, just as I do. I expect him to fish, cut bait, or go ashore. I don't like haggling. If any one starts to haggle, I think he's not much interested, and I just walk away.

I lived in Brooklyn only four months in the year, and the rest of the time stayed at Lake Hopatcong, but I discovered a decided mental depreciation during my Brooklyn sojourn, not only in myself but in every member of my family, including the dog and cat. The Brooklyn atmosphere somehow seems to be burdened with intellectual opacity and obfuscation. The place is on Long Island, and therefore is a part of the terminal moraine of an ancient glacier where was dumped all the refuse from the mainland during the Ice Age. I don't mean to infer that the inhabitants of Brooklyn have been dumped there because they were intellectual refuse, but when a community manifests peculiar intellectual depreciation we try to attribute it to something. I must confess that some of the most progressive and intelligent ministers of the Gospel that I ever have seen are Brooklyn men, but it's my guess that they are imported.

The reason why I owned a house so long in Brooklyn was that I was unable to sell it, notwithstanding that I diligently tried to do so for seven years. You remember that when good-intentioned persons presented Admiral Dewey a house in Washington he gave it away, for doing which he was sharply

criticized. They should have bought him a house in Brooklyn. He couldn't have given it away if they had.

I must say, however, that I loved my neighbours there, in spite of their failings, and my New Jersey environment supplies no folks better worth knowing. Really, a change of residence only leads to the discovery that people are pretty much the same everywhere.

XIV

FOREWORD

IF THERE is any one feature more than another in the Maxim home that has left its impress on my memory, it is the marvellous dining-room fireplace. This is equipped with four heating radiators. The fire is built on one radiator, there is a second one at the back, and one on each side, while still other radiators flank the fireplace outside. The ashes slip through the foundation radiator into a scoop hole.

"That is the most scientific fireplace in the world," Mr. Maxim informed me. "I invented it. The heat from the burning logs warms the water in the cluster of radiators, and they throw out heat."

The apparatus, viewed as a whole, looked as if it had been transferred from the engine room of a factory. There is a similar fireplace in Mr. Maxim's chamber, and although the house contains twenty-three rooms, much of the heating is done by hot-water pipes running from these fireplaces. A small furnace in the basement assists in cold weather. Every day a truckload of wood is brought to the house. It consists of sections of tree-trunks and limbs three feet long, and the early morning pile in a corner of the dining room is quite imposing.

"Our fires do eat up the wood, especially in winter," Mr. Maxim said. "We burn a hundred cords a year. Besides, we use considerable coal, and they both cost like sin. But the wood is cut on my own land and the actual cost of that is the expense of cutting, hauling, and sawing.

"This fireside has a great attraction for me. When a man gets old, he is more and more like the cat in his liking for the warmth of the fire. You get physical comfort, and you can relax and meditate. If one has cultivated his mind, he is likely in his later years to see with a clear vision and a broader un-

derstanding. His mentality is as keen and active as in the flush of youth, but the buzz and sizz of passion and emotion have subsided with all their intruding division and diversion of interest. The stars can't be seen during the day because of the stronger rays of the sun, but if we descend to the bottom of a deep well, we actually can see the stars in the firmament. Similarly, the old person, with a dimmer sense and a dimmer vision of surroundings, nevertheless can see with even clearer inner vision than in youth, and here by my own fireside I find the ideal conditions for meditation and sociability."

In the new portion of the house are two very superior hall closets. Mrs. Maxim called my attention to them, and remarked: "One of them is Mr. Maxim's. He calls it 'the morgue,' because the things in there are dead—he can't find them. That's what he says. But, then, he leaves his things all round and can't find them anyway."

The office is a centre of much activity in the Maxim home. There are two rooms, one for Mrs. Maxim and the other for the secretary and stenographer; and both rooms have typewriters and an abundance of other furnishings to enable the occupants to do business with comfort and celerity.

Late one August afternoon a telephone message came that a fire had started five or six miles away in the woods. Mr. Maxim at once hustled around preparing to go to it, and Mrs. Maxim began to protest that he ought not to leave because dinner was just ready.

"I've eaten my dinner," he said. "I ate it in the kitchen. I found some soft-shelled crabs there, and they were so tempting I couldn't wait."

Then she tried an argument of another sort, saying: "But think of it—at your age—going away off in the woods to fight a fire!"

"Well, I'm not going to fight it," he declared. "I simply want to see how serious it is, and make sure it's being properly handled."

"Yes," she said, "and you'll furnish tools, I suppose, and never get them back, as usual."

However, nothing could deter him. He was like an old war horse that scents the battle from afar. His eyes sparkled and he was full of boyish energy and eagerness. He picked up his cap and gave it a peculiar, characteristic twirl that slouched it down over his white locks, shouted for his secretary, and invited me to go along. We soon were off, with him at the wheel of his big automobile, and how we did go! The road was rough, and hills and turns were frequent, and trees and thickets hid the view. But his mind works with lightning-like rapidity, and the sinews of his one efficient arm are of steel-like strength. We dashed round the turns, we dodged the traffic, and on the favourable stretches we went like the wind. Once he asked his secretary who sat beside him, "What are we doing now?"

"Sixty-five miles an hour," she replied. "Now look ahead and be careful."

We passed a curve and approached a slowly moving car, the driver of which heard us coming and began going faster. At that Mr. Maxim suddenly straightened up. "What!" he cried, "does that man think he can keep ahead of me?"

Our car lurched forward and went past him like a flash.

When we got into the vicinity of the reported fire, no fire was to be found. Someone had burned off a little patch of dry grass to save the trouble of mowing it with a scythe, and now the fire was out. Mr. Maxim got this information from a group of loiterers. "Where's the fellow who set the fire?" he asked. "I want to talk with him."

"We don't know where he is just now," they replied.

"Well, you tell him from me he ought to go and commit suicide," Mr. Maxim snorted, and we went back the way we had come, but not so fast.

As we were alighting from the car he said to me: "It's like this—whatever happens round here in the form of an emergency the people seem to have the idea that I must be informed by telephone right off. If there's a fire they call up Hudson Maxim. If there's a child lost they send for Hudson Maxim; but why should I be able to find a lost child better than any one else? If there's a man drowned they call up Hudson Maxim.

A man fell into the water up here at the River Styx the other day—had a fit and tumbled off the shore—and a crowd gathered, but no one would pull him out because they said it wasn't legal to pull a drowned man out of the water until the police came. If there's a baby sick they call up Hudson Maxim. If a water-closet won't work they call up Hudson Maxim. Yes, they call me up for everything under heaven that you can think of."

XIV

MY HOME AT LAKE HOPATCONG

IN 1901, I made arrangements with the Du Ponts, who owned some powder works on the shores of Lake Hopatcong, to come here and erect a laboratory and conduct experiments. It wasn't the beauty of the spot that attracted me. It was the powder works, and if they'd been in a desert, that wouldn't have deterred me. I came primarily that I might have room to grow up and blow up with the country without too much interference with neighbours. There weren't so many neighbours then as now.

My wife and I hired a cottage on the east shore of the lake and lived in that for a year. The next two years we had a cottage on the opposite shore beside the River Styx. Then I bought a small summer cottage that stood where my present house stands. I went back and forth between our cottage and my laboratory on a bicycle the first year. Afterward I used an automobile. That was my first car. It was a two-passenger runabout, but I had extra seats put on behind, which gave it a very odd appearance. It had what is known as a chain drive, and the chain broke nearly every time we took the car out. When the chain didn't break, it was because something else gave out before the chain had a chance to break.

The car was such a constant source of trouble that I made up my mind to sell it. So I had it fixed up, put in running condition, and painted. Then I advertised it for sale in the newspapers. A man from Connecticut called to see it, and I took him out riding in it over the smooth streets of Brooklyn, where I was staying then at my winter home. It ran very well on that occasion. He was pleased with it and said so, and that he thought my price was reasonable. But on the

edge of a decision to take it, he made the remark: "I don't suppose you've had much trouble with it, have you?"

"Trouble!" said I. "Heavens and earth! if you'll take that old car and pay me ten per cent. of what it will cost you to keep it in repair for one year, it's yours."

I couldn't say anything in favour of that old car even to sell it, my thoughts were so filled with the tribulations it had caused me. I wanted to tell somebody about them, and I freed my mind to him. He didn't buy the car.

There was a man I owed a small debt, and I gave the car to him to cancel the debt. He made a poor bargain, for the car proved to be such an expense to him that he nearly went broke.

Soon after I built my laboratory on Lake Hopatcong, my old partner Knowles came to visit me. Various things had happened to him since our venture in publishing had collapsed. In the first place, he had married. He came to me once in the early stages of our career and told me of a twelve-year-old schoolgirl prodigy down in Maine who could read wonderfully well, who could do all the problems in Greenleaf's Elementary Algebra without a mistake, and who could recite a poem or a page of prose after reading it once, or, at most, twice.

Several years later, Knowles informed me that he was going to marry this young lady. He had given me some advice about my sweetheart before I married, and now I turned the tables of my philosophy on him. "Such a prodigy," I said, "won't be a prodigy after she has come to maturity. You'll find her very mediocre when she's a full-fledged woman." But Knowles married her, and she proved to be a very simple-minded, confiding, and lovable little wife.

As Knowles often changed his mind regarding his philosophy and practices, I asked him on one occasion how his wife could maintain her confidence in his say-so. His thought was in a state of transition, because his entire self and all the world were constantly on trial in his analytic mind. He replied: "Oh! we have an understanding that she's always to believe the last

thing I tell her; and that works first rate." Knowles worshipped her as a divine being. The falling down of her prodigy qualities caused no regrets and no embarrassments.

We parted when our publishing business failed. He went West and engaged in a mail-order business, handling silverware, mostly. But a partner took advantage of him, and his wife died. That broke his heart, and he never recovered. When he came to visit me, he was suffering from chronic ill-health and was in the throes of abject discouragement. No offers of assistance that I could make seemed to cheer him in the least. Often, as he sat listlessly there at the laboratory, he would groan and say: "I've nothing to live for. Oh, I think I'll finish it all!"

One day, I needed some fulminate of mercury. This material can't be taken on a train or sent by express, and the only way to get it was to go to a distant town after it with a horse and wagon. My assistant and I couldn't very well leave the work in hand, and I asked Knowles to go. He didn't seem to care whether he lived or not, and I thought he was just the man to send on a dangerous errand. I explained that the fulminate was very sensitive when dry, and that he must have it thoroughly wet in order to carry it safely. I saw him start off with a horse and buggy, but in a little while he got nervous over the risk and turned round and came back.

Then I sent an occasional helper of mine who lived close by. He returned along toward evening, left the horse and buggy at the stable, and started for the laboratory carrying a small hand-valise in which was a bag containing ten pounds of fulminate. I saw him coming, and was alarmed to observe that the road seemed altogether too narrow for him. He staggered from side to side and was steadying himself by swinging the valise back and forth with great violence. A drunker man never walked.

I ran and grabbed the valise and carried it to the laboratory. When I opened it I found that instructions about wetting the fulminate hadn't been followed. The bag of dry explosive had been merely set in a pail of water long enough to wet a thin

film on the outside. Why it hadn't exploded when handled so roughly was a wonder.

My laboratory assistant was an American—honest, fearless, painstaking, and diligent—who had worked with explosives all his life. One day, after I left home, I received a telegram that called me to Morristown as an expert in a court case. We had made ready for an important test with a full-sized torpedo apparatus, and before I went away I gave orders to my assistant to do some minor work until I returned. When I did return, I found there had been an explosion. My laboratory had been destroyed and my assistant blown to pieces.

The butcher on his rounds told my wife of the catastrophe. He said to her: "Have you heard the news about the explosion? Mr. Maxim's laboratory has blown up and burned. They've found some of his assistant, but they ain't found none of Mr. Maxim yet."

My wife hurried to the scene of the disaster, where she was relieved to learn that I was away. It was a great satisfaction to her to have me give up experimenting with high explosives for good at the end of the World War.

Some time ago I let it be known that I needed a secretary to replace one who was leaving, and applicants came thick and fast. Among these was a hatchet-faced creature with rather a high-strung and nervous temperament, who nevertheless seemed to be so capable that after a careful examination I decided to take her. She, however, hesitated about taking me. She had seen pictures of me in the papers cooking with high explosives and burning nitroglycerin in a lamp to light a room, and she was fearful that she might be blown up.

I assured her that I was now out of the explosive business and that my house was four miles from the dynamite factory where I used to have a laboratory. She finally was persuaded to come, although still somewhat harassed by doubts.

On the evening of her arrival, while she was sitting on one side of the dining-room table and I on the other, just after we had finished eating, she again raised the question as to whether my home was perfectly safe from explosives. I began telling

her how groundless were her fears, when there came a terrific blast, and big fire brands, some of them ten feet long, were blown clear over the house and came down in the lake.

I confess that I was as much surprised as she was. Up I got and rushed out to see what was the matter. Something had happened to my tool house, located about a hundred yards up the hill. A quantity of flashlight powder for use in taking photographs had been stored there, and this had probably been set off by a fire starting in oily rags some of my men had left in a corner. Anyhow, the stuff had gone up with a blast that lighted the whole dome of heaven as bright as day. The excitement was increased by the fact that a lot of rifle cartridges were in the tool house, and these kept exploding, one after another, from the heat. The racket and the flames brought the neighbours running toward the spot, but they didn't dare come close enough to help in putting out the fire while the cartridges continued to explode.

After things had quieted down, I went back to the house and found that my secretary was no longer with us. She had pinned a polite note to the tablecloth, telling where her trunk could be forwarded.

There's a great popular dread of high explosives, which has led to no end of wild misconceptions of their force and their danger. Many a poor anarchist has reaped bitter disappointment when a few pounds of dynamite have failed to destroy London Bridge or to demolish a city block; and the wag confidently repeats the old story of the man who blew himself up by kicking the dog that ate the dynamite. It is only when properly confined that dynamite works destruction in freeing itself from confinement. When exploded on the surface of the ground it simply kicks a hole in the ground, as the gases rebound upward into the air on the lines of least resistance.

My wife's father and mother came over from England to visit us, and one day I caught my mother-in-law redhanded, with a toothbrush tinting my father-in-law's graying hair. She said she was doing it because she wanted him to appear more youthful. I protested and used what I thought were

eloquent arguments which should carry conviction. I explained that instead of making him look younger, the dye would so harden his looks that he would appear older. She went on with the process, and as I saw that I couldn't convince her, I quit.

When I got up next morning, my wife and I went over my hair and moustache with some liquid India ink. I didn't wear a beard then. The ink acted as a sort of paint rather than as a dye. It made my hair and moustache jet black, and also made them very heavy and bushy. I viewed myself in a mirror. The sight was appalling, and I was reminded of the remark of the Frenchman, who said: "I have such a military air that when I see myself in the looking-glass I actually am afraid of myself."

No sooner did my wife and I go downstairs and join her parents at breakfast than her mother took one look at me, and fairly screamed: "Oh, Hudson! what have you done? How terrible you look! Can't you get that black off?"

I calmly said: "Why, Mother, I thought you were going to like it. Don't I look younger?"

"You look awful!" she declared. "Won't it come off?"

"Well," I said, "if you don't like it, I can shave off my moustache, and I can shave my head and wear a wig until my hair grows out again."

After teasing her awhile, my wife and I went upstairs to wash off the ink. We found this a good deal more of a job than we had expected. After long scrubbing with laundry soap and a brush, we got rid of most of the colouring matter; but my hair and moustache continued to have a London-fog look for many weeks afterward. My father-in-law's hair never was tinted again.

The cottage I bought wasn't what we wanted for a permanent home, and soon we built a three-story cement-block addition. Later we extended that addition, and recently we have torn down the old cottage and built what is the main portion of our house, with wide-reaching eaves, and with a very broad piazza fronting the water.

I had one of the chambers made sound-proof. It is double-

walled, and the three-inch space between the walls is filled with mineral wool. The windows are padded and, when shut, close out light, sound, and air. Ventilation is provided by means of an airshaft from below, and another above in which the air is forced up by an electric fan. You can go into that room on a hot summer day, and no outside sound can reach you, and you will be cool and comfortable.

Some years ago I acquired a large tract of lakeside property in addition to what I bought with the cottage. It made me the owner of three fourths of the land in the borough. We've been developing the property since and selling off building lots.

I built a stone boat-house a little distance out in the lake and connected it with the shore by a high, arched causeway. But I began motor-boating before I built that boat-house. My first motor-boat was bought to travel back and forth across Lake Hopatcong between my cottage and my laboratory. It was only eighteen feet long, and was equipped with a one-cylinder gasoline engine, and there was a make-and-break spark, which meant that to make the engine run was a back-breaking proceeding. I carried a paddle to use in getting ashore when I couldn't persuade the engine to run.

One day, after working some time out in the middle of the lake to get the engine started, it started up and ran all right for a few turns, and then stopped dead. I couldn't start it again. The weather was hot, and I was in a hurry. I buckled to it, and paddled the boat a mile down through the channel to the wharf at the lower end of the lake. Then, lo and behold! I discovered that in starting the engine I had turned off the gasoline and had forgotten to turn it on. It seems funny as I look back at the incident, but it wasn't a bit funny at the time.

The next boat I got was named the *Dreadnaught*. I bought it second-hand. I was told that it had won a prize in a recent race, and I bought it because I wanted a fast boat. But, to my amazement and chagrin, I found that it was exceedingly slow. I appealed to the person who sold it to me, and was informed that the prize it had won was the booby prize for being the slowest boat in the race. Then I renamed it the *Gonaught*.

After living at the lake for about ten years I decided to buy a real, up-to-date, good-sized motor-boat. So I got one thirty-five feet long, driven by a four-cylinder, forty-horsepower engine. The expert mechanician who brought the boat and showed me how to run it and take care of it gave a beautiful demonstration on the lake, and then hitched it in my boat-house.

The next morning, my wife and I went down to the boat-house with some friends to show them our new possession. The blamed thing had disappeared. But we saw that the cords with which it had been hitched were drawn taut and ran down into the water. Great was our consternation to find that the boat was at the bottom of the lake. The expert had failed to see to it that the stuffing box around the propeller-shaft was properly adjusted. So the water had run in and sunk the boat.

Mrs. Maxim and I were at the lower end of the lake in my motor-boat one day when we saw a mud turtle on a log. I had a little twenty-two-calibre target rifle with me that I had just bought, and I threw the launch out of clutch and shot that turtle's head right off. Oh, didn't I feel set up then!

My elation hadn't abated when we got home, and I wanted to do more shooting. So I put up a paper target on the barn door and fired at that. Afterward I looked for the mark of the shot and couldn't find it. I hadn't hit the target, and, so far as I could discover, I'd missed the entire side of the barn. I had the gun examined and tested the next day. It was defective and wouldn't hit within twenty feet of what it was aimed at.

Some folks have an idea that when I'm out in my automobile I drive fast and furious. Even Mrs. Maxim isn't entirely free from some such notion. A verse that is a favourite of hers is this epitaph:—

> Here lies William Henry Jay,
> Who died maintaining his Right of Way.
> He was right, all right, as he sped along—
> But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

Hudson Maxim at the door of his cook-shop.

The verse isn't original with Mrs. Maxim, notwithstanding she frequently recites it to me while I am driving.

Once, when I was just stepping into my automobile, after making a business call at a boarding house about a mile from my Lake Hopatcong home, a middle-aged woman, who evidently hadn't been in the vicinity long, asked me how she could get down to the post office. I replied that I was going almost that far, and she could ride with me She thanked me, and said she hoped I was a careful driver.

"Madam," I said, "I'm such a careful driver that my wife always is finding fault with me for going so slow. She wants me to wake up and drive like other men, but I believe in safety first."

The woman told me I was quite right in believing as I did and in acting in accordance with my belief. We got into the car and started. Then she said: "Well, there is one man in the borough here whom I would not ride with for anything in the world. His name is Hudson Maxim. I never have seen him, but I have been told that he drives so fast he fairly burns up the road."

"I know Maxim pretty well," I said, "and I guess perhaps there's some truth in what you've been told."

When we reached my place, we got out; and as she started away, after expressing her gratitude for my courtesy in giving her the ride, a man came along and called out to me, "Mr. Maxim, I want to see you!"

Then she turned round to me with a look that spoke volumes, and walked off with a forbidding dignity in her mien that was enough to make a less hardened man quail.

Actually, I am a much safer driver than I get credit for being. My judgment of speed and distance and my sense of coördination are good, and my car is always under control. Why, I could drive close enough to a fly on the face of a wall beside the road to brush the dust off its wings without hitting it.

My wife and I were returning one afternoon from a trip we'd made somewhere in our automobile, and as we were coming up

a hill alongside the lake, I blew my horn to pass an automobile in front of me driven by a neighbour named Smith. He was about half blind and could hardly see the road, and he'd been ill for three years, so he was a nervous wreck. He never should have driven an automobile at all. Instead of steering to the right, as I passed him at his left, he steered in the opposite direction and brought his front wheel into collision with my hind wheel. This bent his steering gear, and he ought to have stopped his car. But he kind of lost his head and kept right on, with the result that he struck a man walking in the road some seventy feet farther along.

The man was the sort of person who doesn't take the trouble to look about and see if he is safe from automobiles, because he concludes that if any one runs over him, it is the other person's fault, and the other person will have to pay damages; and the worse the injured man is hurt, the more he will be paid.

Well, after I had gone by, I stopped and went back to speak with Smith. "I'm glad nobody was hurt," I said.

"You haven't seen the man we ran over," Smith said.

And there lay the man, apparently dead. I turned him over and found that his thigh was bleeding pretty badly. My chauffeur and I put him into my car and took him home, where he gradually recovered consciousness. Meanwhile, I was disturbed about the accident to such a degree that my mouth got so dry I could hardly speak. I telephoned for a doctor and did all I could for the comfort of the fellow, and during his convalescence I sent him a chicken and quite a lot of other appetizing things.

It didn't occur to me that by any possibility I could be accused of responsibility for the accident, but I found afterward that all I did for the man was regarded as strong proof that I had a guilty conscience. Smith and I were sued jointly for fifty thousand dollars. Then I learned from my lawyer that as Mr. Smith wasn't worth any money to amount to anything, whatever the injured man failed to get out of him I very likely would have to pay. The fact that I was innocent didn't seem to matter much.

When the case came up for trial, Mrs. Maxim and I were at the court house early enough to see the victim of the accident arrive in a taxicab with his brother, his sister, and a nurse. They got out, and the injured man helped himself a little with a crutch and cane, and was held up on each side by one of his companions. He proceeded very slowly, very weakly, very laboriously along the walk, up the steps, and into the court room. They almost carried him in. His face was fixed up for the occasion to beat hell. There were dark marks under his eyes, his skin was whitened, and he looked like a ghost.

Mr. Smith gazed at the man with a great deal of anxiety. He saw his meagre savings flitting away, and he was worried. Soon he came to me and said: "Maxim, what do you say to settling with that fellow's lawyer? He took the case on spec, and he'll settle for thirty-five hundred dollars. Will you pay half if I'll pay half?"

I said: "Why, certainly, I'll pay half. I wasn't in any way to blame for the accident, but I'll pay half."

The settlement was made then and there on that basis, much to the indignation of the crippled man and his sister and brother and nurse. They thought they had been wronged and grossly cheated, for they were convinced that they could have skinned me to the tune of fifty thousand dollars with their get-up if their lawyer had stood by them. In their opinion he had betrayed them, and they left the court room in high dudgeon, storming down the steps, each one separately, the injured man gesticulating and walking as strong as a camel in the desert. They tramped to the station without taking any taxi, and while they were waiting for the train they paced back and forth on the platform. The injured man forgot crutch and cane, and he would swing round at the end of the platform with all the vigour of a man in perfect health.

Neighbours who chance to drop in at my house and have something to eat, and guests from a distance who are here at meal time, are likely to learn that it is I who have cooked the luscious things that are served, such as baked beans, shank

stew, lobster, and Welsh rarebit. If it is the first time they have partaken of my viands, they show great astonishment. Then I explain that I've been a cook ever since I was a small boy. Really, I'm much more at home in the kitchen than in the parlour. The only other place where I feel as comfortable is in the library. In cooking, I don't measure what I put into the foods I'm preparing. I grab some of this, that, and the other, and throw them in, and I don't make any mistakes, either.

One day a friend said to me: "You've butted into a good many things in your life. Try the soya beans and see if you can make 'em eatable."

I did as he suggested, and succeeded in making from the soya beans a very palatable food suitable for an army ration as well as for home consumption. Furthermore, I have succeeded in processing and canning soya beans so that they can't be told by their flavour from the best baked American beans of the regular Down East type. Although soya beans are the richest in nutritive elements of any beans in the world, they have a very strong flavour, which renders them unpalatable to the American taste unless specially prepared. They are a late introduction from China, where they have been one of the main food staples of the people for thousands of years. Of all the things that I cook, I think I take most interest and pride in my beans. I can bake beans better than any one else alive, or any one that ever did live.

Mrs. Maxim and I have our own ideas of hospitality. One of the most serious aspects of visiting the homes of friends to stay overnight or longer is the tediousness of being entertained. The thinking, working man often finds it very trying, and prefers to go to a hotel, because there he is not subjected to any entertainment. The guest suffers from his own consciousness of the weight that is on his host to entertain him, and the entertaining *is* a real burden on the average host.

Our guests are allowed and required to entertain themselves. We never wait a meal for any living being. If the President of the United States were here it would make no

difference. When we are hungry we shout that dinner is ready, and we go and sit down and eat. If others join us, all right —well and good. They can come then or later, just as they like. When we get up in the morning we eat our breakfasts. Our guests get up and eat when they want to—before or after we do—it makes no difference to us; and they can eat what they like. We don't ask them what they want to eat. They can have their choice among the various things that the cook has provided.

If I'm tired in the evening, I slip away upstairs, and when you ask what has become of me, the answer will be: "Why, he's gone to bed!"

You come here, a guest, and see our free-and-easy ways of doing things, and that we go right along with our daily routine just as if you weren't here. You think that's a peculiar way to do, but you can know that we're not being put out. We like to have company, and we have company most of the time, but our methods are such that company doesn't inconvenience us. I believe our guests feel more comfortable on that basis. They can go and come and eat and sleep as they choose, and if they only keep quiet or out of hearing when I'm asleep we get along very well.

All my life I've loved and venerated books, and when I see a book placed carelessly bottom up on a shelf, I can't rest until I place it right end up. In the presence of my old books, cherished and kept from boyhood days, I feel like a worshipper at a shrine. Most of the possessions of my boyhood have been scattered and lost, but I have nearly all my books. When I began going out into the world I kept them in a box and moved them about from place to place with me, wherever I sojourned, in what constituted the nearest approach to a home. The time came when a single box wouldn't hold them. Once, when I was moving in New York, they filled five trunks, one of which was a big, zinc-covered affair, containing, besides books, many of my papers and letters. That was lost, and I never knew what became of it.

Most of my reading is done in bed after retiring at night. I've had the habit ever since I learned to read with any facility. Especially did I come to practise reading that way regularly, after I began going to Kents Hill Seminary. I had to study late at night with a kerosene lamp for my light. Now I have a strong electric light specially fixed to shine in the right direction over my head and left shoulder.

It is strange how few hotel rooms have a reading light, even in this modern time. Many of them have the nearest light at the wrong end of the bed, and when I spend a night in such a hotel, my first performance is to pull the bed around so that the light shines from the proper direction.

What do I read? Well, I take several newspapers, but, so far as the news is concerned, I just look over the headlines and go no further unless there is something very striking. Two New York papers I take because one contains "Mutt and Jeff" and the other "Bringing up Father." My stenographer finds those comic strips as soon as the mail is opened at the breakfast table, and folds the pages so I can look at the pictures conveniently. I like to see how well the artists keep up their humour, and I've never known the fellow who's responsible for Mutt and Jeff to make but one bad break. That was when he put a horse in bed with Jeff.

For current information, I go through the *Literary Digest* pretty carefully, and I look over the *Scientific American* and get the meat out of that. In the magazines, I simply pick something here and there that is particularly interesting and that fits the times; but whatever appeals to me gets a serious reading.

The average magazine short story is the reculled chaff and tailings of the literature of the world for the past hundred years. It is padded and long-drawn-out to make the measure of words, and is replete with interminable platitudinous conversations. In the old days, authors used to tell a story. Now they write conversation and call it atmosphere. I have no patience with that rot.

I read modern fiction through the eyes of my wife—that is,

she reads it to me; but before reading a book aloud she looks it through and deguffs it by cutting out all of the sunsets, shimmering hair, and the over-soul simpering of the cooing lovers. Thereby, the novel, that would have required of my eyes a day's time, she reads to me in a couple of hours, and I get all the pith and gist of it—all that is worth while.

I've read only a few of even the standard novels. You see, I'm more interested in history, and in scientific reading like Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Tyndall.

I have all manner of histories, and when I go to my room in the evening, I get a bunch of them and lay them on the edge of my bed, and prop myself up with pillows and read here and there, marking interesting passages and making marginal notes.

I'm reading with exceptional persistence just now a ten-volume work called "Historic Characters and Famous Events," and I've read and re-read the accounts so much that every one of those famous men and women is an old acquaintance of mine.

When I'm ready to go to sleep, I throw the books across the room, but in such a way as not to injure them. They always strike flat side on the floor.

I'm a pretty good marksman with my shoes, too. I wear Congress gaiters. They have elastic sides and slip off easily. I can sit on the edge of the bed and kick off one shoe across the room and then the other, and have them land side by side. Mrs. Maxim says she usually has to hunt for them in the morning and is likely to find one shoe on one side of the room, and the other shoe on the other side of the room. But she knows I can kick them off side by side when I try to.

I usually throw my hat up on the rack in the train. I do it in a careless sort of way and before I became proficient, passengers sometimes complained, if hit, but that didn't trouble me much, because I never hit the same passenger twice.

I came to have such confidence in my ability as a hat-thrower that one day, when I went to a Brooklyn restaurant and was walking along the middle aisle with a party of friends, I threw my hat over to the wall and hung it right on a peg. My friends were astonished at my marksmanship.

XV

FOREWORD

MRS. MAXIM was lingering at the dining-room table over her luncheon when Mr. Maxim came in and said: "There are some folks on the piazza who would like to have a summer place here at the lake. We must show them our land map."

"I'll come as soon as I drink my coffee," was Mrs. Maxim's response.

"Oh, you don't want your coffee!" he affirmed. "It isn't good for you. Come on!"

In matters concerning eatables and drinkables he is very picturesque in both words and action, though while he is eating the meal itself often gets his attention only by fits and starts, for his mind is roaming elsewhere.

His idea is that the time to eat is when you are hungry, and he may eat in the kitchen if things are not ready in the dining room. At any rate, he is not bound by the conventions and begins entirely independent of the others.

He fills his cup full of coffee, throws a few spoonfuls of sugar at it, pours in the cream liberally, and floods the saucer so that a surplusage goes on to the table. His methods in general have a forceful directness and simplicity that are constantly producing unforeseen results.

A rich pudding was served for dessert one time when Mr. Maxim had a cold, and on that account Mrs. Maxim said he was not to have any of the pudding. Then he drew up closer to where she was guarding the savoury dessert, and begged for just a smell. She acquiesced, though with a little reluctance and an expression of doubt as to whether he would stop with just a smell. Soon she indicated that she thought he was

lingering over it longer than was necessary, whereupon he exclaimed with tragic emphasis: "I hate you!"

That amused her, and he was so content with the dramatic art of his climax that he was resigned to do without the pudding.

We drifted into a discussion concerning what was pleasing or displeasing in a person's voice, and Mr. Maxim said: "I had a friend in Washington named Hilton, who never took time in his earlier years to enjoy himself, but continued working without any let-up until he had a hundred thousand dollars. Somebody he knew had a Scotch wife who he thought was so admirable that he sort of kept on the watch for a woman of that country to be his soul-mate; and, sure enough, he found her, but what he got was an old, squeaking Queen of Sheba. Every bone in her body squeaked, and her voice, too. Yet he was as happy with that old excruciation as if he were in Elysium. Her voice was the worst thing about her. If there's anything in the world that'll get my goat it is to have a woman spin her voice in talking."

"Why, I thought she had a kind of a silky voice," Mrs. Maxim commented.

"Silky!" Mr. Maxim repeated scornfully. "It was more like shredded wheat, and, besides, the way she used it was an affectation. I never was able to understand how Hilton and she could be so happy together. But before he married her he was as lonely as could be—lost there in Washington; and I think she cooked very nicely—that goes a long way toward getting harmony."

"Mr. Maxim used to smoke," his secretary said to me once, "but he never cared much about it. Perhaps a visitor, talking with him on the piazza, would give him an excellent cigar. He'd take about two puffs, and throw it away as far as he could. The visitor wouldn't know what to make of that, but Mr. Maxim wasn't intimating that the cigar was no good. He wasn't thinking about the cigar at all, but just didn't care to smoke any more then.

"A rather frequent caller at one time was a young Jesuit priest. He appreciated Mr. Maxim's fine qualities, and wanted

to reform his doubtful ones; and he argued and pleaded to get him to stop swearing. He thought he'd made an impression; and when he came back after an interval of several weeks, the first thing he asked Mr. Maxim was whether he had given up swearing.

"And Mr. Maxim said: 'Hell, man! I've been trying damn hard to!'"

The newspapers have sometimes spread far and wide items regarding Mr. Maxim's antipathy to certain odours; and Mrs. Maxim said of this and similar matters: "If he finds an odour offensive he can't think of anything else. Perhaps we'll go to a theatre, and no sooner does he put his nose in than he decides that he can't stand the smell.

"Once, when we went to the theatre, a man with scented hair sat in front of us, but Mr. Maxim had a cold, and I knew he couldn't smell the man's hair. So I didn't say anything. When we got home he had a violent headache. That showed me he was affected by something more than imagination, and I told him about the man, and said: 'I'll never deceive you again.'

"Sometimes I say to him: 'Oh! let me read you a story.' By and by I come to where the hero smells a faint odour of violets as the heroine moves. 'That's enough!' Mr. Maxim exclaims, and he takes the book away and throws it across the room."

XV

SMOKING, SWEARING, AND PERFUMERY

WHEN I was seventeen years old, going on eighteen, I went by boat from New York, where I'd been working for Hiram, to Portland, Maine; and one of my fellow voyagers was a youth of about my age who was constantly smoking a briar pipe. I was greatly prejudiced against the use of tobacco, and I got after the fellow and talked to him so much, and so seriously and convincingly, about the injurious effects of smoking, that he finally threw the pipe overboard and said he never would smoke again.

My father believed tobacco to be unnecessary and harmful, and I've always felt as he did about it. He never used it, and my grandfather never used it; but my aunt Eliza smoked a pipe—an old black pipe. I suppose that is the reason why her life was so short. Otherwise she might have lived to a good old age. As it was, she only lived to be ninety-eight.

When I was thirty-seven years old, I attended a dinner in London at the Army and Navy Club. After dinner, the diners went upstairs into a smoking room, where every man but me smoked. I had to sit in that smoking room—there was no escape—and because I was a non-smoker I was made ill by the dense tobacco smoke in the air. I didn't recover from the effects for more than three weeks, and my complexion wore a greenish hue for quite a period after that.

I concluded that if I was going to live among modern men I must make myself less sensitive to the nicotine fumes. So I took up smoking, and smoked just a little in order to immunize myself. The result was that I got so I could stand considerable tobacco smoke without getting sick, but never as much as most folks can stand. I continued to smoke a little, hit or miss, until about two years ago. Then I quit, because I made up my

mind that it was bad for me, and deadened my alertness, and made me feel heavier on my feet.

Cigars, pipes, and quids are all bad enough, but worse still are cigarettes. I look on the increased use of tobacco in the form of cigarettes as perhaps the greatest single menace to the integrity of the race. Serious injury was done our soldiers in the World War by the cigarettes which our hyper-sentimentality inflicted on them. The permanent effects of cigarette poison are worse than those of the poison gases. If those who fumigated our soldiers with nicotine did it merely for the comfort of the soldiers, regardless of the injury they inflicted, it would have been just as rational to send them opium to smoke, or to send them whisky or absinthe to drink; or, most potent of all, the narcotic leaves of the famous khat plant of the Arabs, which one only needs to chew to keep him in happy delirium until absolutely worn out and exhausted with ecstatic delight. I wrote a booklet on the evil effects of the cigarette, and more than a million copies of it were distributed on the battle-front in France. About the same time, the New York *World* was raising money to send hundreds of tons of cigarettes to our soldiers.

Depression and nervousness follow cigarette-smoking as a re-action. They make the victim crave some balm or tonic and lead him to consume the drug in ever-increasing quantities. This progressive use of the cigarette is especially marked with boys in the period of rapid growth. The wreath of cigarette smoke which curls about the head of the growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip which prevents his mind from developing, just as surely as the iron shoe does the foot of the Chinese girl. If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale imbecility and exhale manhood, and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals, and fools—not men—it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger-stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain.

I don't like formality and affectation, and you'll find that company makes no difference in my way of doing things or in

what I say, except that I try not to swear so much. My father never swore to amount to anything. We boys swore a little—that is, we swore as boys do, but never eloquently. From the time that my old partner Knowles and I started to go out West I never swore a word for five years, because I thought it wasn't a good thing to swear, and I still think so to-day. I was able to quit then, but now it's past quitting time. Although I resumed swearing, it was in a mild sort of way until my hand was blown off, and that was such a calamity I lost patience and cut loose.

Eyesight is the most useful of any of man's faculties. Mine has been wonderfully good, and so has my hearing. Why, I can almost hear a mosquito breathe. We use our sight and our hearing more in proportion to our smell and feeling than do other animals. A dog knows his master mainly by smell—very little by sight—and his dreams are mainly images of smell. Fortunately I always have had a well-developed sense of smell, and it has been a great safeguard against eating tainted foods. My nose tells me when any food is bad. I can smell the decay of a piece of meat right through any seasoning that may be put on it. But the most notable thing about my sense of smell is my hypersensitiveness to perfumes. This is the result of working in the presence of the vapours of poisonous solvents in my experiments with smokeless powders and other explosives. It came on gradually.

I haven't patronized a barber shop for twenty years—not since the old days before perfumes were used in them in such drenching quantities, and before my sensitiveness to perfumes was so great. Sometimes, when I go into a barber shop to speak to somebody, the odour of perfume hits me with the force of a brick and gives me a pain in the back of the neck. I don't go into one if I can help it. I shave myself, and Mrs. Maxim cuts my hair.

I have prepared a printed slip to inform my friends of my aversion to perfumery. Sometimes I send it to expected visitors; and it is pinned up in the guest chambers. Here it is:

MY FRIENDS PLEASE NOTE

Owing to the fact that the odour of all kinds of perfumes is not only exceedingly disagreeable to me, but also deadly poisonous, giving me a severe headache, I am obliged to ask my friends when visiting me to have no perfume about themselves, either on their clothes, their handkerchiefs, or in face powder.

HUDSON MAXIM.

Many a time I've gone to a really good show, and some woman would come in, saturated with perfume, and take a seat near me and I've had to leave. The women don't know that many of their headaches are caused by the perfumes they use, and that the powders and paints they put on to beautify their complexions tend to tan and embalm the skin. My sense of smell is so acute that I often recognize people by their smell much as a dog does.

Once a young woman from Maine who claimed to be a relative, and who had become a prima donna, wrote and said she was very anxious to meet me. Mrs. Maxim and I invited her to visit us, and we went to the railroad station in an automobile to get her. She fairly reeked with perfume. I put her in behind, and I drove home as fast as I could to get all the circulation of air possible.

On the way, she said to Mrs. Maxim: "Does he always drive like this?"

"Oh! we go like this quite often," Mrs. Maxim told her.

As soon as we arrived at the house and I had a chance to speak to Mrs. Maxim alone, I said: "Lillie, I've got a headache. She smells to heaven!"

I had to do something with her. So I sent her out on the lake with our chauffeur. When she came back I put her on one side of the piazza, and I stood on the other side and told her I couldn't get near her, because she smelled so bad. She was surprised.

A friend of mine in Brooklyn gave a reception at his home one evening in my honour, and I stipulated when I accepted the invitation that he mustn't have any perfume in the house, to

which he agreed. But just before Mrs. Maxim and I got there he went all through the rooms burning oriental incense. We walked in, and I said: "Good Lord! What's this terrible smell? I've got to go home."

But our host begged me not to do that, and said he would air out the rooms. So, although it was a cold winter night, he opened all the windows, while we took a walk around the block.

Here's an item that has been going the rounds in the newspapers:

> The rôle of King Neptune in the Atlantic City pageant has been declined by Hudson Maxim this year because he said his nose had been injured in making experiments with gunpowder, and the perfumes used by the beauties in the pageant nauseated him.

I never said any such thing about those girls. They did all they could, so far as perfumes are concerned, to make the occasion a pleasant one for me; but the heat and the crowds and turmoil, and my stifling costume were unendurable. I'd played the part of Neptune for the Atlantic City folks twice, and that was enough. I wouldn't do it again for a million dollars.

XVI

FOREWORD

IT WAS a rainy day in November, and a fog had settled over the lake. Mr. Maxim was standing at a dining-room window on the side of the house that fronted the water, and he called to me to come and look out. "What a mystery there is in the view!" he said. "The arches that reach out from my boat-house into the lake disappear at the farther end in the mist. There's a garage up the road that I'd like to have you see on a day like this. You'd think it was three or four times as large as it really is, and that it was a bridge extending right across the road. It looms up like a skunk in a fog. It's beautiful!"

This was one of the rare occasions in my acquaintance with him when he relaxed from his intense human and scientific interest to appreciate nature. Sometimes I have fancied that he saw only people, and not their surroundings, unless the surroundings had some special significance in line with his own inventive faculties.

When I tried to get him to tell me about the attractions of Washington, he said: "Washington as a city impresses me by the unusual layout of its streets. The main thoroughfares all radiate from the Capitol, so that in case of riot, the approaches could all be defended. The city was planned by a Frenchman, and he had in mind the barricade warfare of the time of the French Revolution.

"The buildings there that interest me particularly are the Army and Navy and Patent Office buildings. I don't care much for the White House, and I don't care much for the Capitol. The Navy Yard is more impressive than a dozen capitols."

Two things that Mr. Maxim carries in his pocket are a piece

of his smokeless cannon powder and a lucky penny. The powder is a short polished cylinder, about an inch in diameter, with a number of perforations running through it from end to end. When talking to any one about this famous invention of his, he takes the piece out of his pocket to illustrate his explanations.

One day he showed me the penny, and said: "You see it's dated 1853, the year I was born. That makes its associations interesting to me. The penny is battered, and so am I, and I'm much attached to it. When I got back from a recent trip to Bermuda, Mrs. Maxim couldn't find the old penny in my pocket, and I was greatly disturbed. I said: 'My God! I wouldn't take the whole island of Bermuda for that penny.' I thought I must have passed it for one of the big English pennies they have so many of down there. But soon the blamed thing turned up. By mere accident I'd left it at home."

"When he's going away," Mrs. Maxim said, "we have to make sure that he takes along his teeth and glasses. He's always putting down his glasses where he or someone else breaks them. So we buy a dozen pairs at a time. He loses his caps, and we buy those in quantity lots, too."

One day Mr. Maxim asked me if I would like to see his new shower-bath. Of course, I wanted to see it. He led the way to the bathroom that adjoined his chamber, and demonstrated the efficiency of the shower-bath, entirely regardless of the wetting his sleeve got. It had some features of his own contriving, so that a person who came within range of it could not possibly be wet any wetter. In hot weather he becomes amphibious, and is in and out of the bath all day; and his own energy, added to that of his shower apparatus, leaves not a dry spot in the room.

XVI

RECREATIONS

ONE day some motion-picture men came round to take photographs of my recreations. They photographed me boxing, riding horseback, playing tennis, and fishing. Then we went down to our Country Club golf course, where I took a golf stick, placed the ball on its little heap of dirt in the regular fashion, and made a side-swipe at it with my one hand. They got a good picture of this stroke, which proved to be quite a master-stroke. It knocked the ball almost to the exact place where it should have gone. After that I tried to hit the ball again, but I didn't succeed. That ball was the most elusive thing I've ever seen. I hadn't had a golf stick in my hand before, and I've played very little since.

When I was a boy I used to ride bareback a good deal on our horse, when we had one, but my chief horsemanship in those days was confined to riding on some old, raw-boned, razor-backed brute to furrow out for potatoes, or to cultivate corn and other crops; and I imagine that my legs are somewhat longer than they would have been except for those experiences. I always hated to clean a horse. It's an atrocious business. The smell gets all over you and stays.

On one of my visits to England, Hiram, who had a country place in Kent, bought a horse which was highly recommended for driving but was pronounced an animal that no one must attempt to ride, because he would buck and act terribly; and if that didn't dismount the rider he would lie down and roll on him.

I had become rather expert in training wild Western broncos while I was a publisher in Pittsfield, and I wanted to try my hand with my brother's horse, but when I asked to be allowed to take the horse out and ride him, Hiram's wife protested in

most emphatic terms. She said that the horse would be sure to injure me, and then I might make them pay damages. But Hiram wanted to see the fun. So he had me sign an agreement absolving them from responsibility. I then took that horse out, and saddled and mounted him.

He certainly did cut up a lot, but found he couldn't throw me. As soon as that was clear to him, he proceeded to lie down with the intention of rolling over on me. I went down with him, retaining my erect position, with my legs spread out, so that he turned over under me; and I spurred him and gave it to him continuously with my whip, with the result that after a while he got up. I went up with him, and he concluded that he'd better let me have my way. I rode him from time to time afterward and made a very good saddle horse of him.

I've ridden horseback comparatively little since coming to Hopatcong. However, about three years ago a man from New York started a riding academy here, and bought a building lot from me for the purpose. Mrs. Maxim and I agreed that we would take half the price of the lot in money and the rest in horseback riding. So we have been obliged to ride a good deal in order to get our pay for that lot.

The roller-skating rink was introduced when I was living in Pittsfield, and I decided to get a pair of roller skates and skate. But when I got on those skates, down I sat plunk on the floor; and I saw stars. However, I went at it again with all my might, and I hit that floor in a greater variety of ways than you can imagine. I soon learned that strength and determination have little to do with the science of roller skating, and that a knowledge of ice skating doesn't help any. In fact, I found that my skill in ice skating was a detriment. But I soon became expert and was able to cut up all manner of capers on the skates.

I have done a good deal of boxing from an early age down to the present, and still am willing with my one hand to meet most men with two hands.

Tennis I didn't learn until after we bought our home here at the lake. We have a nice court up on the hillside, excavated

out of the slope, cement floored, with woodland close behind it, and commanding a broad view.

I always have been an excellent shot. Before I lost my left hand, I often used to stop at shooting-galleries, wherever I happened to see one, and challenge somebody to shoot with me, the loser to pay for the shots—and I rarely failed to win. Once, however, at the Chicago World's Fair, I entered a shooting-gallery run by a cowboy, and challenged him to shoot. I fired one of his rifles at a row of pipe-stems, and then fired at a small bull's-eye. My record was very good, and the cowboy said so. But he took one revolver in his right hand and one in his left, and fired as fast as he could shoot, and never missed a single point.

I like swimming, and am almost as much at home in the water as on the land. I was down beside the lake on our dock one day watching my wife and a number of others who were in bathing, and a lot of neighbours stood near by looking on. Suddenly, as I was walking along the edge of the dock, I stepped off and tumbled head first into the water, with my clothing, watch, artificial arm, and all. Oh, I did it just for deviltry! It startled some of the bathers and onlookers a good deal. But Mrs. Maxim wasn't alarmed. All she said was that I did it beautifully. She'd seen me turn handsprings over into the water, and knew how well I could swim.

I go to the theatre sometimes and try the movies once in a while, with the result that I usually wish I hadn't.

Travel, as a rule, I find more wearing than recuperating. Mrs. Maxim and I went down to Mexico once and spent three weeks showing the Mexican authorities how to make smokeless powder. They gave a dinner in my honour, and among the delicacies served was a dish of huge worms fried crisp to eat with tortillas. Those worms looked very repulsive for eating purposes, but the Mexicans were shovelling them down. So I tried them, and they were very good.

On our way home, while passing through southwestern Arkansas, there came a very heavy rain—about a foot fell in a single day. We arrived on a little rise of land at Smithton, and a

few minutes afterward the railroad over which we had passed was washed away. We could neither retreat nor advance, and we were marooned there for two days. It was toward the end of June and frightfully hot—106 degrees in the shade—but that didn't keep me indoors. I was walking around bareheaded in the blazing sunshine when a man said to my wife, "Somebody ought to tell that old man he's likely to get sunstroke."

But she said: "Why, that's my husband! You couldn't kill him with a broad-ax."

It was quite uncertain when the track would be repaired so that the train could proceed, and as soon as the water receded, Mrs. Maxim and I decided to walk the gap. A Mr. Potter and a mining engineer concluded to go, too, but not until after they had cautioned me, saying: "It won't do to undertake so long and difficult a walk with that little woman."

"That little woman will walk as well as any of us," I told them. "She's an English girl, and English girls are good walkers."

We left orders to have our trunks sent on by express, and started. My wife and I got a Negro to carry our valises, and Potter and the mining engineer each had a negro carrying his baggage. As we went along we saw grass clinging to the telegraph wires and the tips of the poles beside the railroad. The water had run over the tracks thirty feet deep in places.

After we had walked about a couple of hours, Potter said: "I wish you'd get that wife of yours to let up a little in her pace."

The heat and the walk made us infinitely thirsty, and at length we stopped to get water at a little farmhouse, in front of which was a well-sweep like that at my boyhood home in Maine. As we approached the well, a big rattlesnake four feet long crossed our path and disappeared in the grass. We looked into the well and saw riley water with a scum of green on it. Our souls were filled with conflicting emotions. We felt as if we could drink anything that was wet, but when we drew up a bucket of the water, I told my wife that it was laden with

too much bad smell to take any chances, and as for me I would dry up of thirst and die by the wayside rather than drink such water. The other two men, however, took a swig of it.

A quarter of a mile farther on we found a beautiful, cool mountain stream, from which a spout conducted water into a trough. We all drank freely, and Mr. Potter and the mining engineer were as sorry they had drunk the other water as Mrs. Maxim and I were glad that we hadn't.

We passed six hundred Negro convicts in stripes working to get a temporary track down, and they were jolly, good-looking fellows, but I saw the guards standing over them with guns and thought they must be desperate characters. I said to one of the guardsmen: "Your Arkansas Negroes must be awful ruffians, or you wouldn't have so many of them here in their convict uniforms."

"Oh, they ain't bad fellows," he said, "but the only way we can get 'em to work for more than a day at a time is to arrest 'em for vagrancy, fine 'em, and let 'em work out the amount of the fine."

A little beyond the gap we found some men using a hand-car. We persuaded them to take us on their hand-car to Arkadelphia, and there we got train service again.

Last November we made a short trip to Bermuda, and as we approached port were amazed at the wonderful, multi-coloured aspect of the sea. Rainbows of water stretched out in the sunlight in all directions. We inquired the cause and learned that coral reefs come near the surface in many places, even to a distance of eighteen miles off shore, and that the colour of the water above them changes according to the depth they are submerged, and the direction of the sun. The sight was magical.

We steamed by a tortuous channel through the coral reefs into the harbour, and as soon as the formalities of landing were over, my chief anxiety was to get quickly to the hotel where we had decided to stop, in order to have a first choice of rooms. So I hired a taxi—a horsedrawn, ramshackle vehicle that looked as if it had been cut out of a picture book of the pre-automobile

days. It wasn't long in getting to the hotel, for it proved to be only one block from the wharf; and I went in and engaged a room. Then the driver took me back to the wharf and charged me a dollar.

We found the hotel attendants very pleasant, but the hotel itself had some serious defects. It was one of the variety where the art of cooking never yet has been discovered, and where the art of bathing is not practised, except as an incomprehensible antic of foreigners. A bath was furnished only when a patron called for it. I wanted a bath one night. So I rang the bell, and the man who answered my call went downstairs and started up a steam boiler, and in an hour I had hot water for my bath.

At the table we had skimmed milk served with the coffee and it was so blue that it looked like a sky in June. The hotel people had a fish which they called rock fish—a species of piscatorial vulcanite. The way they cook it, the fish lasts for an indefinite period. They showed me a piece that they had served once a day for seven years, and it still was going strong. All they had to do was to grease it up with a little gravy, warm it, and re-serve it. When one has eaten a piece of Bermuda rock fish he feels that he has taken on board something very sustaining.

Really, we couldn't eat the food that was provided, except the celery, which was excellent, and the bread, which could be masticated with natural teeth, or a good set of false teeth, after it had been soaked in tea or coffee. My attempts to negotiate some of the other items on the bill of fare resulted in such a frightful case of gastritis that I called in a doctor. He said I had better make my will and prepare to die. But we told him that neither of us had any time to die, and that we would return to New York by the first steamer and not, under any circumstances, leave even our bones in Bermuda.

The island is a network and a maze of beautiful paths and roadways, and the country is very picturesque. The weather was a good deal like that of England, for the sky was clouded much of the time, and occasional showers fell; and there was a

chill in the air which was dispelled at intervals by bursts of sunshine. Apparently the Bermudan god of the weather never comes to any definite conclusion whether to let it rain or be sunny.

One curious thing is that when an islander wants to build a house he proceeds to make a cellar hole by sawing down into the soft coral rock that is close below the surface of the ground. He saws the rock into blocks, and these harden after being exposed to the atmosphere a short time. Then he makes the house walls of them, and gives the walls a coating of hydraulic cement. You see, he digs his house out of the ground.

I had looked forward with much anticipation to the restfulness of Bermuda, for I had been told that of all places in the world Bermuda stood *par excellence* as the place where one could lay off his cares and in its quiet repose rest his weary soul.

Well, at five o'clock of the morning after our arrival, there came to our ears a burst of melody. A man passing on the street outside was whistling like a steam calliope. This was quite trying, because we heard him coming when he was a quarter of a mile away, and we heard him just as far after he had gone past. By the time he had faded out in the distance other men had come to our vicinity whistling a great variety of tunes with all their might.

I went out to see who the whistlers were, hoping that I could hire them to stop whistling and give me a chance to sleep. But I found that every street was full of whistlers, and that to stop the musical racket I would have to pay tribute to the inhabitants of the whole island.

Later I walked down to the wharf. At least seventy-five men were working there and whistling in ear-thrilling concert. What I wanted more than anything else was to go to some quiet nook and get away from whistling. A funeral procession came along and I decided to follow it. To my amazement the driver of the hearse was whistling with all his might. I let him pass, and waited until the tail end of the mourners reached me, and the whole bunch were whistling as they went by.

But I walked along behind to attend the funeral service. We arrived at a church, and, as the pall-bearers carried the corpse inside, they all were whistling. The parson came forward with a solemn face, but whistling with all his might. The people present struck up singing, and when they stopped, he whistled for a while, then said something, then looked for a text in the Bible, and whistled away until he found it. His sermon followed, and between that and a prayer he whistled again.

After the services, the mourners and the populace passed by the coffin to look at the dead, each one whistling. The pall-bearers took up the corpse and marched out of the church and started for the grave with it, every one of them whistling. I saw them lower the corpse into the grave, whistling. The parson brought the affair to an end by saying a few words and whistling again.

When he and the rest of his company had left, I thought I would have a talk with the gravedigger while he was filling the grave. So I interrupted his whistling long enough for him to tell me that Bermuda was visited by so many Americans, and they spent so much money and were such easy marks, that whistling is simply the most natural and obvious outlet for the elevated spirits of the islanders.

Besides our outdoor recreations, Mrs. Maxim and I have some of a quieter sort indoors. One of them is playing a game that I've invented based on chess. The origin of chess goes back to the time of the cave man, who was constantly engaged in warfare against the wild beasts of the forest, and with still fiercer fellowmen. Hence, he naturally patterned his play after his fighting, just as the cat does. He played fighting games. He amused himself by marking out on the cave floor miniature battlefields, and with pieces of bone, stone, and wood to represent men, he fought miniature battles. That was the birth of chess.

As man's numbers increased, and as his society and government became more complex, his warfare also became more complex, and his king more powerful. Simultaneously his game

of chess improved. It developed into a game of king and queen against king and queen, rank and file of soldiery against rank and file of soldiery. Thus chess, above all other games, has been typical of man's own life of strife and war and conquest. Chess has wrapped up in it the inheritance of the human heart from remote ancestry.

Because I have been a close student of history, and had something to do in war engineering and the invention of war materials, I reverted to the pastime of the primitive cave man and invented a game of skill which I call "The War Game." But I did what always has been done since chess was born—merely attempted to improve the already existing great human game of warfare by bringing it down to date. My attempt has been to make the game simulate actual warfare more than ever by including in it more of the strategy, exigencies, and casualties of modern battle.

Warfare to-day is mainly a species of siege operations for the capture of positions. Therefore, in my Game of War, I have made the primary object the capture of the opponent's citadel, which done, the game is finished. Instead of sixty-four squares and thirty-two pieces, as in chess, my game has a hundred squares and forty pieces, and, in addition, four extra squares located outside the regular squares to serve as perches for flying machines.

XVII

FOREWORD

SOMETIMES Mr. Maxim would pause in telling of long-gone events and say: "Wait a minute. Let me think how that was."

He might even give his head a brisk rub as if to liven up the inner works. Usually he found what he was after in some of the recesses of his brain, but occasionally he would say: "No, I can't remember. I'll have to give that up."

The kind of chair that best pleases him is the sort that is padded and voluminous, in which he can sit or recline, and he has one or more such chairs in the dining room and parlour, and on the piazza. But when he was talking with me, the shifts of position that he could make in a chair were not always enough to suit his changing moods. For instance, one day we were on the broad piazza. He left his chair after a while, and walked back and forth as he spoke. Sometimes he looked at me meditatively, and sometimes he gazed off over the lake. There were long pauses in the flow of his words, and there were climaxes when he brought his fist down on the table for emphasis. Meanwhile his face, attitudes, gestures, and tones expressed all the range of emotions—righteous wrath, surprise, scorn, ridicule, amusement, and approval.

He is equally emphatic in his affections and his antagonisms, and in expressing the latter there often is lightning in the glance of his eyes and thunder in the tones of his voice. Besides, he has a wild laugh of triumph or derision that is both primitive and stirring.

"There's a rumour that President Harding is dead," Mr. Maxim said when I met him soon after coming downstairs one morning.

Presently Jimmy brought the mail, and we had the news-

papers and saw the heavy-typed headline. "Yes, Harding is gone," Mr. Maxim said. "His was a kindly, attractive nature, and I can't help feeling sympathy under the circumstances, but that needn't prevent seeing him as he was and speaking the truth. Look at that face—big features—Websterian. He was almost a great man. But he didn't have quite enough blood and thunder in him. He was a mother's boy—that was the trouble with him. Not enough of a brute—too much of a gentleman.

"I expect Coolidge to prove better fitted for the office of president than Harding has been, because I think he has backbone. A man may have brains and many admirable traits, but unless he's got backbone, too, he doesn't accomplish things. In times of stress he wilts just like a cut blade of grass in the sun.

"Another of the national rulers that I've been watching is Mussolini. He's trying to be Napoleonic. His sentiments are: 'To hell with your law and order—I'm the law and order.' What the Italians need is to be controlled with a strong hand, but Mussolini will strike some snags if he tries to control the *world* on that basis."

XVII

FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES

I KNOW Thomas A. Edison very well. He is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary geniuses that ever lived. Mother Nature was in generous mood when she launched him into being. She was prodigal of gray matter, prodigal of creative imagination, prodigal of the saving grace of wit and humour. Great memory is a natural concomitant of great brain power. Consequently, one would expect Edison to have a good memory. As a matter of fact, he has a most astounding memory. I guess he never has forgotten anything that interested him. Yes, he has a strong-box sort of memory that retains everything, never letting a useful fact get away; while he has such an unquenchable thirst for information that he constantly is increasing his store of facts.

He has a happy faculty of taking accurate measure of how much good fortune and bad fortune and all the exigencies and concerns of life actually matter; and nothing ever upsets his genial equanimity. Like Napoleon Bonaparte, he has the peculiar ability to exclude preoccupation from his mind and can shut himself up like a jackknife and go to sleep at any time of the day or night, so that he returns to his work invigorated and refreshed. Adjoining his office at his works, he has a cot, to which he goes and lies down, and he falls asleep as quickly as a baby.

Edison possesses a remarkable power of penetrating through causes to remote effects, and he has the faculty of visualizing in his mind to its utmost detail any mechanical contrivance of which he may think. He doesn't have to go to a drawing-board and make a drawing of an apparatus in order to see how it is going to look. He can see it right in his mind; there it is before him, plain as day and in actual operation.

He is keenly alive to the interest which the public has in his work, and he is remarkably disposed to take the public into his confidence. He seems to feel that any important work which is likely to affect public welfare is work concerning which the public has a right to be interested and to know something about. This explains much of Edison's so-called newspaper sense.

When I was a young man in school, the question was asked: "What name of a great man, past or present, has been spoken oftenest?" Undisputed preëminence was given to Julius Cæsar. It is doubtful whether the name Cæsar is spoken so often to-day as the name Edison.

Edison harbours no false illusions about his own abilities. He is in the habit of calipering the capacity of a machine, and he takes a pretty accurate caliper of his own abilities.

Not all of the inventions attributed to Edison actually were originated by him. Shakespeare was not only the greatest of poets himself, but he was also the greatest editor of the poetic works of others. Edison likewise is not only the greatest of inventors, but also the greatest editor of the inventions of others. He always has had a large and competent staff of investigators in the experimental departments of his works, and, according to the usual custom in such cases, investigations directed by Mr. Edison, when carried to successful completion, have been patented in the name of Edison.

No other man has so profoundly influenced the industrial development of his time. It is estimated that the industries founded on his inventions in the United States alone represent an investment of more than eight billions of dollars. If a Joshua could command the inventions of Edison to stand still for an hour, the entire industrial activity of the country would be held up and the effect would be quite as cataclysmic as the holding up of the sun in its course.

Though Edison is very deaf, his deafness is not an unmitigated misfortune. He is able to shut out from his consciousness, through his deafness, much that is immaterial. I can make him hear, for I have a strong voice and about all I need to do is to sit beside him and speak distinctly.

He is absorbed in his work and never is distracted from it by any allurements whatever. If ten millions of dollars were to be dumped into Edison's money bin, he wouldn't lose one minute of his precious time cogitating how he could get some fun out of those millions, but he would think only of what great work he could do with that money.

He is endowed with both infinite patience and tremendous endurance. Early in life he conceived himself to be a mechanical apparatus, and ever since has treated himself as a machine, and exercised toward the care of his person, and especially of his dietary, the rigid discipline of a martinet. His ideas about eating are seemingly peculiar, but we may safely wager that his ideas are right. It is his opinion that a man should stoke his stomach with the same consideration and care that he would use in stoking the boiler running a precious bit of machinery. He believes that a person should eat a thing because he needs it, and not simply because he likes it. He holds that overeating and wrong eating are veritable crimes which most people commit against themselves. I think he is right, and I'd like to get the benefit of following his example, but I should hate mightily to endure the restraint.

John D. Rockefeller is one of the most typical specimens in human history of the sanctified man. He always has been devoutly religious, and has believed that such a man has the right to behave as does the king—and the king can do no wrong.

He has kept himself aloof even from his social intimates, and the man who can live among other men and keep himself a stranger is a skillful manipulator of them. He has been able to appraise men with wonderful accuracy, and when a prospective employee has come within the range of his astutely trained vision, he has read him like an open book. Every motion, every pose and poise of the man has been language to Rockefeller. The sound of his voice, the colour of his hair, the tilt of his ears, and the shape of his nose and cheek bones and jaw have all spoken and told Rockefeller what the man was. Often a man in speaking to him would be saying one thing, while his

whole make-up would be putting the lie to his words in the estimation of Rockefeller, and Rockefeller makes no mistakes about such matters.

He never has betrayed himself through his sympathies, he never has been swerved by feeling from the path of success; and he believes that success is almost a hundred per cent. expressed in terms of money. All those who ever have served him have been paid with interest, and all those who ever have betrayed him or opposed him have been paid to the full in kind with interest.

Yet he perhaps has been one of the most useful men to the race that ever lived. As the head of the Standard Oil Company he has been a notable pioneer in business methods, and has blazed a way for efficiency which has been followed by other large organizations to their great advantage.

He has wanted to die with spiritual ease and comfort, and therefore has sought to use a considerable portion of his wealth in doing good to his fellowmen. As in other things, he mostly has chosen wise advisers, and he has backed with half a billion dollars the plans they formulated. The result is that the hookworm is being conquered, the menace of infantile paralysis is greatly lessened, and the Rockefeller Institute is delving deep into the secrets of all pathological problems. What this will accomplish for human benefit and uplift is inestimable. But I don't approve of all of the donations of Mr. Rockefeller, especially those that he has made, however good his intentions, for the regulation of conduct and the narrowing down of the freedom of the individual.

Probably no one except Henry Ford can be considered Rockefeller's equal as an efficiency expert. He has a wonderful capacity for getting other people to do his work. I haven't. I do a good deal of my work myself, and when I hire somebody else to look after it I always pick the wrong person.

Ford started out simply as a good mechanic, with considerable faculty for inventing, and large, natural executive ability. He has shown that a man with only a small amount of school

Friends—Hudson Maxim and Thomas A. Edison.

education nevertheless can climb very high; for he has been the most phenomenally successful man in the accumulation of wealth that ever lived. Had he been sent to college, his mind would have been loaded down with inapplicable incumbrances, and his attention would have been turned aside from the direct forthright, and he never would have arrived as he has. He then would have been a good example of the dictum of Robert G. Ingersoll, that colleges are places where mainly pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed.

Henry Ford has a one-track mind, and a mono-rail track at that; but, as Napoleon said, "He goes fast and he goes far who goes alone." Therefore, a man like Rockefeller or Henry Ford can go faster and farther in the process of mere money-getting than a man like John Burroughs, who took all mankind with him and carried along, as the good fellows of mankind, all the creatures of the fields, the woods, the sea, and the sky.

Ford was imbued early with the idea that there was going to be an enormous demand for automobiles, and that a man who got into the field with a cheap car, which was also a good car, would lead the automobile world. His car was the first ever made that you could get home with. The other early cars would come to grief on the road, and you either had to have the help of a Ford or a horse. Besides, everybody else was stinging you in price. He had a vision that the thing to do was to be content with a small profit per car, and to get large earnings by enormous sales. At the same time he went to work to improve the quality of the car. Other manufacturers might have had the same vision, but they didn't know how to do what Ford did, until they had seen the thing done.

Transportation and communication are the chief factors of civilization, and in direct proportion as people are able to go from one place to another, or to communicate long distances, is their larger development made possible, and their success, their business and social activities, and their happiness are increased. So Henry Ford has been one of the greatest upbuilders of human progress imaginable.

A man who never looks behind can have but small under-

standing of what is in front of him; yet, strangely enough, Ford prides himself on knowing practically no history. It follows that he knows nothing of the great happenings of the past, the story of mankind is a closed book to him, evolution is without meaning. He simply sees straight ahead, like a bug in the dark which sees a bright light and flies to it, imagining that the surrounding dark is the wall of a tunnel, and that where the light is, there is the outlet.

Nevertheless, if Henry Ford were made absolute monarch of the United States for five years, with all the facts put before him that he needed in making his decisions, he'd do a lot of good in straightening things out. We would get more business in government and less government in business with a vengeance.

I always have been an admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. It is natural for a fighting man to admire another fighting man. We both knocked our way through life; but he was born and reared in a more fortunate environment and was not afflicted with poverty. He started well up on the ladder of success. On the other hand, he was handicapped by near-sightedness, and by not having inherited a physique sufficiently strong to match the strength of his mentality. The association of his mind and body was something like that of placing a locomotive engine in an automobile runabout, whereby the vehicle would be badly shaken by its own machinery. But he trained himself with untiring athletics, and finally became a man of no mean physical prowess.

After Roosevelt had retired from the presidency, he invited me to come to Oyster Bay and have dinner with him, and I went. In my conversation with him, I was amazed at his thorough familiarity with all of the principal events of history. He had a remarkably forceful manner of expression, and spoke with evident conviction and self-assurance, and what he said generally was well-armed with reason.

I would call Roosevelt one of the greatest public characters that the country has produced. He was something of a colossus

in his manliness, he was straightforward even to indiscretion, and he had a breadth of sympathy like that of Lincoln. But Lincoln in his argumentation with others would use the foil of wit, while Roosevelt would use a club knotted with logic. I don't mean that Roosevelt would lay about him with anger. Not at all. He would use knock-down arguments.

I think he loved the limelight, but I also think he profoundly believed that he was entitled to all the limelight he got.

XVIII

FOREWORD

ONE day, when Mr. Maxim was dictating to his stenographer an episode which chances not to be included in this book, I discovered something new in his method. He was saying: "Out there in Ohio I got acquainted with a limber-minded old flopper by the name of Colonel—er-r—Bungstarter, who was one of the Columbus 'highmuckyloorums.'"

"Bungstarter," I repeated—"that's a curious name."

"But it isn't his real name," the stenographer said. "When Mr. Maxim is dictating and can't think of the right name, he uses Bungstarter. That means I must find out later what the right name is."

Early each morning, Jimmy, the chauffeur, came from the post office and left the leather mail bag in Mrs. Maxim's chair at the dining-room table. When Mrs. Maxim appeared, she would sit down, unlock the bag, take out the mail, and begin looking it over. Mr. Maxim usually had finished eating by that time and lounged down into his easy chair.

Once, as Mrs. Maxim was glancing through a letter, she suddenly announced with a lively and romantic interest: "This is from Geraldine Stanley. She says she's married."

"Well, send her your condolations," Mr. Maxim said unsympathetically.

She read some of the letters aloud, and in a few words indicated the contents of others, while he made intermittent comments. Presently she exclaimed: "Why, Hud, here's a bill from a New York dentist for filling your teeth!"

"What? A dentist's bill!" Mr. Maxim said, sitting up erect. "If I had any teeth I might think I'd been in at the dentist's, and he'd filled them and I'd forgotten it. As things are, I shall have to enlighten that dentist."

This he proceeded to do in the late afternoon by dictating to his stenographer the following letter:

I have received from you a bill for filling some teeth for me. Now, as it has been quite a long time since I had a tooth in my head, I have an idea that you were filling the teeth of some ectoplasmic ghost of some dead relative of mine.

It seems strange that you should be so fooled by someone looking like me, because I know of no one, except Santa Claus and Father Neptune, who does look like me. I often am mistaken for them.

I am returning your bill, and I caution you that the next time someone looking like me comes round to have his teeth filled, you take a side swipe at him and see whether or not he is actually there and not a mere unsubstantiality that is fooling you.

I learned that Mr. Maxim has a habit of writing occasional letters in this picturesquely humorous vein, and I delved into his archives to make a selection which would be fairly representative.

XVIII

HUMOUR IN LETTER-WRITING

To Joe Delfrisco, of a neighbouring town, who had built a garage at the Lake Hopatcong home

My dear Frisco:

I understand that you are telling that I owe you something which I refuse to pay on the garage contract. I have on file receipts and acknowledgments signed by you, wherein it is clearly, tersely, and emphatically stated that you were paid up in full all demands of every name and nature after the building was finished. Wouldn't it be cleaner and fairer and whiter if you should choose to complain of someone who actually has cheated you?

You are a funny kind of a mixture, Frisco, you come so near being a good likable fellow on the one hand, and a mean, contemptible cuss on the other hand. The result is that I feel like shaking hands with you when I see you, and also feel like giving you a good, stern-chasing kick at the same time. Now, Frisco, why not make a New Year's resolution that you will be altogether a good fellow, and not part good and part bad?

In old blue-law times they used to put a man in the stocks and kick him and throw dead cats at him when he acted as you do. Sometimes, when a man was particularly penitent, he would go into the stocks of his own free will, in order that he might be kicked and catted. Thinking that you might be touched by remorse, I enclose a tag which you can hitch to your stern sheets, to indicate where you might be kicked to advantage.

If you really are labouring under the delusion that I owe you anything, get any three reputable citizens to look into the facts, and after they have done so and have seen the papers I have bearing your signature, if they think you have not received all that is your due, then I will pay what they think I owe you.

(Comment by Mr. Maxim: Frisco was the most extraordinary man you ever saw. He never took a bath in his life, and it was amazing how much dirt clung to his face and hands and hair. One day I noticed places where he seemed to be somewhat clean, and I said: "Why, Frisco, you've taken a bath!"

"No," he said, "I fell in the lake working on your boat-house.")

To Mrs. Maxim's mother in London, who was planning a trip to America

It will interest you to know that I have stopped swearing, but don't worry, for I am not becoming so altogether good as to forebode my dying young. Still, I have had the grip now for nearly two weeks, and it is impossible to tell whether it is on account of the break in profanity or not.

Lillie tells me that I was to buy you a silk dress when I should have succeeded in breaking off swearing. She suggests that it would be a good idea for you to buy the dress and have it made in London before you come over, as that will be much cheaper, and she promises that she will see that you wear it when you come here, rather than to do as usual, which is to put the dress away until it gets old and out of fashion before you wear it.

Lillie incloses her check on the London Bank for said purpose. I don't know how our bank account there stands, and I don't suppose we can go on checking out money for ever without depositing some. So you must find out whether we have any money in the bank before you try to cash the check.

We have a new stenographer whose only fault thus far is that her head of hair makes Lillie jealous. We made a mistake

in the advertisement which secured her predecessor, by letting my name appear in it. She had for some time read about me, and she imagined me a great haloed hero, while she looked on herself as a transcendental genius in embryo, requiring simply a conjunction of herself with opportunity in order that she might blossom out into the greatest elocutionist, litterateur, and society leader on the face of this mundane sphere.

She had an idea that I lived on nothing but pure bonbons and fed myself with a gold toothpick, and drank nothing but the nectar of rare flowers. As a result, when she saw me feed boiled hot potatoes into my stomach without as much as deigning to bite them, and when she saw that my halo was only brass and battered at that, and knocked down over one ear, she lost heart. But this was not the worst of it, for when she sprung a recitation on me—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"—and I told her that she ought to get her voice filed, and that she didn't know the simplest rudiments of elocution, and that she emulated the broomstick in her poise, and that she was so homely she would sour milk in the dark, she thought I was just simply a horrid old man.

For these and other sore disappointments she blamed us. She thought that we were responsible for her having a nose that reconnoitred the heavens, and for God's neglect in not supplying her with eyebrows, and in giving her the shape of a very replete sausage, and eyes like the moon shining through a pea-soup fog. Worst of all, she blamed us because a certain fellow she had been fishing for had married another girl after she had come with us, and she thought that if she had continued to camp on his trail, and not neglect him for us, she finally would have run him down.

But she was a modest girl. I'll give her credit for that. She had a sort of child-like innocence and did not know it was wrong to use our postage stamps for her correspondence, and to use our telephone for her long-distance calls at our cost. She made herself very much at home with us, and treated us and everything that belonged to us as if she were really a member of the family.

To a needy author

March 5, 1908.

My dear Mr. Loomis:

In answer to your letter just received, please let me remind you that I promised not to dun you for the money I loaned you before a year had passed. That would preclude any dun until next September.

When next September comes, I am going to load up my double-barrelled shotgun, take down the old sword and hang it at my side, fill my belt with revolvers and daggers, purchase a big white charger, and dash up in front of your house and demand the money.

No, Loomis, please do not worry yourself. I can hardly get your bearings. You surprise and astonish me. Everybody else that I ever lent money to has let me do the worrying. It is new and strange that the borrower should be worrying.

If at any time during the year it should be convenient, you can pay me; but if it should not be convenient, I shall be glad to wait an additional six months, or another year, if need be.

(Comment by Mr. Maxim: I wrote that to Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist, a very lovable fellow, but so homely you'd laugh every time you looked at him. Once, right after he had been to see us, I got a letter from him in which he said that he was hard up and he'd paid the last two dollars and a half he had for carfare out here, intending to ask me for a loan of five hundred dollars, but he'd lost heart and gone home without saying anything about it. He'd got a chance to get very good pay doing some writing on a trip to Ireland, if only he could raise the money for his expenses.

My wife read the letter, and we talked it over. "Well," she said, "whether he ever pays us or not I think we can afford to make him the loan."

So I sent him a check for the five hundred, and he made the trip and was very grateful. He was conscientious and intended to pay. He was entirely unlike most of the fellows who borrow from me, for they are not content with the original loan, but

come to increase their debt by borrowing more. Loomis died of cancer before his loan was paid, but his sons paid me out of life insurance that he carried.)

To the Editor of the Lake Hopatcong Breeze

1908.

On the Fourth of July I raised on my lake front three American flags and one British flag—the British flag in honour of my wife, who is an Englishwoman. This has been my custom since we were married twelve years ago. While residing in England we raised the Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack. Such customs are usual both here and abroad. The Fourth of July is no longer a day of remembered animosity against Great Britain. In England, Englishmen join with Americans in celebrating the day. The same is true in Canada. Now, when the flag of England is raised with the Stars and Stripes it is a proclamation of international goodwill, and the spirit is the spirit of brotherhood.

I was very much surprised when friends of mine informed me on the Fourth of July of adverse criticisms of certain day-outers, fresh-air seekers, and vacationers, coupled with threats about my raising the British flag, notwithstanding the fact that I was flying three American flags at the same time. On the morning of the 5th I found that someone had stolen the British flag during the night. I therefore put up the following sign where the flag had been stolen.

$25 REWARD FOR THE SNEAK THIEF
WHO STOLE MY BRITISH FLAG
MAXIM

A natural-born thief would not think for a moment of coming around boldly in a belligerent way and tearing the flag down and trampling it under his feet in broad daylight, but he would sneak around in the night and steal it; and having stolen it and beholding that it had a certain value, he would proceed forthwith to pawn it or sell it and convert the proceeds into that neurotic elixir known as whisky.

I wish here to say to any of those persons who were offended by the sight of the British flag on the Fourth of July and had aroused in them a belligerent spirit, that if they will call on me, one at a time, I will afford them every opportunity for the exercise of their war-like propensities, and every Red Cross convenience with its first aid to the injured, including arnica, witch-hazel, and Scott's Emulsion, to take home with them to aid in their convalescence.

Here you are, boys!—any of you that are afflicted with an over-ardent patriotism and are desirous of bleeding in your country's cause. I am an old gray-headed man and have but one hand. What a glorious opportunity!

To the Manager of the Waldorf-Astoria

October 8, 1909.

Enclosed I hand you my check for $4.40, balance due you on room No. 784, occupied by myself and wife on last Tuesday night.

On Wednesday morning we rose early to keep an engagement. On descending to the main floor, I sent Mrs. Maxim to pay the bill, while I sat and watched the valises and contemplated the cool, gray dawn of the morning. At the end of fifteen minutes of afflicting patience, I abandoned my watch and approached the paying counter, where Mrs. Maxim was trying to hold a conversation with what appeared to be a deaf mute.

She explained to me that she had told the mute that she simply wanted to pay our bill of $10.50 for room No. 784, and that he insisted on making out a bill, on which he had already proceeded to the length of a Congressional petition.

I asked him what the matter was, and why we could not pay our bill and get away, as we were in a hurry. He mumbled back at me that it was the custom of the hotel to make up the bills weekly, and that they ought to have a day's notice before being asked to make out a bill. As he reached the end of his oral effort, he rose in pitch, volume, and tone colour.

I told him that as we had had the room for only one night and did not engage it until about time for vespers and the ring-

ing of the curfew, it was impracticable for us to have notified him day before yesterday that we should want our bill made out this morning. I told him that as it was such a cumbersome matter for him, we would hie ourselves away and I would send a check for the amount which I knew to be the correct one.

At this juncture a man at the southern aperture of the cage said there evidently was some mistake, that the bill-maker doubtless had got us confounded with another party. He took a glance at the book and said: "Oh, yes! your bill is $6.10."

We protested and said we were sure it was $10.50. But he said: "No, it is $6.10."

We paid it and pulled out, and were enabled by good luck and some sprinting to reach our destination in time to keep the appointment.

I write you this merely to call your attention to the fact that there is a screw loose in the clerical make-up of that bill-maker, which would stand adjustment to the benefit of your otherwise unexcelled hostelry equipment.

To Mrs. Maxim's father in London

January 15, 1910

Again I have been troubled with bucking bronchi for the last month. The Brooklyn microbia have assembled their forces and have battering-rammed my personality into a deep affliction, but am better now.

We are going to sell our Brooklyn house and have advertised it as follows:

NOT FOR SALE, BUT TO BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE BETWEEN WHAT IT IS WORTH, NAMELY $25,000, AND A BAG OF PEANUTS

I am tired of being utilized by the denizens of the ultra-microscopic cosmos as a culture medium for their reproduction. From the time we went to Lake Hopatcong last spring until we returned about the middle of December, I never had a symptom of a cold, but no sooner had I struck the Brooklyn atmosphere than the microbes of tonsilitis, laryngitis, appendicitis, and damlitis held an "at home" in my interior.

I often have thought what a recreation it would be if one could possess ultra-microscopic vision and could view the evolutions of a bacteriological house-party playing tag in his nerve filaments or toboganning down the smooth surfaces of his serous tissue, or going up, rafts of them, in his arterial elevators to roost on his mind and munch peanuts and throw the shucks down on his medulla oblongata.

Lillie is very well and looking so lovely and behaving so well that I should want to lengthen out eternity if I could have her to the end.

I don't believe Lillie told you about our new big car. It cost $4,500. You ought to take a trip to America this summer to ride in that car.

To a bookseller

I want you to get for me a book on the spookiness of spookology and the mysterious knowledge of the incomprehensible, or psychics of mystery, or something of the sort, by Camille Flammarion.

There is a book by Carrington on the philosophy or psychology, or something of the sort, of Spiritualism. Also another one by him on Spooks in Evening Dress, or something like that. I may not have hit this last title very close. In fact, I may have missed it a mile, but it is something about the New Science or Psychic Science, or something on that order.

Please look these books up and get them for me as soon as possible, and send them to me immediately.

To the Tel-Electric Company

Your letter is just received in which you tell me that you understand that I would be interested in the purchase of one of your tel-electric pianos. There are a large number of things that I don't want, the principal one of which is a piano.

The year before last I bought a hotel near my residence here on Lake Hopatcong, in order to suppress its piano. I know it generally is conceded that music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, or savage breast, or something of that sort, but

it works the other way with me. There is nothing in the world that makes me feel more savage than Wagginghauer's "Gotterdämmerung," or Meddlesome's "Songs without Music," pounded out on the piano by some young thing.

If you have a good fiddle that you would like to sell, I might talk with you. I like a fiddle. I like a hand-organ, too. By the way, why couldn't you get up a tel-electric fiddle or a tel-electric hand-organ? If you can, you can count on me as a sure customer.

To the North American, *Philadelphia*

April 22, 1911.

I have your favour of the 14th, in which you tell me of your exceptional kindness in extending credit to me to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and that the same, being now very long overdue, you hope and trust that I will pay the bill without the necessity of your bringing it again to my attention.

Aha! and oh, hum! et cetera and so forth; and, by the way, *e pluribus unum*, and Erin go bragh!

I beg to refer you to a few facts concerning that matter of twenty-five dollars as expressed in my letter to you dated August 15, 1910; also see a letter from you dated August 29th; and my letter of September 12th in answer thereto, by which it is evident that I don't owe you a cent.

I once went out walking on a frosty, slippery morning with a friend who had one game leg. In threading our way through the crowd on the sidewalk I generally marched before and he close behind. Every now and then, and sometimes now and then together, he would slip, throw out the game leg and kick me behind in righting himself. He apologized, and I forgave, but after he had pounded me in that quarter by a series of some dozens of slips, I was like the ship, the launching of which Longfellow described. I began

> . . . to feel
> A thrill of life along my keel.

And durned if I didn't begin to get a little provoked.

Now let me tell you once for all that I am not going to pay

that twenty-five dollars. I absolutely refuse, finally and utterly, and with shouting emphasis. If this happens to be not sufficient and you cannot be made to believe that I am in earnest about it, I will call in a notary public and send you a formal declination under oath.

With kindest regards, and with love and blessings ever, I remain,

Cordially yours,

Reply to a letter inquiring about Lake Hopatcong building lots and fishing

There is hardly any place in the world where the fishing is better, judging from the number of fishermen engaged. It is common report that occasionally a fish is caught; and, although I am not a fisherman myself, I actually got a bite three years ago last summer.

We have several miles of shore front and can give you your choice of lots at all prices, ranging from what you can easily afford to pay up to what you can't afford at all, according to location. We are prepared to make terms of purchase so favourable to the customer as to give him no excuse for not buying.

(Comment by Mr. Maxim: That old pest couldn't have been much of a fisherman, for I never heard from him again.)

To the Editor of the Dearborn Independent

Having been for some time a subscriber to and a reader of the *Dearborn Independent*, and liking the publication very much, I sent you my check for $1.50, in payment for an additional year's subscription, to be sent to a friend of mine by the name of Charles G. Muller, Landing, New Jersey.

But you missed my meaning somehow and not only sent me my regular paper, but also the paper which I wanted sent to the other fellow. Then I wrote you a letter calling your attention to the mistake you had made, and requesting that you kindly send the new subscription to Mr. Muller, as I had in-

dicated. Notwithstanding all of this particularity on my part, I have now received from you a postal card notifying me that I had paid for two subscriptions covering the same period.

For God's sake, and the love of Mike, King George, and the Kingdom of Heaven! how do you get out so good a paper and still do business so abominably? I understand that Henry Ford is behind your publication. How does it happen, then, that you miss by a mile the Henry Ford efficiency in your business methods? There seems to be some hiatus between the clerks in your office who receive your communications and the business end of the subscription department.

Kindly let me know how much it would cost to insert the following advertisement in your publication, intended to get me in touch with the business end of the subscription department:

> Five Dollars Reward will be paid to any one in the business end of the subscription department of the *Dearborn Independent* who will inform me how a person who is already a subscriber to the *Dearborn Independent* may, by sending the sum of money required for a year's subscription, secure a copy of the paper sent to a friend whose name and address are written out plainly and submitted with the application for subscription? Address, Hudson Maxim, Landing, New Jersey.

To the Editor of the New York Evening Post, *commenting on a letter printed in that paper from the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises*

There is no question about the unpleasantness of the harsh warning signal of the automobile horn. It seems to say: "Get out of the way or you will get hurt!"

Many persons who do not fully appreciate the benignity of lesser evils as preventives of greater ones naturally conclude that it would be a good idea to suppress such a horn by law, and to substitute for it one which would give a sort of Christmas bells chimes, or a wind instrument giving sweet flute notes.

No doubt the pedestrian with an automobile swiftly approaching him would be less startled and less annoyed by sweet musical sounds tickling his tympanum than he is by the harsh warning signal.

For the very reason that musical sounds are not sounds of warning, they cannot be made to serve the purpose of warning signals. When a pedestrian unexpectedly finds himself a few feet in front of an automobile travelling from fifteen to thirty miles an hour, time is precious to him. He has no time to enjoy music. It is not an occasion for melodies. If he be forty feet in advance of the machine, and the machine be travelling thirty miles an hour, his evolutions and those of the chauffeur must be performed in less than a second. If the machine be travelling at the very moderate rate of fifteen miles an hour, there are but two seconds in which to act. Suppose the automobilist were to depend on his voice to warn the pedestrian, he would not be likely to speak in a soft and gentle tone, but would shout loudly and harshly in order that the danger and urgency should be indicated—not so much by what he might say as by the character of the sounds uttered.

Similarly, in the whole animal kingdom, danger is indicated by harsh sounds, never by musical sounds. A dog growls and barks and snarls when angry. The mother hen, when she sees a hawk in the sky, does not make a sweet musical sound to warn her chickens, but makes a sound which is very fierce and harsh. She does not mind if she startles them nearly out of their little hides so long as she succeeds in preventing the hawk from getting one of them.

The object of an automobile signal should be to prevent collisions and injuries, and not to produce lullaby music. It is far better to startle a person than to run into him and smash his ribs.

To an employment bureau

We have not as yet been suited in a private secretary. You will remember that Mrs. Maxim and I said that we did not want a private secretary under twenty or over thirty-five,

for the reason that a girl under twenty seldom knows anything, and a woman over thirty-five seldom can learn anything.

Well, one evening, three archaic applicants wafted themselves in on us. The first one could not tell a typewriter from a hatrack, while the peculiarities of the terminology of my sesquipedalian verbiage flabbergasted her.

The next applicant was an ethereal creature of the hippopotamus variety. We told her that we wanted somebody a little lighter on her feet than she, as one of the duties of our secretary was to play tennis. She said that although she had never played tennis herself, still it ran in the family, because her grandchildren were expert tennis players. She thought that she could soon get into the gait if we happened to have a derrick handy to accelerate her agility.

When the third antique entered, the thing began to get monotonous, as Mark Twain remarked when a mule had fallen through his tent three times in one evening. I told her that we did not want any one under twenty or over thirty-five. She assured me that she was not under twenty. I told her that I had guessed as much, and asked: "How about the other limit?"

She sharply retorted that she never in her life had touched thirty-five.

"Well," said I, "if that be so, you must have been skidding some when you went past that numeral."

We do not want the impossible, and we are willing to pay the necessary wages for what we want. If we could get any one as competent and as smart as the private secretary of my New York lawyer, we should be glad to pay twenty dollars a week with all living expenses; and if we could get someone as capable as my wife, we should be mighty glad to pay fifty dollars a week. But, as I have said, we do not expect the impossible. God never made but one woman in Mrs. Maxim's mould, and then He broke the mould. She can spell any word that comes along. She can write 137 words a minute on the typewriter, and she never makes a mistake, even in punctuation.

If you happen to have any one that you think would meet our requirements, we would be glad to have her call.

To a Rabbi, who had written a letter saying that "Defenseless America" *was "a bloodthirsty book," the most "venom-laden work" that ever fell into his hands; that it was "a determined attempt to inflame the minds of this peace-loving nation"; and that it proved more than anything else the "total depravity of man." He ended by expressing "total abhorrence" of Mr. Maxim's "ideals and methods."*

MY DEAR RABID LITTLE RABBI:

June 30, 1915.

Sound judgment never flares, and your rabbinical opinion of my book and of me does flare like a lighted rag soaked in gasoline.

You say that, judging from my picture in the book, I am an old man with one foot in the grave, and it seems incomprehensible to you that such an antiquated dilapidation should have written such a book. I am forced to the conclusion that you have not read the book at all—that you merely looked at my picture and the title of the book, and being a hair-trigger, pacifistic blunderbuss, you went off half-cocked.

As a matter of fact, although I am sixty-two years of age, and have white hair and whiskers, I am about the healthiest, heartiest, and huskiest old bruiser that you could get up against. I do not know your age or condition of health or huskiness, but I will take the chance of making you this proposition:

If you will go into a twenty-four foot ring with me, either in your synagogue, or here in my tennis court, and if you can stay with me through three two-minute rounds, I will build you a synagogue.

If, however, on account of your pacific-mindedness, you object to affording me this opportunity to set your judgment right concerning this foot-in-the-grave business, I will make you the alternative proposition that if you will come to Lake Hopatcong and beat me two out of three sets of lawn tennis, I

shall be willing to agree that I am wrong. Furthermore, I will buy you the best rabbinical suit of clothes that can be found in New York City—such a glad-rag garmenture as would make the royal robes of Solomon in all his glory look like the hobo toggery of a scarecrow.

It is strange, isn't it, how you, who never have studied the subject of national defence, are able to know so much more about it than those who have made it a life study? But you believe that you are inspired and that the history of the world bears you out in the assumption that no amount of knowledge can buck against inspiration. Indeed, it must be most gratifying to such a little-minded minnow as you to flatter yourself that you have the power of inspirational absorption, while others can only think.

My dear rabid little Rabbi, take my advice, and go 'way back and squat down, and very low down, somewhere, and forget that you are.

To an agent who had seen Mr. Maxim concerning some paint

December 3, 1923.

About a month ago you told me that you would bring, right to my house, for the cement floor of my library, three gallons of paint which would make my heart glad ever after, and that you would do this thing so swiftly as to shame the heel-winged speed of Mercury.

After you had gone, I, like any husband proud of himself, said to my wife: "Look at that! It pays to be famous. See what these people are doing for me! See the courtly and kind attention they are paying me, simply because I am Hudson Maxim."

And I straightway made use of the situation to lesson my family in the rectitude of uprightness and nobility of character, and held you up, and those you represent, for emulation; but as time wore on, and the paint failed to swim into our ken, the wife and family began to laugh and poke fun at me, and the situation has been getting worse, and worse, and more so, until I have had to take to the hills and woods during most of my

waking hours, and slide into the house at night after they have all gone to bed—then up, and away again in the morning. Even as I write this, my stenographer is scoffing at me out of the corner of her eye for being such a damn fool.

Well, what about the paint? Is there any such thing, or is it a myth?

XIX

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM and I were in the dining room one winter morning enjoying the heat that came from the great fireplace when there was a rap at the door, and Mrs. Maxim ushered in a dilapidated, weatherworn, faded scarecrow of a man. He was rather hesitating in manner, and he took off his hat and stood limply holding it in both hands. Mr. Maxim, reclining in his easy chair, at once fired a question at him—"Who are you?"—and added: "Well, my God! you look like the last rose of summer."

The man explained that he had come with his team from another town and taken a job drawing stone, and he wanted to rent a couple of shacks up in the woods that belonged to Mr. Maxim, one to stay in himself and the other for his horses. Mr. Maxim wasted no words. He said the man could use the shacks rent free, and dismissed him.

When he had gone, Mrs. Maxim remarked: "He makes me think of a labouring man, Tim Slade, who called here one evening after Mr. Maxim had gone to bed. Tim had something on his mind and was so anxious to see him that Mr. Maxim had me let Tim come up to his room. A new state road had been surveyed and Tim thought it was going to be run right through his kitchen, and he wanted Mr. Maxim to use his influence to prevent such a calamity. He was rather stringing along, and in order to get rid of him, Mr. Maxim reached out his hand from the bed and said, 'Well, good-night, Tim.'

"Tim was far enough away so that he had to get up from his chair to shake hands. But after the handshaking and saying, 'Good-night,' he backed right back and sat down, and went on talking.

"So Mr. Maxim had to repeat the operation, and I had to assist a little, too, before we could get Tim out of the room."

A somewhat frequent caller was a neighbour of whom Mr. Maxim remarked to me: "He's an artist, and he's funny in some ways. He never suspects evil in other people, and can't comprehend that any one would intentionally injure him. Why, if a man were viciously to kick him in the stomach, he'd apologize for getting in his way. He hasn't been well, but now he's got back to what he normally is—a very active, rather robust, though lean man, who takes the utmost care of himself. That is to say, he does the best he knows how. He lives just as near to the teachings of Christ and Confucius as any man could, and he tries so hard to stand straight that he leans backward. Moreover, he's a staunch and true friend, and, what is very pleasing to me, he thinks I'm the greatest thing that ever happened."

One evening, after Mr. Maxim had retired early, he sent down an invitation for me to come up to his room. I found him comfortably established in bed, with a mountain of pillows at his back and a plentiful supply of reading matter distributed conveniently on the coverlets. He had a special light arranged to give his pages the ideal illumination, and he looked as if he had reached the peak of human attainment in making easy the path to knowledge and literary entertainment. The chamber was large, and opened out on an equally commodious sleeping-porch that he uses in warm weather. On the far side of the bed was a somewhat complicated apparatus for physical exercise.

As usual, I had questions to ask about his life story, but, as usual, also, our talk in part ran far afield. One thing I inquired about was his speech-making, and he referred me to certain files where his speeches had been preserved in orderly array. His home is a treasure-trove of archives, with abundance of shelving devoted to holding the printed matter and manuscripts and letters that relate to his life and work.

Mrs. Maxim joined in our talk about the speeches, and among other things she had this incident to relate concerning her

husband: "Once he and several other speakers addressed a big audience at Carnegie Hall. His speech came in the middle of the programme, and when he finished it he called out: 'Lillie, I don't know where you are, but I'm ready to go home.' So I got up and we went."

"Perhaps the commonest fault of our public speakers," Mr. Maxim said, "is their inability to stop promptly and effectively. When I make a speech I quit on time. I insist on knowing beforehand how long I'm expected to speak, and I tell those in charge of the affair that absolutely my terminal facilities are good. I don't go over a minute. My recipe for a successful after-dinner speech is brevity, more brevity, and sit down. At the right moment I say: 'Well, my time is up.' There are no closing words at all, no tapering off. I make my climax in whatever the speech includes, and then come to a sudden, clean-cut stop. I never use any such expression as: 'Now, in closing, let me say——' I prefer the unexpected. But if my speech is long, I may remark: 'There are a few things I want to say before I close.' People are willing to listen to you if they know you're going to be brief.

"I recently attended the yearly eat of the Plymouth Rock Annual Banquet Society. This society is one of those which do nothing else and have no other excuse for existence than to meet once a year, reminisce, feed, and bore one another with dull speeches. Here are the introductory remarks of the president, as I remember them:

"'Members of the Plymouth Rock Annual Banquet Society, we are gathered together here this evening in the great city of New York; and I am very glad to see so many of us here on this auspicious occasion for three reasons. In the first place, that we are gathered together this evening; in the second place, that there are so many of us present; and, in the third place, that we are gathered together in the great city of New York.

"'I am very glad on this occasion to recognize that old and true New England spirit, and, may I say also, that mutuality of interest in our common well-being that brings us together to-night in this great city of New York.

"'I have been a member of this society for more than twenty years, and during that period it has been my privilege and the privilege of those present on each occasion to gather together at the annual banquet of this society, as we have done this evening, here in the great city of New York.

"'We have the honour of having with us this evening Professor Drywell of Harvard, who is too well known to all of you to need any introduction from me. Therefore, I take pleasure in introducing to you as the first speaker, Professor Drywell, who will give you his exhaustive statistics on that subject so dear to the heart of every New Englander—the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.

"'Ladies and gentlemen I thank you. Er-r-r- Professor Drywell.'

"Professor Drywell did not forget to bring with him his monotone equilibrator, but he did forget his automatic cut-off. So he kept on talking, just talking and talking, until finally, the president, watching his chance, broke in at one of his rests for intake of breath, and announced that they would 'all rise and sing a stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner" for old Plymouth Rock's sake.'

"'The banquet's red glare,
The bursts of hot air,
Gave them proof through the night
That the Rock was still there.'"

XIX

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

COULD we fly out and away through space with a speed sufficiently great, we should overtake the rays of reflected light which left this earth thousands and millions of years ago; and had we infinite vision, we could look back, as we went, and see the history of the earth unravel; see our cities wither to villages engulfed in the all-encompassing forest; see man sink from civilization into abject savagery, from human savage to savage ape, ape to lemur, and so on down to the reptile with his giant companions wallowing about in the primal ooze; and on, yet on, to the fish, and lastly to the moneron plunged in the azoic sea.

In our return flight we should see the human panorama reversed—see evolution build on simple forms, with man in view. We should find the first man up a tree, both in the actual and the metaphoric sense. His habitation was a rude nest of sticks hung in the branches of the tropical jungle. He was in an environment where half the animal creation was prey for the other half, and he was one of the hunted.

His teeth and claws were no match for those of the leopard and the sabre-toothed tiger, which sought to share his dwelling. He had no recourse but flight from such foes or from the boa-constrictor, until life-and-death necessity taught him to wield a club. Then he was able to lay about him in such wise as to support the dignity of his newly acquired manhood, and he climbed down from his abode in the trees and began his conquest of the earth. His forays with the club taught him to fight upright and to walk on his hind legs. Also they made him a traveller, and travel civilized and enlightened him.

The need for communication and coöperation with his fellows forced him to learn to talk. After men learned to talk they

found that they needed a leader, and the best club-swinger was made king.

It was a far-flung span across the gulf of time from the tree-home to the cave in the hill. Before men were able to move into the hillside caverns out of the winter cold they had to dislodge the great cave bear and the sabre-toothed tiger. They tied a piece of sharp flint to their clubs, entered the dark den, and dislodged or slew its fierce occupants. What a dauntless spirit they must have had!

After a while a genius discovered that by dropping water slowly on a piece of hot flint he could sliver off fragments and thereby provide himself sharp weapons. In this way he made flint dirk knives; and he made a spear by tying a flint dirk to the end of a shaft of wood; and he made a hatchet in the same way.

At length men invented written signs for conveying thought beyond the reach of the voice. These signs were hieroglyphic pictures, which gradually lost their material significance and became letters, and in them now is stored all accumulated learning and lore, literature and wisdom.

He was a great engineer who made the first artificial cave and walled the entrance against attack from savage beasts and still more savage men.

The first walled city was hewn in the hillside. The city of the present is also an architecture of caves and cliffs, and the city of the future will be one of still more extensive caverns and of still loftier cliffs.

The bow and arrow, next to speech, was the most important invention of all time. It enabled man to kill at long range, and put all the rest of the animal kingdom under his domination.

He who discovered the use of fire and a way of kindling it was a great benefactor of the race, and he who with fire and sharpened stone was the first to hollow a log and launch it in a stream was the Fulton of his time; and he who was the first to dare the sea beyond the sight of land in his frail craft was a Columbus looking for new worlds.

Armed with the spear and the bow and arrow, and equipped

with fire and a boat, men were able to move out of the hill cavern and build their habitations in fertile valleys and on the shores of lakes and streams. They previously had learned to protect their cavern homes with a stone wall about the entrance, and now they protected their new home cluster with an encircling defensive wall or a stockade of tree trunks.

Union of skill and of numbers to slay some monster beast, and to battle against neighbouring tribes, and to share in the labour of erecting habitations and protective walls, forced men to learn and obey those fundamental principles of human behaviour and duty—that to live we must let live, that to be helped we must be helpful, that to rely on others we must be reliable, and that he alone is free who is slave to others in the thraldom of friendship and duty.

What a wonder world the panorama would be could we take wing into the future and follow man up the ascending scale until he shall have reached the zenith of physical, intellectual, and ethical life, whence he will look back on us, his progenitors, with the same curious regard that moves us as we look down the line of our ascent on the little lemur, parent of the ape-progenitor of man! Following down the descending scale, we should see the cooling sun grow dim and the parching earth drink up the oceans, and see man become a cave-dweller again, mining for moisture, more precious than gold.

No man is able to foretell the future except from his knowledge of the present; and our knowledge is so small and our powers are so finite that we can only speculate and generalize. Yet it is safe to predict that man's advancement from now on will be vastly more rapid than it ever has been before.

The present is an age of mechanical and chemical engineering and invention, an age of material achievement; and it will be followed by a sociological age, an era of achievement in ethics and philosophy and the development of higher physical health —an age of intellectual and moral perfecting.

Even at the present time, from a humane point of view we stand miles higher than the ancients stood. In the old days when one people had an opportunity of robbing and enslaving

another people, it was thought bad business policy not to rob and enslave them. All foreigners were barbarians and any sympathy for a foreigner was considered a weakness. An earthquake calamity to a neighbouring people was then a cause for thanksgiving.

There is a growing recognition that this world we live in is only a larger country, and that patriotism should not be confined by national boundary lines. There is a growing spirit of international brotherhood, a growing knowledge that all mankind feeds at a common board, and sits by a common fireside, and that selfish ethics do not pay.

The warmth of the fire is better enjoyed when shared than when monopolized at the cost of crowding others into the cold. The half of a sweet morsel shared is better than the whole unshared. Mutuality in the enjoyment of blessings is what gives them most value.

But there is no way of making complete living common until we have weeded out of the great human garden the obnoxious plants that now grow rank in the hothouse of unbridled passions, fertilized by drugs, and watered with alcohol. The so-called criminal type is a composite product of formative evolution and deformative degeneracy.

According to Herbert Spencer, the criminal classes are composed of those who have been pushed out of the race in the struggle for existence under modern conditions. They were normal components of society in the past, when all men were soldiers, and all soldiers were bandits, and the principal business of mankind was piracy and war for plunder.

While certain persons have developed more rapidly than society has, numerous others in every generation fall behind—they retrograde under the combined degenerative influences of promiscuous charity, intemperance, and disease. The weak no longer are weeded out as they were formerly by famine and the sword; and the man who would have been a soldier-bandit when there was the former ever-present opportunity to join in an inter-tribal or an international war for robbery now makes war on society.

The criminal is a perfectly natural by-product of modern institutions, and what is to be done with this dangerous by-product is a problem society must solve. Just as we now decide what immigrants shall come into our country to reside and mingle their blood with ours, so we have the right to choose what blood we shall let continue to flow into the great human stream.

The reform will not come by punishing the offender, but by his isolation. The criminal will be classed with the leper, and society will no more think of punishing for crime than we now think of punishing for insanity or smallpox. But the public will be protected much more efficiently than now. It is the ignorance of barbarism that leads us to imprison men for crimes they cannot help committing, and to release them after a stated period with the impulse toward crime unchecked.

A great national institution will be established for the reception and isolation of all human derelicts. It will not be like any prison we know, for it will be wardened by kindness. A large tract of fertile country will be set apart and inclosed. It will be an enormous park, and the tenants will have their little farms and cottages, their schools, libraries, and art galleries—in short, every convenience and comfort common to civilized life.

There will be but one restriction—the lives of those who enter there shall not be perpetuated. The dwellers in the great inclosure will have no son or daughter to inherit the property they may have, for the source of criminal inheritance will be sterilized. All property will belong to the commonwealth, and on the death of a tenant the property occupied by him will be assigned to some new derelict sent in from the outer world.

In the city of the future there will be neither the idle rich nor the idle poor, and although there still will be the rich man and the poor man, no man will be vastly wealthy and none extremely poor. With equal opportunity, all persons will find their level according to capacity and deserts.

There will be no retirement from business or labour, and no finish of education for any man during his entire life. It will be the aim to give to all the people, in measure equal to

the capacity of each individual, the unquenchable, intense interest in all those things that tend most to make a human being a normal, happy, living machine who never gets tired of life. Just as the public to-day requires that all children shall be educated, so, in the future, both children and adults, in addition to enforced learning, will be required to be healthy.

The best government would be an absolute monarchy with an angel for a king; but angel kings have been so exceedingly rare that republican institutions are preferable. The republican ship of state is a good deal like a raft and requires a lot of steering, but it is far safer and better than the monarchical ship of state, with a king at the helm cruising the craft for his mere pleasure and rocking the boat for sport in dangerous waters. Kings would do better if the people could resort to the initiative and recall.

Man is by nature a warring animal, and famine and pestilence have been the soldier's strong allies. We have learned that all this sun-emblazoned planet, with its ambient envelope of air, is a teeming seething hive of vulture-appetited, disease-breeding micro-organisms; and that the human body is a walled city with millions of defenders at every gateway. There is a constant warfare on the ramparts of health, and when there is a breach in the wall or any yielding of the defenders, the microscopic wolves of disease rush in and wage a still more demoniacal war. These assaulting hordes never raise the siege. Ultimately every person's citadel must fall and be sacked by the universal enemy.

In the city of the future there will be but two causes of death —accident and old age; for the defense against the micro-organisms of disease will be made complete. Someone will have found a process by which the germs of disease may be killed in the living tissues, lymph, and blood, without injury to the cells of the living body. He who shall discover or invent this thing will be the greatest benefactor of the human race that history has ever had or can ever know.

Electro-chemical science probably will play an important part in establishing the guilt or innocence of suspected criminals.

If witnesses always would tell the truth, and if criminals always would confess when guilty, the wheels of criminal justice would move on ball-bearings. In the past, torture was applied. It was very efficient in eliciting voluminous testimony from unwilling witnesses, and in wringing confessions from suspected criminals, but had the disadvantage that testimony and confessions secured by it were wholly unreliable. Next the oath was imposed. The fear of consequences for false answering has proved exceedingly ineffectual in making witnesses tell the truth. The infliction of our "third degree," which is a modern form of torture, is likewise ineffectual.

The criminal suspect of the future will be scientifically prepared for an involuntary confessional. Those brain centres which guard his secret will be inhibited while other brain centres will be excited and stimulated for its revelation, and he will be unable to withhold the truth.

There is one supreme problem that remains unsolved, and unless it is solved human progress will cease and all enlightenment will begin to retrograde. I refer to the discovery of some new supply of heat and power, inexhaustible in quantity and cheap of production.

Had we an engine which would utilize the energy latent in coal with an economy equal to that with which the sea gull utilizes the carbon in its food, we should be able to develop ten times the energy that we do now from the fuel we consume to turn the wheels of industry and trade. But even were we able to invent such an engine, the great coal beds would last only a few centuries. Also, we are burning up our air. Every ton of coal consumed burns up the oxygen in twelve tons of air, and if we had coal enough to last indefinitely we should not have oxygen to burn it, but should fill the air to suffocation with carbonic acid gas.

Possibly we shall invent some motor which will utilize efficiently the heat of the solar rays. Water power, too, has its possibilities, but were every stream and fall harnessed to maximum duty, the energy developed would not be sufficient for man's needs.

The discovery of radiant matter has opened a new vista to our view. The internal molecular energy of matter is inconceivable in amount, and if ever we succeed in harnessing it we shall be able to light, heat, and run the world from the dynamo. Every molecule of matter is made up of a vast number of particles that are constantly moving about at a velocity of a hundred thousand miles a second. This means that in one pound of ponderable matter there is sufficient energy to hurl a one-pound projectile at a velocity of a hundred thousand miles a second. It is estimated that in a single gram of lead there is atomic energy enough to equal the heat which would be evolved by the combustion of three and a half million tons of coal.

Every human want has its expression in terms of heat and power. When heat and power are cheap enough, all our fields can be fertilized from the air, and agriculture will become a pastime, we shall heat our homes and do our cooking by electricity, the city sidewalks and pavements will be kept warm in winter so that the snow will melt and run away as it falls, and methods will be discovered of stimulating the growth of plants by electrical warmth and light that will result in currants as large as strawberries, strawberries as large as apples, and apples as large as melons, and all with flavours to suit the most fastidious taste.

We soon shall complete the conquest of the air, and with our aërial automobiles shall be able to tour the Siberian sky, the Arctic waste, and chase the mirage over arid Saharas as commonly as we now tour an adjacent state.

Wireless telephony will embrace the world, and it will be as easy to hold converse with the antipodes as it is to-day for New York to speak with Brooklyn.

The lonely farmhouse will be no more, but people will group themselves in little cities with metropolitan recreations and amusements. Every such city will have its theatre, but the actors will live in New York, London, or Paris. "Hamlet" played in one of those cities will be transmitted by televiewy, telephone, and telharmonium.

Recent experiments have renewed the hope of the old alchemists that we may yet transmute the baser metals into gold. If we succeed, then gold will find new and extensive uses.

I myself have produced microscopic diamonds by electro deposition, and am confident that diamonds are going to be made cheaply and plentifully and large in size. Diamonds as large as peas will be sold at twenty-five cents each with a profit, and those as large as the Koh-i-noor will not cost more than a dollar.

The stranger visiting New York is awestruck by the sky-piercing office buildings, but could that stranger go to sleep and return after a few centuries, he would find, instead of individual buildings, disunited and independent in architecture, one enormous edifice. Streets, arcades and corridors, parks and playgrounds, will rise supported by stupendous columns one above another, tier on tier, to a height of two thousand feet or more. There will be homes in sky-hung parks, and gardens up in the clear, cool, pure air, and business men will go by express elevators from their commercial work down near the earth up to their homes where the clouds hover and smile in the sun long after the ink of night has engulfed the lower floors.

Wide boulevards or speedways, solely for automobiles, will pass through the city, and travel by airplane will be as common as travel by automobile is to-day. Then we shall see clouds of commuters coursing from country estate to city business each morning and returning at the close of day.

At night, when millions of lights emblazon the sky, the city will resemble an enormous torch, about which swift flying-machines will flit and plunge like giant moths about a giant flame. The night sky of the suburban dweller of that time will be made meteoric with luminescent cloud-racing craft whose radiance will dim the stars and shame the envious moon.

XX

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM had gone out of the house to get into his automobile, when Mrs. Maxim hailed him. "I hope you're not going off wearing those dirty shoes," she said. "Just look at them!"

"But, deary, I'll wait until they're clean before I look at them," he said.

I went with him on this occasion, and, as is usual when he is making a trip in the borough and its vicinity, he made frequent stops to speak to this person and that, sometimes accosting them on the road or on their home grounds, sometimes going into a house or place of business.

According to one of his local friends: "He don't run an auto half as wild as he used to, but anybody or any live thing on the highway wants to look out when he's coming. He's killed every dog along the road from his house down to the railroad station—three miles.

"Once he hit a tree—ran into it good and hard and fair and square. Was he hurt? No, you can't hurt him! Fellows gathered around and asked how it happened, and he said: 'That damned tree grew right in the middle of the road. I know it did!'

"He telegraphed to his wife, who was in Brooklyn: 'Smashed the car all to hell.'"

We overtook a woman, who, it seemed, had asked Mr. Maxim for the privilege of getting a few truckloads of dirt from his land to use for grading around her house. He had her get into his car and then drove on to show her the place from which the dirt was to be drawn.

"Mr. Maxim," she said, "the summer people would appreci-

ate it if this road was mended. The asphalt has lots of holes worn in it."

"I know," Mr. Maxim responded, "but summer people are darn fools, madam. The more kindness you show them, the madder they get."

"Well," the woman said, "there are some of them who think they are doing you a favour just to let you breathe, but most of them are as nice folks as you'll find anywhere."

When we got to the dirt bank Mr. Maxim pointed to it and told her she could get six loads.

"I wanted to have everything understood beforehand," she said. "My husband will do just as you say. He won't take any advantage of you. He's not that kind. Sometimes I think he's too good for this world."

"Then why don't you poison him, madam?" Mr. Maxim asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of such a thing!" she declared with shocked surprise.

"But if he's too good for this world, why not help him out of it?" Mr. Maxim said.

"I went into the grocery store up here," she continued, "and the clerk who waited on me is a young feller who was in the World War. He talked something awful about the United States because it hadn't given him and the rest of the soldiers a bonus—said he had no use for such a doggone country. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that he hadn't any patriotism, and that whatever he did in the war—and I guessed it was mighty little—he owed to his country, and that to curse his country because it wouldn't give him a handout only showed how mean-spirited he was."

"Good for you!" Mr. Maxim said. "If the chap doesn't like this country why does he stay here? Well, you can draw the dirt as soon as you please, and you can get a dozen loads if you need them."

"Can I?" she said. "Oh, you're reely lovely."

XX

THE MAN-HUNT KNOWN AS WAR

DURING the Civil War I was a good deal worried when the Rebels went on a raid in Pennsylvania lest they should come our way and devastate Maine. But I never was so stirred by a feeling of antagonism and hatred for the Southern people as most of the neighbours were.

In the war-time heat of partisan feeling we are altogether too apt to conclude that a people or a nation, whose ideals, ambitions, and necessities differ from ours, are unscrupulous barbarians. I can remember very well what we thought of General Lee and Jeff Davis, and what a horde of Huns were the Southerners. We have learned since that General Lee was one of the greatest and best of men, and that Jeff Davis was not a bad fellow, and that the Southerners were an excellent people.

I think the death of my two brothers, Henry and Leander, as the result of their going into the army, and the fact that Henry deprecated the war, had a dampening effect on any warlike ardour I may have had. I remember distinctly Henry's saying that for two years he didn't have a place to sleep as good as our hog had in the stable. I remember, too, that when Lucy asked him whether he ever had killed a Rebel, he replied: "Killed a Rebel! I hope not. I wouldn't hurt any Rebel that would let me alone. Some of the finest men I've seen are Rebels."

But the feeling I had then doesn't mean a lack of patriotic ardour on my part. When my country made no preparations for the calamities of the World War, which I saw coming, I was eager to get the United States prepared; and when the war came I was possessed of a dominating desire to get the United States into it.

I considered that the peace of the world was broken by the

military coterie of the German Emperor, and when the Germans began to burn their way through Belgium, and smash cities with high-explosive projectiles, and spread poisonous gas, and to sink innocent people at sea, I was stirred by a spirit of what one may call world patriotism, not thinking of just my own country —a spirit that a man feels when he sees any diabolical thing done to a defenseless people. To-day I feel great sympathy for Germany. The Germans, as a people, were very little to blame for the World War. No, the military clique of cutthroats was responsible for it.

I am a peace advocate, and am in hearty accord with all lovers of peace in holding that war is a horrible institution— that it is, as Napoleon said, "the trade of barbarians."

I am heart and soul an abominator of it. War is a reversion to the brute force of primitive savagery, and is never justifiable except in the extremity of last resort. I abhor it with an earnestness born of my intimate knowledge of its horrors.

No such thing is possible as civilized warfare. War is a man-hunt, where men stalk and kill one another like wild beasts, and when they are frenzied with the taste and lust of blood, they are as savage as wild beasts. Yes, war is hell upset, with all the demons of the bottomless pit turned loose, and we can't make anything else out of it.

In primitive states of society, intertribal and international justice was supposed to rest absolutely on the right of the sword. War was the only honourable profession, and all business was menial. In those olden times all men were hunters and warriors, and warfare was a species of chase, for men were hunters of men. With the advance of civilization and the increase in the number of people there no longer was sufficient game, and it was learned that industry is not menial and plunder is not noble nor honourable. We have learned that it is more profitable to hire a man than to own him, and that more money can be made and greater advantages gained by international trade than by international plundering.

The difference between the soldier and the robber is one merely of magnitude. The lone highwayman, armed with a

sawed-off gun and a pair of six-shooters, who holds up a stage-coach is looked on in our time as a criminal and a menace to society. But if we take a million highwaymen, arm them to the teeth, and hold up a nation instead of a stage-coach, we are engaged in the honourable profession of war.

The history of nations is an Iliad of wars and human woes. Every page has been written in blood and blotted with tears. The play enacted by man on this planet in all times past has been a great tragedy. From the beginning, warlike nations have imposed on unwarlike nations. Poor old China had to shave its head and wear a pigtail for a thousand years as a badge of slavery. We all know that Germany and Austria are predatory nations. We know that England always has been a predatory nation. The United States is no exception. We did some predatorying in the Mexican War. We predatoried again in the war with Spain.

One of our arbitrary and audacious national policies is the Monroe Doctrine. We wouldn't allow Japan or China to acquire any territorial possessions, whether in the shape of parcels of the mainland or of islands off the coast of either North or South America. Nevertheless, we go into Asiatic seas and acquire the Philippines at the door of China and within the immediate sphere of influence of Japan. It seems to me we should be guided by the Golden Rule, and that we either should abandon our Monroe Doctrine or recognize the justice of others having the same doctrine. If we intend to maintain our Monroe Doctrine, and also to hold on to the Philippines and to defy the Monroe Doctrine of the Asiatics, then we must be amply supplied with guns and armourplate.

History makes it clear that no nation will go to war with another nation unless the prospective plunder is likely greatly to exceed the cost of plundering. Take the profit out of dishonesty, and any man is honest. Let us emulate the porcupine and quill ourselves for defense until we so bristle with bayonets as to make the cost of getting at our flesh more than it would be worth to any fanged antagonist.

Government has been the hardest lesson that man has had to

learn, and laws are still only in the experimental stage. Those are the best laws which best serve the interests of individuals, and, at the same time, subordinate individual interests to the greater interests of society. By virtue of such laws have families grouped themselves into communities, communities into tribes, tribes into nations. There yet remains the great problem of uniting under practical laws the nations of the world into a family of nations.

We should use our best endeavours to lessen the frequency of wars, to lessen their deadliness when they can't be prevented, and to prevent them altogether when that can be done with honour. It is encouraging to observe that there is a growing good intention to substitute law for war, and to determine the diplomacy of peace among men in the interest of the whole, unbiased by self-interest and uninflamed by passion.

But the good things of life always have been for those who fought for them, and although the strife mostly has changed from warfare as a business to business as a warfare, the strenuosity of the struggle is no less intense.

Self-interest is becoming more and more altruistic, and altruism is becoming more and more profitable. We are not so barbarous as we used to be, but we still slaughter one another to adjust international differences.

There always will be the warfare of commerce for the markets of the world, and it will be tempered with avarice, not mercy. This commercial warfare will become more and more severe as the nations grow. Competition, with want and hunger behind it, will get as keen as the sword edge with the crowding of people into this narrow world.

Those who are oppressed by the superincumbent weight of society, and labour for mere existence with no hope of freedom from poverty, are slaves as much as those made bondsmen in old-time wars. It matters little whether the wolf at the door be a creature of sociological conditions or a creature of war, the evil is no less real.

I know of no more beautiful topic than brotherly love. I know of no more beautiful thing to advocate and foster than

international friendship. All nations should have a world view rather than a national view. Commerce reduces the ocean to a ferry and narrows the world to a neighbourhood. I believe that international law and international business will shackle up war a good deal during the next hundred years, but not

> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old.
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold,

will international brotherhood of itself be potent enough, without business considerations, to wipe war off the earth.

XXI

FOREWORD

"LIL, din-din!" Mr. Maxim called.

He was summoning Mrs. Maxim to dinner. She came, and while we were eating, we got to talking about the art of writing, and allied topics. Mr. Maxim said: "Herbert Spencer is the greatest master of words the world has ever known. When I found him I went down on my knees. He is unapproached in the accurate use of language in its scientific application, but I can beat him all to a frazzle in writing the language of oratorical appeal.

"That is the kind of thing I like, and I like poetry. The dramatic in poetry always has attracted me. I counted up one hundred and fifty poems the other day that I could repeat. Many of them I learned in boyhood. Memorizing poetry never required much effort on my part."

After dinner Mr. Maxim and I went to the parlour, and presently he took up a loose-leaf scrapbook and turned over the leaves, saying: "Here are some of the poems I've written. I'd like to read you this one—'Shadows of Dawn.' It's short—only sixteen lines."

He started it in his sonorous, expressive voice:

> "A whir of dust is sweeping the hill,
> Between the gray dawn and the huge black mill."

Then he broke off to call loudly to Mrs. Maxim, who was in the library on the second floor, "Lil! Lil! have you got that old school reader of mine that I want to show this guy?"

"I'm looking for it," Mrs. Maxim called back.

"All right!" he shouted, and read another two lines:

> "There's a drift of rags and of skinny bones,
> With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones."

By the time he had progressed thus far his big Airedale dog came meandering into the parlour, and he cried out with irritated violence to the stenographer who was in the adjacent office:

"Miss Goldbug, put this infernal dog out! I won't be interrupted in reading this poem."

She dragged away the dog, and Mr. Maxim resumed his reading:

> "What spectres are these in the witching light—
> This ghostly rear-guard of the night,
> Wearily treading the trail of the dark,
> Arousing the morn before the lark?"

But now it became evident that the cook and his assistant were clearing off the dining table with a good deal of clatter and shuffling about.

"Boys!" Mr. Maxim exclaimed, "stop that noise! Break the dishes some other time!"

There was a sudden hush, and the dining-room door was softly shut. Again we returned to the poem:

> "What wights are they, so gaunt and lean,
> With lagging pace and drowsy mien,
> Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow
> Wind into the cavernous mill below?"

Meanwhile visitors had arrived at the house entrance, and Mrs. Maxim came through the hall to the arched portal of the parlour with an imposing elderly man and a portly matron, evidently his wife.

"Hudson," Mrs. Maxim said, "here is Mr. Norris, the Presbyterian minister."

But Mr. Maxim did not even look up as he cried with angry vigour: "Damnation! Keep him out of here until I'm through reading!"

The minister gave a little nervous laugh and stood with his companions, flustered and uncertain, while Mr. Maxim read the final lines of the poem with admirably eloquent modulation,

though, as a result of the preceding turmoil, the words reached only my ears—not my brain:

> "A sortie of ghouls aloose from the tomb,
> Or a rabble of wraiths begot of the gloom?
> No—goblins and ghouls such task would shirk—
> It is only the children going to work!"

When the final resounding sentence had been spoken, Mr. Maxim rose and welcomed the visitors with a wholly unruffled and delightful hospitality. "Why, God bless you!" he exclaimed, "come in. I'm glad to see you. Where are your daughters? Outside? That won't do. They must come in."

He went to the door and soon returned with two young women. Then there was much chatter and laughter, and the plans for some entertainment to raise money were detailed. Mr. Maxim soon tired of this and turned his attention to me. He related some long-gone experience of his, spicing the narrative with various strenuous expletives. The general conversation of the others to some degree muffled his words but could not drown his emphatic enunciation. Once Mrs. Maxim interrupted to tell him she wanted to buy some tickets for the entertainment. He went right on talking, but pulled out a lot of loose change from his pocket and dropped it on the table. Later, as the visitors were leaving, he said, "Lil, you must buy some tickets for that affair."

"Why, I have," she responded, "and you gave me the money to pay for them."

"No, I didn't," he declared; but as all the others were united in saying that he had, he concluded that the blankness of his own recollection misled him.

So the guests went on their way.

XXI

POETRY AND PROSE

THERE was one season in my boyhood when the grasshoppers were a great pest in some parts of Maine, and from farther south a certain Elder Jones, driven out by the grasshoppers, came up to an embryo town neighbouring ours, known as No. 8, and began sponging on the people there. That is, he began holding meetings—soul-saving meetings—at which he would take up a collection for his own benefit. He was such an evident hypocrite that my folks took a dislike to him. One evening my sister Lucy and my father and a fellow who had brushed up against college a little—he was courting Lucy and was staying with us for a few days—tried to write a burlesque poem with Elder Jones as the subject. I butted in with some suggestions and they sat down on me real hard. So I kept silent.

But after I went to bed I made up some verses of my own, and in the morning I recited them to Eliza. They started off this way:

> Into the town of No. 8
> An elder there has moved of late—
> Luther Jones, the worthy's name,
> Of high rank but unknown fame,
> Who took a farm amid the bogs
> And built a house of sorted logs.

Eliza laughed heartily, and told Father and Lucy and the college fellow that I had beaten them all to pieces. They asked me in a very strained way to say my verses, which I did. Then they threw up their hands and acknowledged that they were knocked out. I was fifteen years old at the time.

Once a teacher asked my brother Sam to recite a piece at an afternoon affair in the schoolhouse. It wasn't an ordinary occasion, for the Sunday School and public school had combined in getting up the entertainment.

The teacher was a young married woman who had a baby, and what she asked Sam to speak was "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," and at the end of each verse he was to add "Bopeep, bopeep, baby!"

"I think that would be fine," she said.

That was awful for Sam. He was about fourteen years old —a great, big, hoarse-voiced fellow, and nothing sentimental about him. But he was kind of modest in front of women, so he said he would speak the piece.

When he came home from school after that talk with her, he was pretty well upset. I had written some verses describing an earthquake which had made a sensation in the region. "Why don't you speak those?" I suggested; and he said he would.

He didn't tell the teacher beforehand, and he and I were the only persons who knew what was coming. Here are the verses:

THE EARTHQUAKE

Hark! the far-off mutt'ring sound—
What mighty power shakes the ground?
An awful doom there seems to be
Impending o'er the land and sea.
From cracks, in fury, flames arise,
And sulph'rous clouds ascend the skies,
And all is struck with such a gloom
It seems the day of Devil's doom.
Crack after crack, the earth is rent,
Still upward clouds of gas are sent,
An awful crash, a deafening roar!
The earth is split to its very core.
Alas! alas! our fate is sealed,
The earth lies in a broken field.
The Day of Judgment is at hand,
And hark! I hear the trumpets twanged.
Now round the throne of God we stand,
While in the mighty Monarch's hand
Is held the book of all our sins,
And without mercy He begins.
With lightning flashing from His eye,
The book is read, and we must die.
There is no time now to repent,
And so to hell we all are sent.

When the teacher heard Sam start off saying the verses, she turned pale and looked at him perfectly dumb. Oh! she was the maddest thing that ever lived. The climax at the end came so sort of sudden that no one could think of anything to say or do. The teacher never spoke to Sam about it. She felt too hurt. She wouldn't trust him any more to recite in her Sunday School.

After I started writing verse I kept on in a desultory sort of way, and I have a lot of it in my files now. One of my shorter poems is:

THE HEARTH OF THE OLD HOME

Embers of hope and love and despair,
And embers of years have all fallen there;
And cinders of laughter cold and gray,
With wreckage of many a wasted day;
Remnants of sorrows and hopes and fears,
Cinders of joys and smiles and tears—
Grandmother knitted our future there
And weaved of the flames high castles in air.

Here is something in another vein. It is a verse I wrote for a Christmas and New Year greeting card which we sent to our friends:

Since God broke chaos into light
And flung the stars upon the night,
And set the sun upon its way
Athrough the portals of the day,
Illuming into life and time
The unconditional sublime;
And vast insentience, touched with plan,
Felt that first throb whose end was man,
An all-pervading rightening sense
Has led us toward Divine intents.

I have written a good deal of prose intermittently, and it deals with a great variety of topics. My memory is retentive, and I am able to dictate an article off-hand on almost any subject without looking up facts. Writing with a pen or pencil is a lost art with me. I can think much more freely when dictating. Every bit of energy that a man consumes in pushing a pencil is taken away from his ability to think.

When I was twenty-two, I worked out a theory of the principle of force and demonstration of the existence of the atom. This appeared many years afterward, in 1889, in the *Scientific American Supplement;* and the *Scientific American* reprinted it in July, 1921, with the editorial comment that "it contains what we believe to be the earliest unreserved statement of the universal relativity of uniform motion, and we believe that, without detracting in any way from the credit due Einstein, Mr. Maxim may be conceded to have anticipated this phase of his philosophy *in toto.*"

About 1900, after having made enough money to be assured of a comfortable living, so that I felt more or less at peace with the world, I undertook in earnest the investigation of problems relating to "the science of poetry and the philosophy of language," later embodied in my book of that title. I spent ten years writing that book. It was a terrific task.

I soon found there was no standard of literary judgment, and that the poets have a habit of mounting on a pedestal and gloating over not being understood. I felt as if I wanted to cut loose, and I did. What I attempted to do was to dispel the fog of befuddling, mystifying definitions through which every student of poetry is obliged to steer, and to show that poetry may be judged by scientific method.

People in general are uncertain whether a poet should be regarded as a person differentiated from others by virtue of possessing greater wisdom, better philosophy, or a happier faculty of expression, and therefore deserving of homage and reverence; or whether he should be deemed a species of freak, a human curiosity, a sort of neurotic degenerate afflicted with a periodic hysteria or frenzy, under the influence of which he is impelled to write poetry.

Poetry and gunpowder were born about the same time—some fifteen hundred years before Christ. One of the first uses of poetry was the writing of the Bible, and since then gunpowder has been used mostly to back up that poetry.

Music and dancing have diverged from the utilitarian in the direction of amusement. Their original use was mainly for

making religious worship interesting and impressive. Also by them the male was able to demonstrate his oral and muscular prowess; and the hunter and warrior told in rhythmic chant of past exploits or predicted future ones. Dancing was a part of illustrative gesture.

Poetry and oratory have sprung, like music, from the religious dance, the religious chant, and the proclamation of the lover, the hunter, and the warrior. The poet was once music-master, dancing-master, school-master, physician, high priest, and historian. But the poet of to-day is only secondarily educator and prophet. He is primarily an entertainer; while music has been so differentiated and highly specialized that we no longer think of it except as an instrument of pleasure.

In times of great peril, and on other momentous occasions, oratory is still largely utilitarian. But the peril past, we proceed to forge our swords into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, use our war vessels for ocean liners or dress-parade paraphernalia, plant potatoes and corn on the old battlefields, and utilize our orators as banquet accessories.

Walt Whitman has been crowned as a great master, not because of the excellence of his poetry, but his intentions were good and his sympathies were broad.

At a county fair in Maine, when I was a boy, a party of riflemen were shooting at a target. The sum paid by each contestant for a chance to display his skill, or lack of it, was a dollar a shot. The range was long and the bull's-eye small, but a fat ox was the prize, and that was too tempting to be resisted. Bill Bennett, who had imbibed a considerable amount of bottled-up unsteadiness, came reeling along, so drunk he could see several targets, and he thought he ought to be able to hit one of them, in spite of his condition. He threw down a ten-dollar bill for ten shots, and began firing wildly, while the attendants steadied him enough to direct his bullets toward that part of the sky and horizon where the target was located.

After he had wasted nine shots and failed to come within speaking distance of the target, Bill, rolling like a ship in a storm, brought his gun to his shoulder for the last round, exclaiming,

"By gum! I'm a-goin to hit one o'them targets this time." And, to the surprise of all, the tenth shot struck the centre of the target, and drunken Bill won the ox.

Any one who keeps firing away at poetry, however much he may reel and stagger, is likely once in a while to make a poetic bull's-eye, and there are, even in Whitman, occasional excellent lines staggered in by accident.

Many who don't accept Whitman as a great master do accept Browning. Robert Browning was a conscientious, religious man; and in his poetry he oozes creed and moral didactics at every pore. The devotees of Browning admit that that peculiarity of literary style which in others is considered poetry is not requisite in Browning; that his poetry, being so heavily weighted with massive thought, naturally wobbles and squeaks under the burden, like an old farm wagon loaded with stone.

It is to the credit of the lawyer and doctor that they have devoted themselves to mending the bodies and bettering the behaviour of men, instead of leading them into bad behaviour and destroying their bodies. It is to the credit of the priest that he not only has been the doctor of good behaviour, but also that he has tried to save souls in spite of bad behaviour. The poet —well, the poet sings about these things, and takes credit for everything. In the good old times the poet actually constituted about everything worth while. He was literature, he was history, he was the public circulating library. He used to go about from town to town dispensing the learning and the lore of the nation. He had not then been lifted so high up and away from nature as he is now. He had in him the tang and odour of primal things, and his words had the power to stir men's souls, while most modern poets have only the power to try men's souls.

Modern verse has degenerated largely into twaddle, while whatever leavening of poetic figure it may have is mostly commonplace and adjectival and lacks surprise, freshness, invention. The present-day bard goes daffodillying in the flower garden. A great part of modern verse is based on sentimental mooning and spooning, while ruby lips, limpid eyes, and sunsets and moonlight are the bricks and mortar of the poet's building.

There's a difference between sound and sense. Here are a few verses I wrote to illustrate the power of verse to make us imagine that we are thinking great thoughts. The tonally impressive verse-measures, still further enhanced by repetitions and parallelisms, are very suggestive of the importance of something or other.

IN THE DEEP OF THINGS

In the deep of the bowl where the roarials roll
  In the maddening waves of the sea,
And the soul with its goal in the boreal pole,
  Was moaning for you and for me;
Was the soul of the pole in its boreal goal,
  And the moaning for you and for me.

While the voice of the thunder that speaks down under
  With the souls that are never to be,
And we dream and we wonder, with hearts torn asunder,
  That pulse with the pulse of the sea—
With hearts torn asunder, in dream and in wonder,
  And that pulse with the pulsing sea.

O my heart, you sublime in the measureless time
  With a passion born never to die,
Till your soul and my soul shall be merged with the soul
  Of the infinite deep of the sky,
Till your sorrowing soul shall be merged with my soul
  And the infinite soul of the sky.

There are two more verses of the same sort of stuff. It's nonsense, and yet judging from the sound, it seems as if it must be sense. I read it to a poet friend and asked him how he liked it.

"It's very lyrical," he replied.

"And what about the thought?" I said.

"I think the thought is splendid—fine!" was his answer.

Well, it sounded just as if it meant something, but it didn't.

One of my poems—"Hawaii"—I wrote to utilize two lines that I had no place for in something else I had written. They were part of the surplusage left over. The two lines are:

Where vines through every arbour run
Fruiting the kindness of the sun.

I selected Hawaii as a subject because it was a country of which that bit of description would be particularly true. The poem starts like this:

> Upon the course where morning goes
> And dewdrops diadem the rose,
> And pave the path of orient day
> Upon its occidental way.
> There is a land for you, for me,
> A star within a sky of sea.

That last is a good line, isn't it? I never visited Hawaii, but you don't have to go there to tell about it.

Much of "Paradise Lost" is merely sublime Billingsgate. Let us take, as an example, Satan's encounter with Death; and if we are able to read it with mind unbiased, we shall see that certain passages give the impression of common scolding. Milton makes Satan and Death meet like two town bullies and call names, accuse, threaten, and lambaste each other with their lingo. It's not the way the really great talk. Both being immortal, neither is afraid of the other, or of anything else except of what Milton is going to do with them. Death has a "whip of scorpions." What a damn fool thing! That's idiotic—that's awful! But evidently Milton didn't think so. You can imagine his saying, "This is a very fine poetic stunt I've put in here." Yes, ha-ha!

The reader must appreciate the fact that there is a strong current of intellectual bias which he must breast if he desires to judge fairly the work of the old poets. We have been so long accustomed to bow our heads bared to the weather before the shrine of Milton and Shakespeare that it seems almost an insult to their haloed names to keep our hats on. Witness what Macaulay says of Milton's poetry:

"Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power."

Nevertheless, I've ventured to paraphrase certain passages. I've cut out all the guff and whang-doodle, and my version is more scientific.

When my "Science of Poetry" appeared and got into the hands of the reviewers they divided into two camps, those that praised it and those that condemned it. The latter had certain set methods of ridicule and innuendo, and the way they and those who praised contradicated each other was convincing evidence that there was no standard of literary criticism. It was ridiculous that supposed experts should disagree so completely. What I did was to go and hire the whole back page of the New York *Times* "Literary Review" at a cost of more than three hundred dollars and publish opposing samples of the conflicting reviews of my book under the heading "Katydid and Katydidn't." Oh, I was loaded for bear! I had worked and wrestled with the critics in the preparation of the book, and I knew how to deal with them. What they said, and my comments and headline, brought forth a lot of discussion and great laughter.

Soon after the first of the year 1915, while the World War was raging, a New York publisher asked me to write a book on preparedness, and he wanted the manuscript in a hurry. I agreed to do the writing in a month's time and deliver it on March 1st. On that date I reported to the publisher. He was amazed. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that you've got that book written?"

"It's here," I said. "To-day is March 1st, and that's when I promised to have it."

"I know you did," the publisher said, "but I didn't believe you could."

He took the manuscript, called in a man from another department, and said, "Here, printer, get that into type as soon as you can."

I had been very much disturbed by the activity of the pacifists. It seemed to me that if their course was adopted, our country would be left so powerless and exposed in a warring world that disaster would be inevitable. Mrs. Maxim and I prepared the book under great pressure. I dictated as ideas came to me, and very freely, and we had to trim down the book a lot.

About fifty thousand copies of "Defenseless America" were

sold through ordinary channels, and I declined to take any royalty from the publishers that the book might be put out at as low a price as possible. Ten thousand of the books were mailed to the students graduating from the colleges in the United States that year. I sent out free one hundred and seventeen thousand of a cheap edition at a cost of about thirty-five cents each. They went to all regular army and navy officers of the National Guard, and to many college professors, public libraries, high-school teachers, men of prominence, and important institutions throughout the country, and eight thousand were placed in guest rooms beside the Bible in leading hotels.

"The Battle-Cry of Peace," a motion picture based on my book, was seen by fifty million people. Probably no other one thing did so much to get the United States into the war as did my book, with that great picture sweeping the country.

Since the World War ended I have used my pen and tongue in advocating an armament truce between the leading nations of the world—a suspension of naval and military preparation for an agreed-on period of years—in order to save the colossal cost of a race for supremacy by force of arms, and to let the wounds of the world inflicted by the war heal, and the greatly needed internal development and progress of the nations be fostered by the man power and money that would be released.

A later book of mine is "Dynamite Stories," containing interesting facts about explosives, and humorous tales of adventures with explosive materials.

I have done much writing for periodicals in the form of letters, articles, and even stories. "Between the Infinities" is one of my serious essays, and this portion may interest you:

> The way of life is along a narrow ledge between the infinitely great and the infinitely little. Topless heights tower above, and bottomless depths yawn below. We have forgotten whence we came, and mists of uncertainty shut out our view of the beyond.
>
> The savage, who sees earth and heaven meet at a distance of a few miles, imagines that his inverted bowl of sky covers the universe—that fortunately he is situate in the very centre of it; and he may well swell and strut with self-importance. But when he climbs a mountain, he is forced to readjust

his opinion of the size of the world. It is bigger than he thought, and a question is born in his mind that possibly, could he mount still higher, the horizon would be again greatened. Similarly, the scientist, climbing the heights of knowledge, finds that he must constantly readjust his opinion of the size of the world and of the universe to accord with his changing points of view.

Impelled by his powerful passions, appetites, and needs, man, through the ages, has been grappling with the forces of nature to understand and conquer them to his use. The advance of cold, calculating science need not make us fear for the old wonder-world whence we are emerging, as a playground for the imagination, for even to-day the magic wand of old Mystery halts gray-haired Science confounded on the brink of the unknowable, and he reaches to take hands with his mystic brother, while together they peer into the depths where are new and greater wonder-worlds.

Though encompassed on all sides by a vastness which we cannot now understand, and may never hope to understand, man, though but an infinite mite on an infinitely little world, is able to understand the ways of the stars, able to weigh suns a million times as great as his own and a million times as far away, and to discover their chemical nature from analysis of their light—light which left them before the Egyptian pyramids were builded or China had a history. Man has made an open book of the geological strata of the earth, and has unravelled his own history and traced his pedigree back through the descending stages of animal life. Man has penetrated the future, not with prophecy, but with fore-knowledge that sees our sun burnt out and the earth dead in the sepulchre of time; and beyond that death, man believes he knows that, far down the ages, a new solar system shall be born of ours in some great stellar collision, where a new earth among new satellites may be peopled by another human race.

Life has been possible on the earth for only a small part of the time that has elapsed since the birth of the nebula from which our solar system came; and man has existed for only a minute fraction of the time that life has been on the earth. At first thought it may appear probable that there are beings like us on other worlds, but when we consider the innumerable combinations of circumstances that have so long worked to produce us, we can see that the possibility is infinitely small.

It is not, however, improbable that there are many worlds peopled with beings both inferior and superior to ourselves, but they must be as different from us as the worlds they inhabit are different from ours.

Our solar system has only one central sun. Most solar systems have two or more suns, which often differ from one another

in brilliancy and colour. How strange life would be for us if we had two suns—one of bright purple, for example—shining on opposite sides of the earth! We should then have no night, and our time would be divided into the white day and the purple day.

XXII

FOREWORD

MR. MAXIM had become very much concerned over the ravages of the Japanese beetle, which was spreading over a region about one hundred miles south of Lake Hopatcong. He wanted to continue investigations he previously had begun there, and I accepted his invitation to go along.

On a public expedition, I think Mr. Maxim likes to lead an army. We began our trip accompanied by his secretary and an expert photographer equipped with adequate paraphernalia, and later we were reinforced by some specialists and other persons interested in the problem.

At first we spun along smoothly, too content, simply with making the trip in the fine summer weather that favoured us, to be depressed even by the scourge of beetles which was our chief concern. Mr. Maxim pointed out occasional objects of interest—among the rest what he called "The Church of the Holy Rattlesnake," because of the character of the parson. He was uncertain as to its denomination but thought it was a "mongrel" church attended by several sects.

Suddenly he put on the brakes, turned toward the side of the road, and we scraped along and came to a sudden stop. A rear tire had gone flat and had been given a bad twist by the haste with which we halted.

Some of us began taking off the tire, but Mr. Maxim made a bee line for the nearest house and telephoned for Jimmy, his chauffeur. Before we could finish changing tires Jimmy arrived in the touring car and took charge of operations. When he finished, Mr. Maxim said: "Now, Jimmy, you are to follow along behind us. We want you where we can have your help without any delay in case anything else happens. You've got on your old work clothes. Didn't you bring any others?"

"No," Jimmy said. "I didn't bring anything. I thought from the way you telephoned I'd got to get here in a hurry."

"Well, I'll buy you a suit in Dover," Mr. Maxim said, and that is what he did.

As we went on into less familiar country, he asked directions along the way. The responses were not very satisfactory. Sometimes no doubt the person questioned was stupid, but other times Mr. Maxim's sudden and explosive shout of interrogation drove the wits right out of the person he hailed.

I said to him: "What are these people along here whom you try to get directions from—Pennsylvania Dutch?"

"No! they're New Jersey blockheads," was his reply.

The secretary sat on the front seat with him, and honked when there was need, and warned and cautioned him rather liberally. At the same time she had her notebook in her hand, and while he and I talked she jotted down what he said. She did it all very cleverly, and still was alert and cheerful when we arrived at a big hotel in Trenton where we were to spend the night.

There was a fragment of the afternoon left, and I went off by myself for a ramble. I returned somewhat late for dinner, and after a hasty visit to my room on the tenth floor where our party had a suite, was starting for the elevator when Mr. Maxim hailed me from the end of the hall. "You'll find Jimmy down in the lobby," he said. "Tell him to come here. I want to take a cold bath, but the faucet marked cold runs hot, and the one marked hot runs hotter. I've sent for some ice to cool the water off. But it hasn't come."

I went on, and met a coloured porter with a little bucket of ice. Not long afterward I saw him in the lobby coming from the elevator with that same bucket of ice. He was several shades paler than before, walked in a wobbly, weak-legged way, and looked scared. I accosted him, and he said: "Hit seem to me like that big man upstairs with de white hair gwine tear things all to pieces. I done think he's dangerous. He talked awful bad to me."

When Mr. Maxim appeared for dinner he explained: "The

fellow brought up one of those measly buckets of ice that they fill an ice pitcher with. 'Confound you!' I said. 'Do you think that's going to cool half a bathtub full of hot water?'

"Yes, I let loose on him and said a few things, and told him I'd skin him alive if he didn't bring me all the ice he could get into a big pail. By and by I got it and dumped it in. It didn't cool the water enough, but I made it do."

The next morning he was in trouble again. He wanted another cold bath. "I asked for plenty of ice to temper the heat of the flow of water," he told me later, "and by godfry! all that was sent up was two of those little ice-pitcher bucketfuls. Then I telephoned the office and gave 'em hell. In consequence, they had a couple of men bring up a whole washtub full of ice. When that had been dumped in and had melted, it made the water about right."

We went on southerly down to the beetle headquarters at Riverton; and some government men who were investigating and fighting the beetles explained conditions and showed their methods, and took us to an apple orchard where we could see the beetles to advantage. They were a startling and a loathsome sight, there were such masses of them on the fruit they were devouring.

Once, when Mr. Maxim was helping the photographer by holding in front of the camera a beetle-loaded branch, he startled us by letting off a machine-gun discharge of his characteristic exclamations. "There's a bug up my sleeve biting like the devil!" was the important point of his remarks.

I took the branch and he threw off his coat, shouting for his secretary. She was the only one he would trust in this emergency, and she quickly got rid of the devouring beetle. Then the storm subsided as quickly as it had come on.

Some of our party went their way by train, when we had gone back to Trenton, and the rest of us continued to Hopatcong where we arrived in the dusk of evening.

XXII

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION

THE New England Yankees are the most ingenious and inventive of any people in the world; and they excel because the Pilgrim Fathers, when they landed on Plymouth Rock, bumped hard against necessity. The early settlers were farmer-artisans who could build a gristmill, a house, or a ship with an ax and a jackknife. They gave to necessity, the mother of invention, the chance to mother more of it in New England than anywhere else, and the New Englanders and their descendants are responsible for fully half the inventions of modern times—that would be my estimate.

Except for the inventor and discoverer, we still should be denizens of the unbroken forest, clothed in the skins of beasts, which were stitched together with thread of sinew and needle of bone. Our home would be a cave in the hill, our light a pitch torch, our library and our pictorial art a few hieroglyphics and simple images scratched on the ledge wall, and the *pièce de résistance* of our banquet some tough old patriarch slaughtered and put to his last use.

The debt we owe to the inventor and discoverer is the difference between all that we have to enjoy in modern civilized life and the indigence of barbarism. We naturally should think that all world-bettering innovators would be heartily welcomed. We should think that men like Galileo, Servetus, and Roger Bacon would be given the glad hand instead of the hot tongs. We should think that the inventor and discoverer everywhere would receive immediate encouragement and reward; but such never has been the case, and never will be, for the reason that appreciation must come after understanding.

In every age the mass of mankind has stood proudly on present attainment and looked doubtfully toward future achieve-

ment. Great inventors, discoverers, scientists, and philosophers are men who work a little in advance of the world and pull the world after them. The innovator must of necessity labour in new fields untrodden by his fellows, and both the manner of his working and the things he does are unfamiliar, and just to the extent that they are unfamiliar must their acceptance be delayed and their merit unrecognized until the world catches up.

Always it has been a progressive few who, with the torch of reason, have illumined the darkness of foreview and led the race forward and upward through the tangled mazes of ignorance, prejudice, and misunderstanding. Always those men have insulted eminent opinion by their repeated accomplishment of the evidently impossible.

Galileo startled the orthodoxy of his age, religious and scientific alike, by his declaration that the earth revolves around the sun. Darwin shocked the world with his announcement that man and monkey are descendants of a common ancestor—an arboreal creature with tail and pointed ears. He at once became the laughing stock and the scoffing-stock and the butt of ridicule of the great mass of mankind. The thought of such lowly origin was most repugnant to many, but Darwin's evidence staggered the world, made it pause and investigate. Investigation was followed by conviction.

It is a trait of human nature that in our thinking and in our judgments we follow the law of inertia. Few persons form their own conclusions on subjects that require much thought. They find it easier and pleasanter to let others do the pioneer thinking. They ascertain what those authorities think who are supposed to know, and with whom it will be the most creditable to agree, and they think their way.

Within the past two centuries, the inventors have harnessed steam and electricity, and made them turn the wheels of human industry. Their strange wizardry has made the electric mystery shed light and counterfeit the day. Also they have endowed electricity with the faculty of writing in the telegraph, and with the power of speech in the telephone. They have

given such mind and hand to automatic mechanism that it now performs most of man's work, and, by rapid transit, has taken the meaning out of the miles. They have commandeered the ether to wing our words, and we can whisper news from ship to ship over myriad miles of sea, and from mid-ocean can speak with either shore.

Lastly, they have broken the monopoly of the feathered creation and conquered the air, so that we can flit with the swallow, soar with the lark, dive with the hawk, and make the eagle take our dust.

Yes, we can outrace the hurricane. Do you know that a hundred-mile gale is a most terrific hurricane, and that airplanes now travel twice as fast? It is hard to realize that a little while ago any serious belief in the future of aviation was a thing to be whispered in secret, and the flying machine was classed by most persons with the perpetual-motion machine among the foolish fancies of cranks.

I wish the United States were doing more to make travel through the air safe and our position stronger in a belligerent world. We don't appropriate much for aviation because our policies and our actions are governed by meekness, girlish gentleness, and lowly-spiritedness. When a foreign nation bristles up at us with its bayoneted guns, it is our plan to give that nation a good talking to, and if the worst comes and we can't lavender the difficulty into subsidence by turning balm-of-Gilead oil on the troubled waters, we have recourse to the lacteal ultimatum in the shape of a nursing-bottle filled with the milk of human kindness.

The greatest need, so far as airplanes are concerned for domestic use, is that they should be made more staunch. The husband and father doesn't want to fly from country home to city business in a machine that hangs his life on a thread of wire or on a frail turn-buckle. He doesn't want to take the chance of being sent to the cemetery through the sticking of a control lever. He doesn't want a machine so frail or difficult to control that an unexpected gust of wind will be likely to make his wife a widow and his children orphans. And the wife doesn't want to

feel that her husband's going and coming are cumbered with the possibility that he may be fished out of a lake or river, rescued from a tree-top, or his fragments gathered from an unlucky landing-place and sent home in a basket.

We must contrive some efficient means of automatic equilibration, whereby flight shall become more a function of the machine and less a function of the aviator. Also, there must be provided convenient alighting areas, or wide, unencumbered lanes, radiating from all large centres of population, connecting city and country, so that the aviator, when by chance his machine goes wrong, may always be able to make a safe landing. When these things shall have been accomplished, automobiling in cloudland will be as common as automobiling on earth is now. Of course, the element of risk never can be wholly eliminated, but the same thing may be said of travelling by automobile. The tenure of life of the automobilist is no stronger than his steering gear.

I often am asked: "What is the attitude which science must take toward the existence of a God?" It is foolish to try to dodge the question by asserting that the attributes of the infinite are incomprehensible, and consequently that because God is an infinite being we cannot know His attributes. There can be no rational belief in a thing concerning the attributes of which we have no conception, for the supposed attributes of a supreme being are what led the religionist to love and worship his Creator. Those attributes are: God is an omnipresent and omnipotent power, the creator of the universe, and the father of all-potential light that broke the night of chaos into smile, and gave to beauty all the trance of stars.

If God is a being endowed with a personality and a personal mind, that personality and that mind must yet be universal and as broad as infinitude. When the scientist says he doesn't believe in a supreme, intelligent being which created and rules the universe, he yet must recognize, by his very science, that there is an infinite and universal power which he calls *force*, and which, of necessity, is omnipresent and omnipotent—force

which possesses all of the attributes which a Deity could possess, and which has produced all of the results that a Deity could have produced, and which to-day is governing the world exactly as a universal and all-powerful Intelligence would govern it.

Thus the Christian and the scientist may return from their parted ways to a point in common on the subject of God, for things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Whether we name this universal power the forces of nature or the force of God makes not a whit of difference. We come down to the one uniting point—force; and whatever exists that is not solid matter is force. Even every form of intelligence, every thought of the mind, is but a manifestation of force.

There's a vast difference between religion and scientific truth. Scientific truth has to be true, but religion doesn't necessarily have to be true. Any kind of a religion seems to be capable of taking a curious hold on the human mind.

Christian Science attracts a good deal of attention, but there's nothing essentially new in it. It is the old practice of the medicine man of the primitive tribe. A good many people criticize it because it is founded absolutely on faith and not at all on reason. But, as a matter of fact, faith is the bulwark of all religious institutions, and reason is about as friendly to any religious structure as Guy Fawkes was to the House of Parliament when he put gunpowder under it.

One of the outstanding features of Christian Science is its combination of religion and medicine. However, the primitive priest made the same sort of combination, and was called the "medicine man," because he was a healer. His stunt was to put on a mask and cut up capers that would frighten away the evil spirits. That is exactly like Christian Science.

During the Dark Ages that followed the advent of Christianity, great numbers of Christians went on those pilgrimages of avarice and piracy known as the Crusades. They were holy men, who, to please God, crucified the flesh by never taking a bath, or changing their clothes, or killing a cootie, a flea, or a

tick on their persons, and they were prolific carriers of disease. About 1345, there was a visitation in Palestine of the bubonic plague, known as the Black Death. Many Christian pilgrims died of it, but some survived and returned home with their germ-infested cargo of lousiness. The plague swept Europe like a prairie fire. Authorities estimate that a quarter of the entire population died of it. The Christians said that the Jews brought it on them by some sort of necromancy, or by poisoning wells and springs, and the plague was accompanied by the most barbarous persecutions.

All that the early Christians seemed to care for was to go to heaven and get every one else to go. Persecution, prison, even the penalty of death could not change them. The authorities of that time found them a most pestiferous sect to deal with. The teachings of Christ were not long retained in their original simplicity, and the religion came to be a mixture that had in it much of paganism and barbarism. Moreover, as the Christians grew in power, they became militant and made converts by force. The way Charlemagne did it was to herd a lot of the heathen who either had no faith or a wrong one, and compel them to be baptized by driving them into a stream. A priest said the hoodoo to them while they were going in and out of the water. It had a curious effect on them—they all thought they were Christians afterward—oh, yes!

Those men who have swayed the multitude have done so by telling the people things in an authoritative and declarative way, and by working on their sentiments and passions, their fears and desires. The great revivalists always have been suggestive talkers. Reason has played small part in their exhortations. They have painted with an artist's skill a fearful picture of hell-fire and the condition of the lost soul, using hell for a hedge fence of thorns and briars, and the devil for a dog to drive sinners into heaven, through fear on the one hand and the prospect of great reward on the other.

Not many persons give reason full rein. The majority are born to follow; but there is an intermediate class of men, who, not having the ability to lead, and lacking either the faith or the

courage to follow, hang on to the coat-tails of progress and cry out "Whoa!" under the delusion that they are meritorious conservatives.

Religious people often show a fine sympathy and helpfulness; but they do so because of their goodness as men and women, and not because of their religion. It is their goodness that makes them religious rather than their religion that makes them good. This is true of most persons who are good after they get religion. If they are bad before they get religion, they are not improved by religion; but are like the Spanish inquisitors, who, the more religion they got, the worse they were.

I used to read the Bible—out of curiosity mostly, but also with a desire to learn what the attitude of the old fellows was, as recorded there. For instance, I read the book of Job. Can you think of anything more primitive than the way God bargained with Satan over Job and allowed Satan to persecute Job? Or take the seven plagues of Egypt—how is it possible to believe that God would be trying people out in any such cruel and stupid way?

The Old Testament is a poetic history of a tribe of ignorant barbarians, and was sung or chanted by the tribal medicine men or prophets in the days before writing was invented, in order to keep alive the patriarchal institutions of the tribe, its religious beliefs and code of laws, and its historical adventures, thereby to transmit a knowledge of and belief in them from father to son, from one generation to another. The Bible, consequently, has added much to the poetry and song of the world. There also is much of wise moral philosophy in the Bible, which has done large good. On the contrary, barbarous superstition and horribly cruel laws and practices are embodied in the Bible as sacred scripture, and have done infinite harm.

Prayer is not answered by an intelligent being acting from without. If a man's prayers are merely good resolutions, then he may answer some of them himself, but that is the only way they ever will be answered.

I don't know of any scientific foundation for belief in a heaven

or hell in another world. In this world, however, if a man marries the wrong woman he strikes hell, red hot. His wife will worry the gizzard out of him. On the other hand, if a man gets the right woman, he will find that his wife can make his home a heaven, and give the angels of the orthodox heaven cards and spades in turning up the trumps of happiness.

Some of the things which Christians believe harmonize with the laws of nature: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is an expression of practical ethics and good policy founded in natural law, and most Christians believe that this Golden Rule is an excellent thing to guide the conduct of others.

I am an agnostic on the subject of soul. If I actually believed that I have a ghost-body wrapped up in my earth-body, then I certainly would be worried a lot as to what I should do with an inextinguishable consciousness flitting about for ever in the homeless depths of space. If I were to wager a dollar on the subject, I should place that dollar on the guess that when we are dead, we are altogether dead.

Sir Conan Doyle once called me to account for my expressed opinion that photographs of the spirits of the dead are produced by some sort of hocus-pocus, and that they are not actual photographs of immortal souls. I believe in his sincerity and high purpose in inquiring into spiritualistic phenomena, but what is evidence to one mind is not evidence to another. A truth that may be self-evident to one mind may not appear even plausible to another.

If we have an immortal spirit, then, in my opinion, spiritualism is the most rational of all religious beliefs, and there must be ever present about us billions on billions of the souls of those who have lived and died on the earth, but I can't conceive of anything that can bridge the chasm of death and maintain an immortal part of us. Nevertheless, there is so much in nature that transcends our understanding that we must meet all problems with an open mind and not make a decision against any theory of natural law and life without convincing evidence.

It generally is supposed that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that the voice of the majority pronounces the greatest wisdom. As a matter of fact, majority pronouncements seldom are right. Ancient Grecian majority verdicts often banished or slew their greatest, best, and wisest men. The disciples of Christ were hounded from pillar to post by the great majority. For a long time inventors of labour-saving machinery were persecuted and martyred by the majority, because the majority believed that labour-saving machinery would take away the jobs of the labouring men and rob them of their means of making a livelihood. There was a time when the majority of the people of the United States believed that slavery was a divine institution. Always it has been a devoted few who have stood in the vanguard and fought the hard fight of progress. The main reason for a government having a constitution is that this may serve as a sort of balance wheel to prevent the fickle majority from running amuck. It gives a chance to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

The great needy class to-day is no more honest and no more public-spirited than is the well-to-do class. On the contrary, the well-to-do, being as a rule more provident, more capable, more intelligent, more temperate, more industrious, and better educated, are also more honest and public-spirited, and they are better friends of the proletariat than would be the average persons of the needy class.

One proposition of the fathers of our country which has been widely misunderstood is that all men are created equal. I conceive the meaning of this statement to be that all men have equal rights under the law to the enjoyment of property, and to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. There could be no more false assumption than that all men are created mentally and physically equal, or that all men deserve an equally favoured or commanding position in the world. Socialism would defeat Nature's first law—the survival of the fittest—by robbing the fit of the advantage of being fit. It is the expectation of socialism to relieve the great mass of the people of the strenuous task of competition in the struggle for existence. In short,

it is the intention to reduce the struggle for existence to a sort of circus-day parade.

In the good old times women were chattels. Wives were a sort of bric-à-brac that the husbands might break at any time when they had no use for them. Genghis Khan, at one time when he was about to go banditting in another part of the world, commanded all his officers and men to slay their wives, assuring them that he would take them where there were plenty of others—and he kept his word.

Men used to have a much smaller idea of woman as an intellectual potentiality. We used to tell her, as did Napoleon, to mind her knitting, and we did what we could to ensmall her sphere and keep it small. We feared that she would lose her attractions and become unsexed if we taught her too much or allowed her to learn too much. She pleased us better in her primitive innocence, because then we looked big to her, without really being so, and she would take all we might say as gospel truth.

After we had broken through the chrysalis of medieval superstition and begun to reason about the great problems of life and nature, we still thought that the old superstitions were good enough for women and children.

It seems nigh inconceivable that there ever could have been a time when it was necessary for a youth first to thrash his mother before he could be recognized as a real man.

Only a little while ago no married woman was allowed to own property of any sort, and it was common belief that she had no rights which her lord and master was bound to respect. Times have changed. Women can now own property. They may eat at the table with the male members of the family without it being a disgrace to the male members to permit it. A man may now actually carry a valise or other burden for a woman without subjecting himself to the condemnation and ridicule of his fellowmen.

Women are now allowed to be educated. It has been found that education does not tarnish their purity or destroy their innocent loveliness. The innocence of ignorance has depre-

ciated. It has been demonstrated, furthermore, that women can lecture, write books, and even practise medicine and law without disqualifying themselves as wives and mothers.

There is one thing which has puzzled me a good deal, and it is that all through the ages, among savage and civilized tribes alike, the men have from time to time placed women on their thrones. Countries where women had no rights at all have frequently been governed by some queen with the power of absolutism over the life and death of her subjects. It is a good thing that the world has had its queens, for it has been a lesson in the powers of women in politics and diplomacy. The greatest ruler that Russia ever had, next to Peter the Great, was Catherine the Second. The two greatest rulers that England ever had were the queens Elizabeth and Victoria. The greatest king that France ever had was tethered to a woman's apron-strings like a calf to a post. One of the greatest presidents this country ever had was his wife, Dolly Madison.

The people's wrongs are a gold mine for the demagogue, and that mine is being worked for all it is worth for personal profit rather than in the interest of the common people.

When we review the pages of history, we are especially struck by the permanence and the rhythmical character of human activities. Circumstances may change, things may wear different guises and be given different names, but the graft and greed of the ancient world were the graft and greed of the mediæval ages, and the graft and greed of both have come down to us unchanged in their essential respects and particulars.

The demagogue and grafter in ancient Egypt was the priest. He was the people's sponsor in their relation with the gods. He was their advocate and their shield. They were taught that the earth and the air were alive with ogres and dragons, and every conceivable shape of haunting horror. The priest claimed to have a pull with all these mysterious pirates of the earth and sky. Through the long, dark medieval times in Europe there was the same practice of the old game by the same kind of men.

Every race of people from the cave man down to our time has had its demagogic medicine men. Through all the ages the people have been told that they were in imminent danger from overhead powers of one kind or another; and our political demagogue of to-day is the people's priest and medicine man, with this difference, that science has disarmed him of his old-time instruments of deception. He now poses as the people's advocate at our legislative tribunals, and the people's shield against a different sort of overhead fellows—the trusts and the predatory propensities of plutocratic wealth—in short, against big business.

Back in colonial times our ancestors concluded that they didn't believe in a stall-fed aristocracy. So they cleaned house, established a republic, and proclaimed the inalienable rights of man. But that didn't cure our ills by any means. The symbol and the badge of our class distinction became the dollar.

We were taught to despise aristocracy, yet immediately created for ourselves a new aristocracy of wealth. This threatened to become tyrannical and unbearable and as much a menace to the freedom of the people as the old aristocracy which it had replaced. The old aristocracy had been established by the right of the sword; the new aristocracy had been established by the purchasing power of the dollar; and the people learned that predatory combinations of wealth were a compelling power as great as the domination of armies, and that a government dominated by the dollar might become as intolerable as any form of absolutism.

Then came another revolution, led by the labour unions, which proved that it is only necessary for a class of persons to organize in order to conquer with the short sword of the ballot as effectually as with the sword of steel. Now that the proletarians have found their power, nothing under heaven can halt them, or prevent them from abusing that power, except their higher education, enabling them to understand that the people of a nation must coöperate.

Self-seeking organizations, like labour unions and big business corporations, are not an unhealthy growth, and eventually,

by their friction with one another, they will be compelled to recognize the blessings of coöperation in serving the public welfare, through which alone their best common welfare can be served.

Freedom is opportunity for individuals and groups of individuals to serve one another's common good that individual good may come through general good. Such freedom permits the individual to do exactly as he pleases, so long as his pleasure shall not hinder the same enjoyment by others.

The ideas of liberty entertained by the labour unions of today are the right to do as little work as they like in as few hours as they like for as much as they like, and to prevent others from taking their places and doing the work that they leave when they go on strike to enforce their demands.

As for our government officials, they are more autocratic than any royal house on the face of the planet. We are oppressed with taxation, bureaucratism, and an aristocracy of politicians. I'm not one of the unqualified admirers of our people and government. I see their faults.

Few understand the true significance of gifts of large sums of money for specific purposes. These are not always unmixed blessings, and there is a danger to future generations in the increasing magnitude of such donations.

A man who gives a million dollars to some college or other institution merely passes over a bond which directs that the income—roughly, fifty thousand dollars per annum—shall be earned by other men for the support of the institution. Now, then, if we strike an average of the yearly earnings of American labouring men, it would take the surplus, beyond the most meagre living costs, from the earnings of a hundred workers to pay the interest at five per cent. on a million dollars.

If John D. Rockefeller should at his death devote to various charitable, educational, scientific, religious, and social purposes, a thousand million dollars, including what he already has given, the total surplus earnings of one hundred thousand men would be required to pay the fifty million dollars per annum that posterity

must supply for the support of the enterprises founded or benefited by him. If there were a hundred million people in the United States, Rockefeller's gift would mean that all the men in the country would have to work one day more a year than they would if his money were redistributed among the people. Three hundred such donations would place all the breadwinners in the United States in perpetual bondage. What the people want is opportunity, not charity. Opportunity is every person's right.

Mankind has had some strange experiences with pests of one kind and another. The Europeans smote the aborigines of America and the inhabitants of the Seven Seas with smallpox, measles, and mumps; and the people died like flies. But America retaliated by enveloping the world in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Besides, the sailors of Columbus brought back in their blood the germ of the most abominable disease that ever afflicted humanity—syphilis—and the unimmunized inhabitants of Europe perished by millions, while the baneful malady left its degenerative impress on all succeeding generations.

It's a curious fact that bacteria, or insects or birds and other animals or plants, when carried to a new country, may become serious pests, whereas in their older environment they were not pests at all, or were held in check by natural enemies. When rabbits were taken from England to Australia they became stronger and more agile, and so reproductive that they were a scourge. The Scotch, impelled by affection for the thistle, their national flower, carried one from Scotland to Australia, and planted it with a great deal of ceremony. But its seeds scattered, and the plants grew so big and thick they made a jungle. Those thistles overran the land. They were terrible.

Some years ago, a few Japanese chestnut trees were imported and planted on Long Island. They were infected with a fungus which was not very injurious to the immunized Japanese chestnuts, but when that fungus struck our American chestnuts it destroyed the entire species. The chestnut was our most valuable tree on the Atlantic seaboard, and it is dead.

New England has long been at grips with the gypsy moth brought from Europe. Another frightful pest for which Europe is responsible is the corn-borer. It came to us in consignments of broom-corn. The San José scale which afflicts our fruit trees, and the yellows which destroys our peach trees, are Asiatic importations. But we must acknowledge that the Colorado beetle which preys on our potatoes, and the cotton-boll weevil are true Americans. The cotton-boll weevil, which now has infested the entire cotton belt of the country, has earned the unenviable name of "The Billion Dollar Bandit," because it does an estimated yearly damage in our fields of a billion dollars.

One of the latest of our imported pests is the Japanese beetle, which was first discovered in the garden of a New Jersey nurseryman at Riverton near Philadelphia. It had come to him on some azaleas from Japan. Only four or five were found the first year. They are rather strikingly coloured and they attracted attention. An entomologist happened to see them, and he reported the presence of the new bug to the government authorities.

"Oh, yes!" they said, "that's interesting. Well, you never can tell what an insect will do in a new country. It might turn out to be a great pest. Let us study the question. Meanwhile, we will keep the matter quiet so as not to hurt the business of the nurserymen in the Riverton vicinity."

At that time they could have exterminated the beetles for fifteen hundred dollars, but nobody thought of that. The next year they found evidence that the beetles were rapidly increasing. So they examined them more closely and looked up more data about them; and they got the Government to put up a laboratory in the infested area and make the job as easy as it was interesting. Their method was like fighting a forest fire by trying to increase the annual rainfall instead of by putting out the fire.

The next year they collected a thousand quarts of the beetles —about five barrels—and they talked to the nurserymen about quarantine to keep the pest from spreading. The creatures multiplied and spread amazingly, and they were frightfully

omnivorous. They were particularly destructive in the farm fields and orchards, eating leafage and fruit. It's very difficult to fight them. Put them in kerosene, and they curl up their legs a little, wiggle around, and go about their business. The only poison that will kill them is arsenate of lead, and they won't eat that. So the government experts are trying to sweeten it to induce them to take it. You can get some idea of what we've got to deal with when I tell you that thirty-two thousand of them were captured on a single tree, and two hundred were found on a single peach. When they're crowded together, as is their habit, eating leaves and fruit, they look so repulsive that the sight made my wife sick to her stomach on a trip to the region with me last spring. She says she won't go again.

Well, the experts have been trying Christian Science and prayer and one thing and another on the beetles, but they aren't accomplishing anything; and now the beetles have spread over such an area that all the money in the United States wouldn't destroy them. I think the time has come when we must decide whether this country shall be for men or for the bugs.

If it should escape the bugs, still we must expect it to run its course, as will the other countries now in the forefront of civilization. The history of man on earth is the history of the rise and fall of empires and of races, and there may come a time when some South Sea Islander will sit on London Bridge and marvel at the great ruins about him.

Ever since I can remember, humour has had a great attraction for me. The difference between the lower animals and man is mainly that the lower animals lack imagination and a sense of humour.

There was one of my associates in war work who had a great reputation for ability and efficiency, but in reality was a big false alarmski—no damn goodski—a babe in the woods. He had no imagination and no sense of humour at all; and a person without those is essentially a lower animal.

Slang, sarcasm, irony, wit, and humour owe their force either to congruous associations by similarity, or to the association of

the congruous with the incongruous. The mother, when she says to her little boy who has fallen in the muddy street and soiled his clothes, "Well, you're in a pretty state!" or, "You're a beauty!" speaks ironically. She turns from the statement of direct truth to a statement the exact opposite in order to emphasize the truth.

The story of the absent-minded professor, whose wife sent him to his room to change his necktie before going out to lecture, and who undressed and went to bed, is funny; but it isn't witty because it doesn't involve invention. The remark of the Yankee, however, that his father was so absent-minded that he once put his dog to bed and kicked himself downstairs is witty as well as humorous, because it is an evident fiction.

A thing is humorous when it is merely ludicrous. A crazy man found a soldier asleep, stole his sword, and chopped the soldier's head off, and then stood by and waited to see what the man would do when he should come to and find his head gone.

A dying costermonger sent his little daughter to her mother to say that he would like a little of the boiled pork afore he died. The mother answered: "Tell yer father he can't 'ave none. It's for the funeral."

These are examples of humour and not wit, unless the stories are fictitious. Then they are witty fabrications.

The possession of wit and humour depends on the development of those intellectual faculties which measure and interpret natural phenomena in such a way that whatever is incongruous or out of whack with the eternal fitness of things looks funny. Nothing so opens the approach to a man as wit and humour. They pass all barriers of conservatism and aloofness, and they have a humanizing quality which furnishes an antidote against the gnawing and biting whims of life. Abraham Lincoln had recourse to his drolleries to lift him out of the great sloughs of despond of the Civil War. They relieved his mind of the horrors and tragedies of the war.

One of the peculiarities of genius is self-centredness. In that respect geniuses are just like crazy people. A friend of

mine who visited an insane asylum was told by the superintendent to take off his coat and vest and put on the vest wrong side front and the coat turned inside out and to put his hat on upside down, and then to walk right down the main lobby where the crazy people were on both sides. But they paid no attention whatever to him. Their minds were entirely centred on their own concerns. One of them informed my friend that he'd invented a hydraulic press for killing flies, and that when it pinched them it never failed to kill them dead.

Look at that magazine cover—what atrocious art! Form and colour are unlike anything that ever existed. Earth, trees, and people are all deformities. There's a cult of artists and writers who pride themselves in producing such work. Nothing normal appeals to them. Their natural faculties and passions don't respond to an ordinary stimulus. They must get a new sensation, and they think they are going to find satisfaction in their contorted art and literature and sensuality.

The cubist and the modern school of artists of similar ilk, when they draw a picture of a cow, can tell the observer that it is a cow by three simple letters. Consequently, the artist is relieved of the responsibility and necessity of making his drawing represent a cow sufficiently to be recognized. Anybody can read the label. When you see a cubist drawing of a woman coming downstairs, you know by the label what the picture is intended to portray. Written language, therefore, is of very great assistance to the modern artist. He is able to revert even to pre-paleolithic art, and compel recognition of his subjects. The wild smears of colours which the cubists paint and call pictures and proclaim as art are the result of degeneracy. The painters, poor creatures! are defectives, with a sort of passion for distorting art and beauty.

A good many scientists are just as fantastic as artists of the cubistic or futurist type. They lose their bearings and wander away from scientific foundation in fact and the eternal fitness of things, and, like a mariner who should ignore the stars,

throw his compass overboard, and steer by the fog, they are bound to go wrong.

We hear seriously discussed the question whether there is a curvature of infinite space. Can absurdity go further than the proposition that an absolute vacuum, limitless in extent, can hump itself up and bend about itself like a ram's horn? Can anything be more absurd than that an infinitude of utter void can suffer displacement or get a kink in its back?

Those scientists talk about a fourth dimension as though such a thing were possible. They tell us that they arrive at it by mathematical deductions, and that to satisfy their figures there *must* be a fourth dimension.

A well-known scientist recently told me that we can't say with certainty and hold as a self-evident truth that a straight line is the nearest path between two points, or that a whole is greater than any of its parts, or that two solid bodies can't occupy the same space at the same time, and that we can't be sure that a thing can't both be and not be at the same time. He told me that absolute certainty on these points can be determined only by mathematical deductions. He lost sight of the fact that it is on such self-evident truths, of which we are as sure as we are of our own existence, that all mathematics are founded, and from which all mathematical calculations must start.

A great man is likely to have a true judgment of himself because he is bound to have lots of opportunities of getting his own measure from the measure of other great men with whom he comes in contact. You take General Grant—he had his flatterers, as all great men do, who would talk to him as if they thought he had no shortcomings. But he knew better. He wasn't an all-round great man. He was a great general but not a great president. He was a damn poor president. Of all his qualities, I most admire his simple modesty. His companions couldn't flatter him a particle. When he went to England, and his ship steamed into the harbour, he saw that the vessels and docks and buildings were gay with decorations. "There must be some sort of celebration going on," he said,

and he was amazed when he was told that the decorations were for him.

Once a young Englishman decided to be a doctor. So he went to a medical school for a year and then hung out his shingle. His first patient was a husky Irishman. The fellow was injured while working on the road, and his friends brought him into the doctor's office. They said that his leg was broken.

The doctor examined him and found that the leg had only been severely strained and bruised. He told his patient how things were, and wanted to put some liniment on the leg and wrap it up. But the Irishman was very indignant. He knew that his leg was broken, and he wanted it set. Nothing that the doctor could say would convince him otherwise.

So his friends carried him off to another physician, who had been in the neighbourhood a long time, and who resented the presence of the new practitioner. Doctor number two looked at the Irishman's leg, and told him there was a bad compound fracture of the thigh bone. Then he had a big, powerful fellow who was his attendant take hold of the leg and pull in one direction while he pulled in the other; and they wrenched and twisted the fellow about and hurt him terribly. After that they put splints on the leg, and the doctor said, "You can take off those splints in a few days, for the bone will heal quickly now that *I* have set it."

Sure enough, the man's leg was all right in a few days, and he was out and about his work. The wonderful treatment of this doctor was reported in the papers and was the talk of the town, and he got all kinds of custom from it.

The next patient that the new doctor had was another Irishman. He had been wounded in an artery and was bleeding to death. His friends who brought him in sent for the priest and the police; and they told the doctor he wasn't to touch the patient at all until after the priest had said his say. The physician knew that the man would bleed to death in the meantime, and that he could save his life by restricting the flow of blood. He protested, but to no purpose. Consequently, the

young man was dead when the priest was through and the police arrived. The doctor then concluded that there were a good many serious difficulties in the way of an honest man practising medicine.

After thinking things over, he made up his mind that he was called by God to preach, and he accepted an assignment in Madagascar as a missionary to take the place of a very successful man who had more than a thousand attendants at his church there every Sunday. When he arrived on the scene and preached his first sermon, he had the full quota of the old congregation for listeners. But as soon as he had pronounced the benediction he was surprised to see them all line up behind a spokesman of the tribe and look up at him with expectant eyes.

He said: "Services are now over, ladies and gentlemen. You are free to go home."

Then the spokesman asked: "Don't we get our pay?"

"What do you mean?" the parson said. "Surely you don't expect me to pay for trying to save your souls."

And the spokesman said: "No pay, no come."

By making further inquiries the parson learned that his predecessor used to chop up some silver coins and give each worshipper a little piece. In that way he was able to gather hearers with great success, and his reports of the number of heathen he had saved brought forth the necessary contributions from home for the good work he was doing.

The second Sunday that the new minister went to the church to preach it was empty. Not a person was there. He was disgusted and he called on the chief of the tribe, who happened to be a young man that his people had sent to England to be educated. This chief was a graduate of Oxford University and could speak English as well as any one. The parson explained to him why he was preaching in Madagascar, and that the people there ought to come to his services to hear the truth without being paid for doing so.

The chief said, "Did it ever occur to you that what you are preaching may not be true?"

"No," the parson replied.

And the chief said: "Well, go home and think it over."

So the parson went home and thought it over: and the more he thought, the more he was persuaded that what he preached was not true. Then he returned to England. He concluded to give up preaching, and he became a carpenter, and he was a good carpenter.

XXIII

FOREWORD

THE Maxims have the habit of preparing and sending to their friends a Christmas greeting, and each year's is distinctly different in text and make-up from what has been devised before. In 1923 it was an eight-page folder of generous size. Besides the greeting, which was "May your life be long and virtuous—but anyhow, let it be long," it contained "New Ten Commandments for the Coming Year." These were very Maximesque as you can imagine from the three examples I give.

"Remember every day of the week and keep it holy by doing some constructive work in controlling thyself, instructing thyself, and in working for thy fellow creatures that they may work better both for themselves and for thee. Let this be thine ethics and thy religion.

"Wherefore thy business is thine own affair and not an affair of thy neighbour, so is the business of thy neighbour his own affair, and not an affair of thine. Therefore, mind thine own business, and leave the business of thy neighbour to his minding.

"When speaking to thy neighbour, do not push thy face close unto his, for thy breath may offend his nostrils and also fill him with fear of germs and infection."

One thing that impressed me was Mr. Maxim's early morning aspect. When he comes downstairs his equanimity and the gentle tone of his voice are a marvel. He has the chastened air of a man who realizes his failings and has determined to be good. He also has the appearance of being a slumbering volcano, and he soon begins to erupt. He finds that not all things are as they should be, the day's work for those who help on the

place must be set going, and there seems to be no end to his cares and responsibilities, but I suppose he would not be happy unless his time were filled to overcrowding.

My own visits never were long. Mr. Maxim, with his abounding vitality, sets such a strenuous pace, and the entire household is so dynamic, that at the end of a few days I was ready to withdraw to recuperate.

One morning, after some of the more pressing necessities had been taken care of, he said to me: "I was troubled by indigestion the first part of the night. That squash we had last evening was so good I ate too much of it. I was a little indiscreet, I guess. Yes, my trouble was indiscretionary indigestion. But I'm going to be careful to-day and profit by the mistakes of yesterday. My life is a constant reformation. I'm always making good resolutions and backsliding.

"I was raised as a boy a good deal like a savage, and the polish and niceties of modern civilization I've never acquired. In thought and action and expression something of the old aboriginal continues to crop out, and I grant that I've retained certain habits that are undesirable; but to reform takes time and persistent watchfulness, which I never have been able to give amid the press of other things calling for my attention.

"Mrs. Maxim is late this morning. I shall have to call her;" and he shouted: "Lovely! Sweetheart! Whooperupski!"

She soon appeared and seated herself at the table. Then she made some mention of a dance that the secretary and stenographer had attended the night before, and added: "Mr. Maxim thinks the modern dancing is awful. He's quite particular about the behaviour of women."

"I'd like to know whether I'm particular," he protested. "I only ask for a reasonable sense of propriety and decency. The dancing now in vogue is taking the participants right back to the primal orgies. It's vicious. It's demoralizing."

A local political contest was in progress, and Mrs. Maxim suggested some strategic move that impressed him as masterly. He went round to where she sat at the dining table and said, "Dear old thing! Sweet wonder of the universe, I'll forgive

you for everything you ever did in your life that I didn't like." Then he bent down and kissed her.

There were guests at the house in the evening who were staying for a few days, and we all gathered in the parlour after dinner. Mr. Maxim took his part in the conversation, sometimes seriously, sometimes humorously, but about eight o'clock he rose, saying: "Well, good-night, folks. Come on, Lillie."

And they left us to our own resources.

XXIII

ETHICAL IDEALS

RELIGION is constructive good conduct. Whether religion has any value in human affairs depends on the kind of religion and on the person who has it. The better the person, the better the religion, and consequently the better the conduct. To the scientist, however, right conduct is an inevitable accordance with the natural laws of the social state, where the welfare of each individual is the concern of all, and each individual is the servant of all, and service is its own reward.

Every man must live with the man he makes of himself; and the better job he does in moulding his character, the better company he will have.

The world owes nobody anything except what he earns. The only true estimate of a man is based on the use he is. A man is big or small in proportion to the value that his existence has been to others.

We hear a great deal about the preciousness of human life. But no human life has any preciousness more than that of a dog or a cat, except to the extent that it may be more valuable and beneficial to one's fellow creatures. Whatever formative work a man does is work in service of others. He who finds out any great truth, or makes a great invention, or writes a useful book, is a man of value just in proportion to the importance of what he has done. No man can serve himself except indirectly through the service of others. He gets more for his bread who casts it on the water than he who devours it himself.

He who spends his life in getting rich becomes a sort of money-making machine, and has about as much humanity in him as a cash register.

In a complex organization like modern society, strife between individuals and organized classes of individuals can't be prevented, and we don't want to prevent it. Competition is a necessity of existence. The aim to be sought is complete living, and that consists in such near approach to an adjustment of opposing forces and relations as shall give the individual an environment in which, by constant exercise, his highest faculties may be developed. Such a condition best promotes happiness, for happiness consists in the exercise of faculty. It couldn't be brought about by the establishment of an equilibrium between internal and external opposing forces and relations. We get the pleasure of life in striving for an equilibrium; but a perfect equilibrium, once established, would be death.

Many persons regard death with such horror that they avoid talking about it, and never in the world would they joke about it. Death to them is clothed so much in terror as to scare away its contemplation. Men often neglect to draw their wills, and consequently die intestate and involve their families in all kinds of financial difficulties which could have been avoided.

Mrs. Maxim and I have a habit of meeting all conditions of life with a brave front, and we waste no time and strength over what must come in the future. We think and speak of death freely, and talk of our own inevitable demise with as little solicitude as we do of a trip to New York, or Washington, or Bermuda. I think, as a choice of the two, that death would be preferable to a second trip to Bermuda.

I never spend any time regretting the water that has gone past the mill. It can't be recalled and there's no sense in mourning over it.

A man ought not to be so reticent as to sit like the owl and think and blink his wisdom away in silence.

It is well to be in touch with many people. The man who keeps other people from looking in on him shuts the windows and draws the curtains so that he can't look out.

Heavy burdens carried make ordinary burdens light.

Life's main asset consists in the goodwill and companionship of those about us.

Had we been present at the Jovian council before the dawn of creation, should we, or should we not, have given our sanction to the creation of a world of competition and strife, pain and death? For my part, I think I should have voted for the world just as it was created. The world, with all its faults from the beginning to the present, has my sanction.

As Herbert Spencer has pointed out, there always is more laughter than weeping, more smiles than tears, more gladness than grief, more content than discontent among all classes, even among the poorest peasants and lowest savages. Yes, life is an enormous benefaction. It is good to live, and this is a glorious world.

When a person is well informed on a variety of subjects, even though he may not be a success in any particular line, he doesn't become afflicted with nervous prostration, because he can obtain relief by changing from one thing to another.

We are built by our reactions to our environment. The hen that scratches for the most chickens is the strongest hen.

Experience is a school where things are taught which can't be learned in any other school. Whatever knocks us, knocks wisdom into us unless it knocks us out.

According to Herbert Spencer, a dog that is free from fleas is more likely to become dull and listless and unhealthy than a dog that is afflicted with fleas, because a dog gets exercise in fighting his fleas.

Genius needs obstruction. Then it goes to work and does things. It rips things up and makes a noise in the world. Our great geniuses have owed their greatness mainly to the difficulties that have opposed their progress.

Such were the conditions of my early life that I was forced to acquire the habit of self-reliance. That habit has helped me more, and it will help any one more, than any other thing I know of.

But I'm not a believer in the unqualified advantages of early poverty. I saw and felt too much of it. My dreams are still

frequently haunted with its horrors, and when I awake and find myself a fairly rich man, I am enormously relieved. What I have accomplished has been in spite of poverty, instead of by its aid. Men sometimes are afforded opportunity by accident and good luck to raise themselves with ease from early indigence and obscurity to eminence. These are the fellows we hear about. We don't hear of those who have been caught in the undertow and gone down never to raise their heads above the surface. I don't believe that a young man should be given unlimited wealth to squander in indulgence and sensuality; but if he had the ambitions I had when I was a boy he wouldn't squander his wealth. My view always has been that life is a great opportunity for action. We like to do that which we are good at, and he who is good at intellectual pursuits is bound to take those instead of reckless indulgence.

An old adage says: "It is the boiler that makes the engine go." Success in life depends largely on good health and a powerful physique, and the first requisite to success is to be a good animal. If I hadn't been a good animal I'd have gone down in the struggle long ago, entirely regardless of any mental attributes. At least, no mental attributes of my own which I have yet discovered could have saved me.

Let a man have money enough invested to bring him an income of five dollars a day—which is enough to settle the bread-and-butter question—and it's time for him to stop accumulating. The more he gets beyond that competency, the more trouble he has, as sure as you are born.

What a man knows that he can't use is a handicap. The ordinary person gains no advantage from having his mind filled with a lot of statistics that are of no use to him. Consequently higher mathematics learned in school and never used afterward are worse than useless.

Again, in physical development, muscles beyond what you can use are a burden. A young man will lay on a muscular development in college athletics that he has to get rid of after he graduates. Nature eliminates that surplus, just as it does any other false growth.

Every man who has done big things serves as a pace-maker to every young man with ambition to do big things. I always have been greatly influenced by the example of successful men.

I am now seventy years of age, very active, with good appetite and digestion and with good endurance—mental and physical. Let any man follow me for a month and he is going to be weary. I want to be on the go every minute except when I am asleep or sick.

Idleness tends to decay. Activity and useful service are regenerative and constructive. Energy and strenuosity strengthen and qualify one for continued service and make for longevity.

He who would live long should work long. He who would hold on to life until he is unusually old, must continue to be unusually useful until he is unusually old.

Nature eliminates the useless and holds to the useful. When a man retires from useful service, Nature immediately begins to retire him from his earthly existence.

THE END

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